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THE

JERUSALEM DELIVERED

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OF

TORQUATO TASSO,

TRANSLATED IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL,

BY THE

REV. CHARLES LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A.

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*In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.*

SECOND EDITION,

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TO
LADY SMITH,
of Polvestoft,

AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HER LITERARY
ACCOMPLISHMENTS,
OF VENERATION FOR HER YEARS
NOW EXCEEDING A HUNDRED AND ONE,
AND OF GRATITUDE FOR HER DELIGHTFUL CORRESPONDENCE
STILL CONTINUED WITH UNABATED GENIUS,

This Work is inscribed

BY
HER LADYSHIP'S CONSTANT AND AFFECTIONATE
FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THIS translation, if it may still be called the same after much of it has been re-written, was published in 1851, and soon came to a premature death. As far as the Author is aware there were only three reviews of it. The one in the *John Bull* was short, but wholly laudatory, and characterized the work as being, "apart from its high merit as a translation, a delectable English Poem." That which appeared in the *Examiner* was partly favorable, but mostly the reverse, as may be seen from the letter respecting it inserted after the Prefaces. The third, in the *Spectator*, was vituperative throughout, discovering no merit at all in any part of the work: each of the other two had at least awarded some degree of praise,

ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδανε θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλε.

And this last notice, being certainly clever, probably gave a quietus to the new-born brat of the Author's brain.

For a long time afterwards he attempted no more to brave the critics, whose bristling pens reminded him of the words of Dante:

"Ahi quanto a dir qual'era, è cosa dura,
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura."

But subsequently, and especially during the severe illness which, twenty-three years later, has confined him to the house for many months, he has amused himself with revising his work, and has discovered in

it for himself many more imperfections and mistakes, and some less excusable ones, than those which had been pointed out by others. He imagines that he has at last so far improved the version as to justify him in giving it one more chance of survival by reprinting it for his friends: and if the public should ever inquire how he comes now to have learnt so proper and so modest a behaviour, he may reply with Reynard in the fable: "Why, to tell your Majesty the truth, I was taught it by the Ass that lies dead there"—meaning the luckless first Edition.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THERE seems to be an opinion now very generally prevailing that a translation, to arrive at the greatest attainable degree of perfection, should assume as nearly as possible the form of its original. The old heroic couplet is no longer regarded as the sole garb in which a foreign poet can be decently presented to the English public. This garb was doubtless retained so long not solely from imitation or fashion, but also from a want of confidence in the powers of the English tongue. Our rhymes were known to be far less copious than those of the Italian, and this circumstance may have long deterred the translators who succeeded Dryden and Pope from seriously attempting the triple or quadruple rhyme. They may have despaired of moving through their tasks as gracefully as those masters of song, if they allowed themselves to be encumbered with such heavy shackles. They were so dazzled by the splendour of Pope's conquests, that they did not perceive how much he had sacrificed to gain them; so they, too, resolved to neglect all else in order to attain to a similar smoothness of style.

But it is well understood now that this excessive smoothness may be acquired at the expense of more valuable qualities. A certain degree of it indeed is indispensable, and is not beyond our reach; for the English language is exceedingly rich in synonyms, and is capable in an extraordinary degree of expansion, by the use of its Roman derivatives, and of contraction by means of its Saxon monosyllables. Moreover the ancient forms of words, which may be properly employed in many kinds of serious poetry, add greatly to our stock of words and rhymes. He who translates, therefore, into our language, must feel that he has a most powerful weapon in his hand, though he himself may be unable to wield it with dexterity.

These considerations are sufficient to justify an attempt at rendering the grand epic of Tasso into English ottava rima, in spite of the labours of Hoole and his

successors. All their versions have been made either in the heroic couplet, or in what seems to be still more incongruous, the Spenserian stanza: and hence the following work cannot properly be compared with any of these, nor come into competition with them.

But there is already extant a version in the metre of the original, which not only was popular soon after it was produced, but may be said to have risen to popularity again in the present day. And certainly the "Godfrey of Bulloigne" by Fairfax is a work which is never likely to vanish from English literature. There is a charm about the ancient structure of its language which can hardly fail to allure; for the degree of its antiquity is such that it is sufficiently aged to excite feelings of veneration, and yet sufficiently modern to be intelligible to all. There is a spirit and an ease in the versification, too, which is wonderful considering the age in which it was produced; there being no more inversion of language than was almost allowable in the prose of that day, or than was hidden from notice by the antique structure and grouping of the words.

But these very virtues which we commend are reasons why a new version may be attempted without presumption. There are many who prefer modern language to ancient, however beautiful or intelligible the latter may be; and there are still more who would like to have the genuine thoughts of Tasso more faithfully portrayed. The words of the Italian poet are chosen throughout with the most fastidious nicety, and can very rarely be added to, curtailed, or altered in any way, without some loss of effect. Fairfax seems to have been utterly without a perception of this fact, for he capriciously inserts, lops off, and changes at almost every line without remorse, and without necessity. If one idea catches his fancy, he frequently dwells on it and dilates it into tautology and verbiage; and then of course must squeeze the adjacent ideas into narrower compass, or exclude them altogether. The reader who wishes for an example of what is meant need not dip far into his version. At the beginning of it, in the fourth stanza, occurs the following couplet:—

My muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold
Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold.

What is the last line but downright inept garrulity ? And yet similar instances may be found constantly recurring ; insomuch that it is clear the writer delighted in such work, and seized every opportunity of thus playing the conjuror, and showing on what an insignificant base he could pile a pyramid of words. Nor does he only debase the language of his original ; he even lowers the characters also, particularly those which are Pagan. He writes as if he thought it the duty of a Christian ever to speak of all these with horror ; and the character of Emirene, so noble in the original, and so worthy to be Godfrey's rival, he especially injures. Thus while both the sentences and the personages of Tasso are like so many pieces of exquisite sculpture, carved out of Parian marble, and polished to the highest degree of splendour ; those of Fairfax are copies in rough clay, exhibiting strong signs of genius indeed, but coarse in the extreme, and full of cracks and flaws.

The author of the present attempt is fully aware of the danger to which he exposes himself by speaking thus openly of a work which has been long and highly applauded. He is induced to do so by no overweening opinion of the merits of his own labours, and by no defiance of criticism, but simply by his love of Tasso and his love of truth. Whether he himself shall be able to supply the deficiencies of Fairfax, or not, he cannot but protest against the "Godfrey of Bulloigne" being taken as a fair specimen of the "Gerusalemme Liberata." The old English version is, he admits, a fine poem in many respects, but emphatically it is not Tasso. The field is therefore still open to other translators ; so that even in case of failure, it will not be disgraceful to have attempted the task.

For the author of the following version to plead the difficulty of it, and to dwell on the arduous character of the metre adopted, will be in vain : for though these circumstances may add some flowers to his wreath if he shall be successful, they will excite for him but little compassion in case he shall be deemed to have failed. All that he wishes to state is that he has not rushed irreverently before the public with a hasty performance ; and all that he cares to ask for is an accurate examination and a candid judgment.

THE EXAMINER EXAMINED

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

L. Canfield Rectory, Dec., 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—At your request I have put into writing the remarks which I made on the *Examiner's* late review of my version of Tasso.

The critic in that paper of November 29th begins with the Argument to the first Canto, and gives what he calls a literal translation to be compared with mine. He is utterly unconscious that there are two sets of Arguments, of which he has taken the one, and I the other: no wonder, then, the results do not tally very precisely. Moreover, he evidently supposes these Arguments to be written by Tasso himself, whereas they are the work of inferior hands.

It is scarcely worth while to notice the critic's unqualified assertion that "ottava rima is not a difficult metre;" for however "manageable" it may be in original composition, even "a child" may discover that such metre must exceedingly increase the difficulties of translation.

His attack upon the first stanza of Canto XII is not unjust, and I freely resign this morsel to his wrath, only regretting that I could not make it more palatable. It would be strange indeed if among nearly two thousand stanzas criticism could not fasten upon a single faulty one; and if even

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,

candour might pardon an occasional nod in a humble translator. At the same time I think my poetic version quite as good as his in prose; for what can be more absurd than to make Tasso say that at night time "there lay the Pagans strengthening their defences," as if men could work while they were lying down? The critic seems to disrelish old Italian as much as he does old

English words, and to mistake *gian* (they went about) for *giacean* (they lay down). Nor is this the only blunder in his luckless attempt at literal translation. Instead of "the laborious *people* did not take refreshment *in* sleep," it should be, since he insists on exactness, "the laborious *peoples* (meaning the Franks and the Pagans) did not take refreshment *with* sleep," or rather "from sleep" as the English idiom requires. It is only the somnambulist, or other dreamer, who talks of "taking refreshment *in* sleep." Judge now whether the learned critic is not as unsafely seated on his prosaic donkey as he represents me to be on my poetical Pegasus. Good translation, it seems, is not so very easy a matter after all, even to this judicious scholar, and in simple prose.

As to the rest of his charges : that my version is not absolutely literal ; that it contains a few ancient words, as do the works of almost all poets ; that there are several bad rhymes, for which authority could be produced from the double, not triple, rhymes of Dryden and Pope ; that there are "a tolerable number" of what *he* calls imperfect lines, *i.e.* lines not consisting of five regular monotonous iambs, which seem to him necessary for the constitution of harmony ; and lastly that I have taken a great deal of pains with the work : to all these charges, I say, I plead guilty, and regard most of them as merits rather than defects.

It is curious enough, however, that in his concluding remarks he unsays briefly the greater part of what he had said lengthily in the beginning. For instance, compare these parallel passages together, and see how the one flatly contradicts the other :

The following is a fair specimen of the degree of firmness with which Mr. Smith sits his steed, and which we find displayed *wherever* we watch him as he travels down his line of road.

Almost in *every* stanza he has found it necessary to put in one or more redundant words or phrases to eke out his lines.

What has been done *through-*

There are *not a few* pages like the following, with which we close, and from which it will be seen that if we had not mingled fair and honest praise with our objections, we should not have conveyed a fair impression.

If all difficulties be considered, we may call the version *very close*, . . . and there are passages in which the translation is not only close, but also spirited.

We do not mean to say that

out indeed under distress for rhyme would startle Dr. Latham, who lays down with horrible distinctness the laws of rhyming in his Prosody. in the six hundred and odd pages of verse . . . the number of bad rhymes is *at all great*.

It would be easy to add to this list, but the sum of all is, that I have proved myself "to be beyond all question a clever man,"—how?—by making a bad translation of Tasso!

Ought not the man who presumes to mould the public opinion to have formed at least a consistent one of his own? And are you not now disposed to ask with me, what could the Editor of the *Examiner* be doing when he admitted this tissue of blunders and self-contradictions into his respected columns?

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Ever sincerely yours,

C. LESINGHAM SMITH.

TORQUATO TASSO'S
JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

That Sion may receive in her sad plight
Fit aid at last, and 'scape from grievous thrall,
An angel from the skies bends down his flight,
And rouses Godfrey to the battle's call :
Whence he assembles every gallant knight
Into one host, and shines there chief o'er all :
The camp is therefore seen with steel to shine,
And hastes with him to' achieve the grand design.

I.

THE pious arms and Captain who restor'd
To freedom the grand tomb of Christ, I sing ;
Much wrought he both by counsel and by sword,
Much suffer'd ere the glorious triumphing :
In vain Hell fronted him, and Asia's horde,
And Afric's also, made the war-cry ring ;
For Heav'n approv'd him, and reduc'd in fine
His wand'ring feres beneath the holy sign.

II.

O Muse, who twin'st not for thy brows a tire
Of fading laurels on Parnassus' mound,
But up in Heav'n, among the blessed quire,
With everlasting stars of gold art crown'd,
Breathe in my bosom thy celestial fire ;
Tune thou my verse ; and if the truth be found
With ornament inwoven, if my song
Have other charms than thine, forgive the wrong.

III.

Thou know'st that thither hie the thoughtless train
Where rills of Helicon most sweetly roll,
And that the truth conceal'd in tender strain
Allures the most impatient of control.
Thus, ere 'tis given to the sick child, we stain
With grateful juice the margin of the bowl ;
Mistaken then he quaffs the bitter dew,
And wins from the mistake his life anew.

IV.

Thou, great Alphonso, who from fortune's spite
 Withdraw'st and guidest into haven fair
 Me, toss'd among the waves, a wand'ring wight,
 And 'mong the rocks, and stunn'd nigh to despair,
 Deign to receive these pages with delight,
 Which as a votive offering I bear :
 One day, perchance, may my presaging pen
 Dare write of thee what now it hints to men.

V.

'Tis reason quite that the good Christian race,
 If e'er from other quarrel it be free,
 And seek with ships and steeds from savage Thrace
 To wrest the grand prize held by wrongful plea,
 Should upon land enthrone thee, or else place
 Under thy sole dominion ev'ry sea.
 Meanwhile attend to our melodious charms,
 Rival of Godfrey, and prepare for arms.

VI.

Roll'd the sixth year since to the East had cross'd
 The Christian camp upon its high emprise,
 And had won Nice by storm, and the strong post
 Of Antioch already in artful guise
 And then in battle held it 'gainst the host
 Of Persia swell'n to' immeasurable size ;
 And had besieg'd Tortosa, and withdrawn
 From winter's rage to wait the new year's dawn.

VII.

And now the season when the storms retire
 And leave once more a field for arms was near ;
 When from His lofty throne, th' eternal Sire,
 Who dwells where Heav'n is most serenely clear,
 And far as o'er Hell's pit the stars aspire,
 So far in height exceeds the starry sphere,
 Bent down His eyes, and in one point, one gaze,
 Beheld whate'er th' united world displays.

VIII.

All things beheld He, and where Syria lay,
 Dwelt on the leaders of the Christian band :
 And with that vision, by whose piercing ray
 The secrets of all human hearts are scann'd,
 Sees Godfrey that he longs to chase away
 The impious Pagan from the Holy Land ;
 That, full of faith and zeal, he disregards
 Wealth, glory, power and all such frail rewards.

IX.

But Baldwin views He all intent to gain
The glories which from human things redound :
Tancred He views hold life in high disdain,
So great of his fond love the smarting wound :
And Boemond lay foundations for his reign,
Commenc'd o'er Antioch, with a skill profound,
And laws impose, and customs introduce,
And arts, and true religion's sacred use ;

X.

And of such thoughts he so becomes the slave,
That small respect for other task he shows.
Rinaldo marks He with a soul all brave,
And spirits impatient ever of repose ;
For gold or empire never does he crave,
But restlessly for glory thirsts and glows,
He marks him hang upon Guelph's lips intent
To catch bright patterns from each old event.

XI.

When these and other hearts th' Almighty ken
Had search'd, and mark'd each passion's inward trace,
He summons from th' angelic splendours then
Gabriel, who 'mong the first held second place :
'Twixt God is he and souls of purer men
Interpreter and messenger of grace ;
Down hither the decrees of Heav'n he bears,
And back to Heav'n all mortal zeal and pray'rs.

XII.

To him God said : " Find Godfrey ; in my name
Say to him—Why thus let the moments flee ?
Why not at once relume the battle's flame,
To set Jerusalem, now captive, free ?
Call he the chiefs to council ; move the tame
To this high task ; its Captain he shall be.
I choose him here, nor shall his comrades mar
The choice, henceforth his ministers in war."

XIII.

Thus spake He, and with ardour unrestrained
To execute the mandate Gabriel flew.
His form, which else invisible had remained,
He girt with air, subjecting it to view :
A human face and human limbs he feigned,
But o'er them heav'nly majesty he threw :
'Twixt youth and child his age appear'd to hold,
And he adorn'd with rays his locks of gold.

XIV.

Wings of pure white with tips of gold he wore,
 Nimble and swift, untir'd throughout all time ;
 With these he cleaves the winds and clouds, and o'er
 The land and o'er the ocean soars sublime.
 Thus cloth'd, the Heav'nly messenger then bore
 His flight down to the world's profoundest clime.
 First o'er Mount Libanus he slack'd his course,
 And pois'd himself on wings of equal force.

XV.

And tow'rd Tortosa's plains adown the air
 Precipitate his rapid flight he drave.
 The new sun, rising from his eastern lair,
 Was part above, but more beneath the wave,
 And Godfrey up to Heav'n his morning pray'r
 Was off'ring, ever as devout as brave,
 When, with the sun, but more intensely clear,
 He sees the angel from the East appear.

XVI.

Who saith to him : " Lo, Godfrey, now at hand
 The season watch'd for by the warrior's eyes ;
 Why then inglorious here and loit'ring stand,
 While Salem still is bound in slavish ties !
 A council of the chiefs at once demand,
 Urge on the slow to the end of this emprise :
 Their Captain God hath chosen thee, and they
 Shall voluntary yield them to thy sway.

XVII.

" God's messenger am I, for Him reveal
 His mind to thee. Then O what hope to bear
 High palm away becomes thee ! O, what zeal
 For all the hosts committed to thy care !"
 He ceas'd, and disappear'd his flight to wheel
 Back to where Heav'n is most sublime and fair.
 Godfrey remains heart-smitten at the sound,
 Eyes dazzled at the splendour thrown around.

XVIII.

But when he rouses him, and, self-possess'd,
 Reflects, who came, who sent, and what was told,
 If erst he wish'd, he burns now without rest
 To close the war, being its chief inroll'd.
 Not that ambition's gale inflates his breast
 Because Heav'n gives him pow'r thus uncontroll'd ;
 But his desire grows bright in the desire
 Of his dear Lord, like spark in flame of fire.

XIX.

His warlike comrades who remain combin'd,
Or stray not far off, he invites to meet ;
Letters he sends, and messengers behind,
Nor fails whene'er he counsels to entreat.
All which allures and stings a generous mind,
All which wakes valour from its drowsy seat,
His genius prompts him, and adorns so well
As to delight at once and to compel.

XX.

The leaders came, and then the whole array,
Boemond alone not answering the call.
A portion stay'd without, a portion lay
Among the homes within Tortosa's wall.
The magnates of the host on solemn day
(A glorious senate) were assembled all.
The pious Godfrey here address'd the crowd,
His mien august, his voice resounding loud.

XXI.

"Warriors of God, whom the great king of Heaven,
Hath chos'n His faith's sad losses to restore,
And while by arms assail'd, or tempest driven,
Hath watch'd and kept secure on sea and shore,
So that so many kingdoms we have riven
From rebels, though so few years have roll'd o'er,
And 'mong the nations vanquish'd and made tame
Have spread His conqu'ring banners and His name ;

XXII.

"Our sweetest pledges and our native nest
We left not erst, if rightly I suppose,
Nor to the treacherous wave expos'd our breast,
And to a distant warfare's perilous blows,
To win the vulgar shout so soon repress'd,
And wring a barbarous region from our foes ;
Which purpos'd, poor and small would be our meed,
And to our soul's great loss our limbs would bleed.

XXIII.

"But 'twas the purport of our thoughts in fine
To storm the walls of Sion's fam'd retreat,
And draw the Christians from the yoke indign
Of slavery so cruel and unmeet,
By founding a new reign in Palestine,
Where piety might have a shelter'd seat,
And none forbid the holy pilgrim bow
Before the grand Tomb, and fulfil his vow.

XXIV.

“Much to our risk then’s all we yet have wrought,
More to our labour, little to our fame,
Nought to our purpose, if we stay for aught,
Or turn ’gainst other place our warlike aim.
What will’t avail from Europe to have brought
So great force, and in Asia rais’d a flame,
When end these mighty movements after all,
Not in the birth of kingdoms, but their fall?

XXV.

“He rears no edifice who would proceed
To build up empires on mere worldly ground,
Where there are few of his own land or creed
Among the countless pagan hordes around;
Where hopes from Greece are frail as is the reed,
And Western aid is far beyond his bound;
But moves a whelming ruin, and his doom
Is to have fram’d for his own self a tomb.

XXVI.

“The laurels from the Turks and Persians riven.
And Antioch ever in renown so fair,
These were no spoils of ours, but gifts from Heaven,
And marvellous indeed the vict’ries were.
But if they now distorted be, and driven
Against that end which was the Giver’s care,
I fear lest He resume them, and our fame,
Re-echoing now, become an empty name.

XXVII.

“May none, O Heav’n, such gracious gifts degrade
And forfeit by such uses as offend!
Let to the grand foundations which are laid
Respond the work’s whole progress and its end!
Now that our steps are free and all unstay’d,
Now that the changing season will befriend,
Why speed not to the city, object still
Of all our vict’ries? What more thwarts our will?

XXVIII.

“Princes, I vow to you, and this my vow
Present and future worlds shall hear,—the pure
Celestial spirits above us hear it now,—
The time for the emprise is now mature;
The more we loiter, less will it allow,
Most doubtful will be then what’s now secure. —
I well foresee that if our course be slow,
Egypt in Palestine will aid the foe.”

XXIX.

He spake ; and there ensued a murmuring noise :
Then Peter rose, the monk from lonely station,
Who sat with the mail'd chiefs, a counsellor wise,
And primal author of the grand migration :
"What Godfrey thus exhorts, and I advise,
Nor, if plain truth be its own demonstration,
Can doubt perplex you, he has largely shown,
Ye have approv'd, and I add this alone.

XXX.

"If all your feuds pursued without remorse,
Your emulous affronts, I well survey,
Your thwarting schemes, your actions without force,
Begun too late, and broken off midway,
I trace to one original deep source
The cause of every let and every fray ;
To that authority, so pois'd and even,
To so many discordant judgments given.

XXXI.

"Where rules not one alone who shall proclaim
Rewards and punishments for great and small,
Who shall assign each task, and point each aim,
There must the government needs err, and fall.
Ah ! join these friendly members in one frame ;
Appoint one head to curb and govern all ;
Into one hand the power and sceptre bring,
And let one only seem, and be, a king."

XXXII.

Here ceas'd the sage. Pure Spirit, and heavenly Fire !
What thoughts are ever shut from thee ? what breast ?
The hermit's eloquence thou dost inspire,
And leave it on the warrior's heart impress'd ;
Thou tak'st each grafted, each innate desire
Of power, of fame, of freedom from the rest,
Till Guelph and William, the most lofty, call
Foremost for Godfrey to be Chief o'er all.

XXXIII.

The others approv'd. The part he must fulfil
Is to deliberate, and rule their bands,
Impose upon the vanquish'd laws at will,
Make war whene'er he pleaseth, on what lands.
They, equal once, henceforth obedient still,
Must be the ministers of his commands.
This done, the rumour of it flies, and, sprung
To giant size, expands from tongue to tongue.

XXXIV.

He shows him to the troops ; and as they gaze
They deem him worthy of his post of pride.
With mien compos'd and placid he repays
Their military cheers from every side ;
And when to their submissive fond displays
Of loyalty and love he had replied,
Commands he that in open plain next day
The host be all drawn out in full array.

XXXV.

The sun, arising from the East again,
Return'd serene beyond his wont and bright,
When, with the day's new beams, in marshall'd train
Came forth beneath his banner every knight,
And before Godfrey wheel'd around the plain,
Caparison'd as richly as he might ;
He fix'd remain'd, and saw both foot and horse
Distinctly pass before him in their course.

XXXVI.

Mind, foe of years, who foil'st oblivion's aim,
Dispensing things and keeping them secure,
Avail me of that army to re-name
Each chief and squadron through thy reas'ning sure ;
Re-echo and relume their ancient fame,
By years long render'd silent and obscure ;
Ta'en from thy treasures, may my tongue adorn
What every age may list to, none may scorn.

XXXVII.

First of the long array the Franks advance,
Led erst by Hugo, the king's brother bold ;
These were selected from the Isle of France,
Fair ample realm which rivers four infold.
When Hugo died, the haughty troop with lance
Follow'd their usual banner, lilies gold,
Under Clothaire, a captain of renown,
To whom if aught were lacking, 'twas a crown.

XXXVIII.

A thousand arm'd most heavily were there.
The knights who follow'd were as many more,
Not diff'ring from the first in force, in air,
In discipline, and in the arms they wore ;
All Normans, of whom Robert had the care,
The native prince who led these nations o'er.
Two pastors next, William and Ademar,
Unfurl'd before their people flags of war.

XXXIX.

Both these, who minister'd the solemn mass
And holy sacerdotal duties erst,
Now press their long locks with the helm of brass,
And in the cruel use of arms are vers'd.
From Orange and the countries near there pass
Four hundred chosen warriors with the first ;
The other guides to war from Poggio's town
A force the same in number and renown.

XL.

With his own Bolognese then Baldwin leads
Those who had lately form'd his brother's band,
Whom now to him that loving brother cedes,
Since o'er commanders he assumes command.
In order next the Count Carnuti speeds,
In counsel mighty, daring too of hand ;
Four hundred he conducts, and thrice that sum
Of mounted men-at-arms with Baldwin come.

XLI.

Rank'd near to these Guelph occupied the plain,
One with whose lofty birth his merit contended :
He through his Latin father from a chain,
Prolong'd and clear, of Estian sires descended.
But German both in name and in domain,
Into the mighty Guelphic house was blended ;
He rul'd Carinthia, and where Danube roll'd,
And Rhine, where Rætians dwelt, and Sueves of old.

XLII.

To this his own maternal heritage,
Accessions had he won renown'd and grand.
Thence he drew forth a race who would engage
With death, and deem it sport, at his command,
Used in warm halls to temper winter's rage,
And celebrate the feast with commerce bland.
Five thousand they set out ; and there remain
But scarce a third by Persian foes unslain.

XLIII.

Then follow'd the fair flaxen tribes who line
The shore and touch the German and the Frank,
Where the Moselle inundates, and the Rhine,
A land for grain and herds of noblest rank :
Their islesmen also, who fence out the brine
Of the devouring ocean with tall bank ;
The ocean which not only gulps and whelms
Ships with their riches, but whole towns and realms.

XLIV.

These are a thousand each, and the command
 Is held by another Robert o'er the whole.
 More numerous somewhat is the British band
 'Neath William the king's youngest son's control.
 The English all are archers, and expand
 Their ranks with people nearer to the Pole :
 These rough from the deep woods of Ireland wend,
 Last realm of all, disjoin'd from the world's end.

XLV.

Then Tancred came, and mid such numbers there
 No greater warrior, save Rinaldo, shin'd,
 Nor one more graceful in address and air,
 Nor of more lofty and intrepid mind.
 If any fault can with a shade impair
 His lustrous fame, 'tis but love's folly blind ;
 Love, born from sudden glance in battle's hour,
 Which feeds itself on grief, and gathers pow'r.

XLVI.

On that eventful day, the rumour goes,
 On which the Franks broke down the Persian pride,
 When Tancred, now victorious o'er his foes,
 Was weary of pursuit at hot noontide,
 He sought at length refreshment and repose
 For his parch'd lips and over-wearied side,
 And drew to where in cool inviting dell
 Gush'd forth, mid verdant seats, a living well.

XLVII.

Here suddenly appear'd to him a maid,
 Full arm'd save that her forehead lack'd its tire ;
 A Pagan, she had sought within the glade
 Refreshment, just as had been his desire.
 He gaz'd, admir'd the features thus display'd,
 Was ravish'd with their beauty, and took fire.
 O marvel ! Love, though scarcely born, takes wing,
 Already vast, and arm'd is triumphing !

XLVIII.

She brac'd upon her head the glittering crest,
 And had not others come, had charg'd the knight.
 The haughty lady left her thrall at rest,
 Driv'n by necessity alone to flight.
 But her fair warlike image in his breast
 Was treasur'd as it first had caught his sight ;
 And aye the spot and mode in which she came
 Dwell in his thoughts, food ever to the flame.

XLIX.

And in his mien shrewd people well may read,
This person loves, and loves too in despair ;
So full of sighs he comes, so mutely plead
His downward glances, and his mournful air.
Eight hundred he escorts, each on his steed,
From gay Campania, realm for ever fair,
Where nature in her grander pomp is seen,
And rich soft hills are woo'd by the Tyrrhene.

L.

Two hundred born in Greece are next descried ;
Loaded with little steel they pace the ground ;
Curv'd sabres are suspended from one side ;
And bows and quivers at their backs resound ;
Their steeds are lean, with scanty fare supplied,
Untam'd by toil, and in the race renown'd :
Prompt in assault and in retreat alike,
Straying and scatter'd, as they fly they strike.

LI.

Tatinus rul'd the troop, sole Greek who came
To swell the numbers of the Latin band.
O shame ! O crime ! Hast thou not now the flame
Of battle, Greece, red rising near thy land ?
Yet idly sitt'st thou, a spectator tame,
Waiting the issue of these actions grand.
Vile slave if thou art now, thy slav'ry long
(Lament no more) is justice, and not wrong.

LII.

Lo, next there comes a troop, the last in post,
But in renown, skill, valour, foremost far ;
Th' Adventurous heroes these, a matchless host,
Terror of Asia, thunderbolts of war.
Let Argo boast no Minyæ, Arthur boast
No errant knights, whose deeds but phantoms are ;
For paragon'd with these old memories die.
Who leads them, and deserves a grade so high ?

LIII.

Dudon of Consa. And, since 'twixt the brave
And highborn to decide, hard had it been,
The rest concordant had resolv'd to waive
Their claims for him who most had done and seen.
He, of a manhood now mature and grave,
Shows his full hoary locks in vigour green ;
And shows, as if 'twere honor's worthy trace,
The mark of blows which do not leave disgrace.

LIV.

Eustace is next, to whom his own deeds bring,
 Still more his brother Godfrey brings, renown.
 There is Gernando, son of Norway's king,
 Vaunting of many a sceptre, title, and crown.
 Roger of Barneville, for high meriting,
 And Engerlan, old fame has handed down ;
 And, 'mong the bravest deem'd, Gentonio see,
 One Rambald, and two Gerards, brave as he.

LV.

Ubold and Rosmond, too, are prais'd—the last
 To Lancaster's great dukedom would succeed.
 Be not the Tuscan knight Obizzo cast
 Where mem'ries are ingulph'd with jaws of greed ;
 Nor the three Lombard brothers be o'erpast,
 Achilles, Sforza, and young Palamede ;
 Nor Otho, on whose hard-won shield one saw
 The naked child come from the serpent's maw.

LVI.

Nor Ralph, nor Guasco do I leave behind,
 Nor th' one Guy nor the other, both renown'd ;
 Neither shall Everard nor Gernier find
 Their prowess in ungrateful silence drown'd.
 Gildippe and Edward, ye two hearts combin'd,
 Whither compel me weary with the sound
 Of numb'ring ? Spouses, consorts e'en in fight,
 You death itself shall fail to disunite.

LVII.

What does not Love teach ? In his school she gained
 A martial courage theretofore unknown ;
 Ever by his dear side has she remained,
 And both lives hang upon one fate alone.
 No stroke which hurts but one is e'er sustained,
 But of each wound unshar'd is all the moan ;
 And oft the one is struck and the other pines,
 And he his soul, if she her blood, resigns.

LVIII.

But over these, o'er all who in that hour
 Were led forth in array, thou mightest view
 The young Rinaldo's regal forehead tow'r,
 And tow'rds him only all men's glances drew.
 He outran age and hope, and when the flow'r
 Seem'd quickly born, lo ! the fruit follow'd too.
 Mark him in armour thundering o'er the field,
 You deem him Mars ; Love, with his face reveal'd.

LIX.

Him on the Adige bank Sophia bore
To Bertold : she for sweetest beauty admired,
He for his puissance ; and almost before
The child was wean'd, Matilda had desired
To rear him, and she taught him kingly lore,
And every noble art. With her retired
He ever dwelt, until was his young breast
Enamour'd of the trumpet heard from th' East.

LX.

Then (nor three lustres had he counted o'er)
Alone he fled, through paths where perils lay,
Cross'd o'er th' Egean, pass'd the Grecian shore,
And join'd the camp in regions far away.
Most noble flight, meet to be held before
His sons for pattern in some future day !
Three years he now had warr'd, and scarce appear'd
Upon his chin the soft untimely beard.

LXI.

The cavalry pass'd by, lo next the train
Of infantry, and Raymond leads the van.
He rul'd Toulouse, and gather'd 'twixt the main,
The Pyrenees, and where the Garonne ran,
Four thousand foot, accustom'd to sustain
The brunt of war, a veteran hardy clan :
Well arm'd are these ; no leader more renown'd
For daring courage, and for skill profound.

LXII.

Stephen of Amboise next conducts a band
From Blois and Tours, five thousand for the fight,
A feeble race, unable to withstand
Long toil, though beaming all in armour bright.
Much they resemble their own native land,
So soft, so fair, so full of gay delight.
At first they rush impetuous to the fray,
But languish speedily, and fall away.

LXIII.

Alcasto came the third with threat'ning face,
Like Capaneus approaching Thebes of old :
Six thousand Swiss, a brave and savage race,
Had he collected from their Alpine hold,
Who turn'd the steel which had been wont to trace
The furrow, to new use and nobler mould ;
And with the hand which guarded herd and flock
Seem'd to defy the kings to mortal shock.

LXIV.

Behold near these the lofty banner spread
With Peter's diadem and keys in view.
Seven thousand here the good Camillus led,
On foot in heavy arms of glittering hue.
Glad that Heav'n chose him for a task so dread,
Where his ancestral fame he might renew ;
Or cause that Latin valour should be known
To lack for nought, save discipline alone.

LXV.

But now the many bands had all pass'd by
In fair array, and this had clos'd the train,
When Godfrey bids the nobler chiefs draw nigh,
And opes to them his mind and purpose plain :
“ Soon as to-morrow's dawn relumes the sky,
The army's swift departure I ordain,
So that it reach, unlook'd for by the foe,
Yon sacred city, and sudden strike the blow.

LXVI.

“ Prepare yourselves, then, for the march,” he cries,
“ And for the battle, and the vict'ry too.”
A speech so daring from a man so wise
Wakes and invigorates each heart anew.
All, prompt to move whene'er the sun shall rise,
Impatient wait for morning's rosy hue :
Yet cautious Godfrey is not undistress'd
By fears, although he hide them in his breast.

LXVII.

For he by sure intelligence had learned,
That Egypt's king was posted on the way
Tow'rd Gaza, whence his force might soon be turned
On Syria's realm, so fair that strong fort lay :
Nor could he deem that one who ever yearned
For fierce emprise would now inactive stay ;
But soon in him expecting a sharp foe,
Bespake his faithful envoy Henry so :

LXVIII.

“ Take thee a pinnace, and with oar and wind
Make thou the transit to the Grecian shore ;
Where should arrive ('tis written thus I find
By one whose news have never err'd of yore)
A royal youth of an undaunted mind,
Who to take part with us is coming o'er.
Prince of the Danes he is, and leads to war
A race from realms beneath the polar star.

LXIX.

“But since the Grecian emperor will have plied
Perchance already his accustom'd arts,
To cause him to retreat, or turn aside
His venturous course from us to distant parts,
Do thou, my nunciate and adviser tried,
Dispose him in my name to that which starts
'Vantage to both : tell him to come with speed ;
Since each delay against his fame will plead.

LXX.

“Return not thou with him ; but still remain
Near to the Grecian emperor, with intent
To gain those succours, promis'd oft in vain,
Which now by right of treaty should be sent.”
Thus taught, the envoy stay'd but to obtain
Letters of credence and of compliment ;
Then, taking leave, he stay'd no more for aught,
And Godfrey for a while gave truce to thought.

LXXI.

When next the sun in his diurnal round
Pass'd the bright portals of the East again,
There rose of trumpets and of drums a sound,
At which each warrior leapt upon the plain.
So grateful ne'er to the o'er-heated ground
Thunder, that cheers the world with hopes of rain,
As to that gallant nation was the clang
Of martial music, which so proudly rang.

LXXII.

Each stimulated soon by grand desire
Inwraps his limbs in arms well prov'd of old ;
And soon appears adorn'd in bright attire,
Soon all beneath their leaders are inroll'd ;
All into one well-order'd host conspire,
And all their banners to the winds unfold ;
And see the grand imperial standard rise,
On which the cross triumphant woos the skies !

LXXIII.

Meanwhile the sun, which o'er the heavenly field
Ever advances, and gains greater height,
Strikes down upon their arms, and makes them yield
Bright tremulous flashes which distress the sight ;
The air seems full of sparks, ever reveal'd,
And like a conflagration glows with light ;
And with the haughty neigh accords the sound
Of rattling steel, and stuns the plains around.

LXXIV.

The Captain, who from hostile ambush nigh,
Was anxious to secure his long array,
Sent many light-arm'd horsemen to espy
The country round where foe might lurk or stray ;
And had advanc'd his pioneers to ply
Their busy task in levelling the way ;
To fill the hollow, smoothe the rugged hill,
And ope the barrier'd passes by their skill.

LXXV.

No Pagan nation all in arms array'd,
No wall with fosse profound, no mountain crest,
No torrent grand, no forest drear in shade,
Avails at all to stop them from their quest.
Thus oft, when swoll'n beyond his wonted grade,
That river which is monarch o'er the rest
O'ertops his banks with desolating force,
Nor is there aught which dares oppose his course.

LXXVI.

Perchance the King of Tripoli, who had thrown
Men, arms, and treasure into guarded wall,
Might have delay'd the Franks, and he alone,
Yet dar'd he not provoke their martial gall.
Appeasing them with words of gentle tone,
And gifts, he gave free passage to them all,
And took for terms of peace precisely those
It pleas'd the pious Godfrey to impose.

LXXVII.

Here from Mount Seir, which, lofty and supreme,
Verges upon the city's eastern bound,
Crowds of the Faithful came, a mingled stream
Of every age and sex, to the low ground ;
Bore to the victor gifts, marks of esteem,
Ey'd and convers'd with him, and gaz'd around
At the strange arms with wonder, and supplied
The leader with a kind and faithful guide.

LXXVIII.

Ever near ocean's flood he leads the host,
By straightest paths through which it can defile,
Well knowing that the friendly fleet would coast
Along the never distant shores the while ;
By which arrangement all the camp would boast
Abundant stores ; and every Grecian isle
To him alone would all its grain resign,
And Crete and rocky Scio yield him wine.

LXXIX.

Beneath the load of tall ships and a store
Of lighter pines now groans the neighb'ring sea,
So that the Mediterranean waves no more
Ope to the Saracens a passage free ;
For besides those from the Venetian shore,
And Genoan, arm'd by George and Mark's decree,
Others from Holland, England, France, repair,
And some from fertile Sicily are there.

LXXX.

And these which were in perfect union blended,
Knit to one will by the most solid band,
Well freighted from their several shores attended
With all things needful for the troops on land ;
Who having found the frontiers undefended
By enemies and the passes all unmann'd,
Thither by long and rapid marches hie,
Where Christ endur'd the mortal agony.

LXXXI.

But fame, their swift precursor, bears along
All rumours true and false, a mingled maze ;
That now the victor camp unites its throng,
That now it moves, nor longer now delays :
Repeats how great the troops are, and how strong,
And of the bravest tells the name, and praise,
And prowess ; and with dreadful front appals
Th' usurping foe in Sion's lofty walls.

LXXXII.

Expected ill, too, is perchance worse ill
Than e'er the ill when present will appear.
On each uncertain breath of rumour still
Hangs every mind suspense, and every ear ;
And whisperings hurrying in confusion fill
Within, without, the fields and city drear.
But that old king, while gath'ring peril gleams,
Turns in his doubtful heart atrocious schemes.

LXXXIII.

Hight Aladin, his cares had constant food,
Since he was newly Seigneur of this land ;
A man once cruel, but his savage mood
Had grown in ripe age subject to command.
He, when he heard that the wall'd city stood
In peril of onset from the Latin band,
Joins to his ancient fear suspicion new
And dreads his enemies and subjects too.

LXXXIV.

Because a mingled people who receiv'd
 Opposing creeds dwelt here in mutual hate ;
 The weak and lesser part in Christ believ'd,
 In Mahomet the stronger and the great :
 But when the king had Sion's realm achiev'd,
 And sought to 'stablish there his throne and state,
 He eas'd the burdens which his Pagans bore,
 And made the wretched Christians groan with more.

LXXXV.

This thought suffices to arouse with pain
 His native fierceness, put to sleep before
 And chill'd by years, and makes it live again,
 So that it more than ever thirsts for gore.
 Thus virulent returns in summer's train
 The snake which seem'd so mild in winter froze ;
 Thus the tame lion, stung by some offence,
 Resumes at once its natural truculence.

LXXXVI.

" I can perceive," he cried, " the symptoms grow
 Of fresh delight among this faithless crowd ;
 They only revel in the general woe,
 And 'mid the common wailing laugh aloud.
 Perchance e'en now they plot some treach'rous blow,
 How they may best consign me to the shroud,
 Or how in secret ope the gate to those
 Who comrades are to them, to me are foes.

LXXXVII.

" But this they shall not do. I will forestal
 Their impious plots, nor keep my rage repress'd.
 I will destroy them—cruelly shall they fall—
 Will stab their babes upon the mother's breast ;
 Burn down their dwellings and their temples all :
 These are the pyres on which their dead should rest :
 And I will offer on that Tomb of theirs
 As victims first the priests amid their pray'rs."

LXXXVIII.

Thus with bad heart he reason'd : but the thought,
 So ill conceived, unacted still remain'd ;
 Yet for these innocents 'twas dread that wrought
 The pardon pity never would have gain'd :
 For if one fear to his resentment brought
 A spur, another stronger far restrain'd ;
 To stop the paths of peace, and dare too far
 The wrath of arms victorious now in war.

LXXXIX.

The wretch then keeps his maniac rage in bound,

Yet seeks to vent it haply where he may ;

Levels the rural dwellings to the ground,

And gives the harvest to the flames a prey.

No spot whatever leaves he whole or sound,

Where Frank may feed or house him on his way ;

Disturbs each fount and stream, and the pure wave

Pollutes with poison deadly as the grave.

XC.

Cruelly is he cautious, and takes care

To reinforce Jerusalem meanwhile.

Three sides already had a strength most rare ;

Northward alone 'twas fenc'd in weaker style.

But on the first surmise which rumour bare,

He strengthen'd this side with a lofty pile ;

And gather'd there in haste a numerous band

Of hireling troops with those of his own land.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

O'er the chaste image of the Queen of Heaven
 Ismene now murmurs forth his spell profane :
 But from their purpose his dark arts are driven,
 Whence Aladin is frenzied with disdain.
 And whilst he bids each Christian life be riven,
 There come to die, and quench his rage insane,
 A maid and youth, whom then Clorinda saves :
 Argante challenges, exclaims, and raves.

I.

ONE day Ismene before the savage king
 While bent on arms presents himself alone :
 Ismene, who causes the dead corpse to spring
 From marble vault, and makes it feel and groan ;
 Ismene, whose mutter'd curses even ring
 Through hell, and startle Pluto on his throne :
 Who sends the demons forth on errands ill
 As slaves, and binds and looses them at will.

II.

Once Christian, him now Mahomet delights,
 But oft in uses impious and profane,
 Unable to relinquish the first rites,
 He blends both laws, to him known both in vain.
 He from the cave in which he spends his nights
 O'er unknown arts, far from the vulgar train,
 Comes to his lord, thus menac'd by the war,
 To impious king more impious counsellor.

III.

He said, " The dreaded army comes, O Sire,
 Victorious, and will be no more delay'd ;
 But do we that which time and tide require,
 Heav'n, the whole world, will give the valiant aid.
 Thy zeal as king and leader I admire,
 Far hast thou seen, and large provision made ;
 If all shall thus fulfil the tasks they owe,
 This land will soon entomb thine every foe.

IV.

“ I, for my part, am come as thine ally,
In danger and in toil companion true ;
All which old age’s counsel can supply
I promise, all which magic art can do.
The angels exil’d from their homes on high
I will constrain to share the labour too.
But where I would commence the mystic train,
And in what mode, I will at once explain.

V.

“ Within the Christians’ temple lies a shrine
Hid underground ; and here the figure is shown
Of her whom that low people deem divine,
Mother o’ the born and buried God they own.
Always a lighted torch is made to shine
On the’ image ; over it a veil is thrown ;
Around it hang the vows in long array
Brought thither by the dupes who come to pray.

VI.

“ Now this their effigy, snatch’d thence by force,
I wish thee to transport with thine own hand,
And lay within thy mosque. Then my resource
Of magic shall frame spells of pow’r so grand,
That while it shall be safe there, through time’s course
These gates in fatal safety too shall stand ;
Thine empire shall remain secure from harm,
Mid walls impregnable through this new charm.”

VII.

So spake he, and persuaded him. The king
Impatient hurried to the House of God,
And forc’d the priests, and impious dar’d to wring
The sacred image from its chaste abode.
And bear it to that fane where vain rites bring
Down on th’ adorers oft the heav’nly rod.
In place profane, then, o’er the holy prize
Mutter’d the sorcerer his blasphemies.

VIII.

But when the opening dawn in Heav’n appear’d,
He who was guardian of the unclean place
Saw not the image where it had been rear’d,
And, searching elsewhere, found of it no trace.
Soon he informs the king ; who, having heard
Such news, betrays hot anger in his face,
And well concludes some Faithful one has done
That outrage, though discover’d yet by none.

IX.

Whether 'twere furtive work of Faithful hand,
Or Heav'n itself resolv'd to interpose,
Scorning that th' image of its Queen should stand
Within so vile a spot among its foes ;
Whether the work by human art were plann'd,
Or miracle, still fame uncertain flows :
But piety demands that man recede,
And Heav'n be deem'd the author of the deed.

X.

The king caus'd every house to be espied
With importuning search, and every fane ;
And whosoe'er should prove the fact, or hide,
Him promis'd he reward, or threaten'd pain.
And to find out the truth the mage applied
His every art, but every art was vain :
Whether the work to Heav'n or man be given,
Spite of his charms 'twas hid from him by Heaven.

XI.

When the fierce king perceives the crime hid still
Which he imputes to the Faithful, higher and higher
With hate to these his heart begins to fill,
And burn with an immoderate boundless ire,
He scorns all laws, and have revenge he will,
Follow what may, and vent his bosom's fire.
" My rage," he said, " shall not be vain ; mid all
His slaughter'd sect the unknown thief shall fall."

XII.

" So that the guilty 'scape not, let the just
And guiltless perish. Guiltless, do I say ?
Each one is culpable ; nor can we trust
One single man among their whole array.
If soul sincere be there, suffice it must
That present pain wash ancient fault away.
Up ! up ! my faithful ones, to do my will !
Away ! take flame and steel ! Up ! burn and kill ! "

XIII.

Thus spake he to the crowd ; and fame soon bare
To all the Faithful tidings of their plight,
Who remain'd paralys'd in their despair,
Surpris'd by fear of death now instant quite.
No one of them essay'd excuse or pray'r,
Nor one adventur'd on defence or flight ;
But whence the nation, wav'ring and dismay'd,
Expected least, they found redeeming aid.

XIV.

Among them was a virgin now mature,
Of lofty beauty, and of regal mind :
But thought of beauty seems she to abjure,
Save how with honour it may be combin'd.
Her worth is greater, for that worth so pure
Within a home so narrow is confin'd ;
And from admiring glance, from flattering tone,
She steals away, neglected and alone.

XV.

And yet can no precaution quite conceal,
A beauty worthy for the world to' admire ;
Thou'lt not allow this, Love, but wilt reveal
The vision to some fond youth's warm desire.
Now blind, an Argus now, now dost thou seal
The eyes with bands, and now relum'st their fire ;
Oft through a thousand guardians has thy power
Sped lover's look to chastest virgin bower.

XVI.

Sophronia she, Olindo he, by name,
One city and one faith includes the pair ;
He wishes much, hopes little, makes no claim,
Being as diffident as she is fair :
Fear keeps his passion unreveal'd, or shame,
She scorns it, sees it not, or does not care ;
Thus hitherto the youth has sued the maid,
Unseen, misunderstood, or ill repaid.

XVII.

In the meantime the ominous news was brought
That fell destruction threaten'd all their race ;
She, who was generous as modest, sought
How she might save them in their dreadful case.
'Tis courage which suggests the mighty thought,
Then shame and maiden duty arrest its pace ;
Courage prevails, nay, sweet accord doth hold ;
Growing asham'd, and shame becoming bold.

XVIII.

Alone among the crowd she takes her way,
Nor does she hide her charms, nor yet expose ;
Her eyes are fix'd, a veil obscures their ray,
With mien reserv'd, and noble too, she goes.
If deck'd or unadorn'd 'twere hard to say,
If chance or art that lovely face compose ;
With her, neglect is artifice, but given
By love, by nature, by approving Heaven.

XIX.

Pass'd on the lofty maid, observ'd by all,
 Observing none, until the king was nigh her ;
 Nor shrank, although she mark'd his rising gall,
 But fearless brav'd his savage glance, " O Sire,
 I come," she said, " meanwhile do thou recall,
 I pray, thy people, and suspend thine ire ;
 I come to announce and yield, already ta'en,
 The culprit whom thy wrath has sought in vain."

XX.

The king, half daunted by her courage rare,
 Half won by charms which, holy thus and proud,
 Flash'd on him sudden as the lightning's glare,
 Rein'd in his ire, and clear'd away its cloud.
 Had there been less of sternness in her air,
 Or in his soul, to love had he been bow'd ;
 But wilful beauty has no pow'r to move
 The wilful heart : smiles are the food of love.

XXI.

Amazement 'twas, and pleasure, and delight,
 If 'twere not love, that mov'd his villain soul.
 " Tell me, then, all," he cries ; " my faith I plight
 Thy Christian people shall not suffer dole."
 And she : " The culprit, Sire, is in thy sight ;
 It was this hand of mine which wrought the whole.
 I took away the image ; I am she
 Thou seekest, and thy wrath should fall on me."

XXII.

Thus did she freely offer her proud head
 To public doom, and woo'd it all alone :
 Magnanimous falsehood ! when shall in thy stead
 A truth as beautiful as thou be shown ?
 Held in suspense awhile the tyrant dread
 Beyond his won't refrain'd from angry tone.
 He then demanded : " Tell me—and take heed—
 Who gave thee counsel, and who shar'd the deed ?"

XXIII.

" I would not of my glory yield," she cried,
 " One jot to others, were it e'er so small ;
 Only in mine own self did I confide,
 Sole doer, sole contriver of it all."
 " On thee alone, then," swiftly he replied,
 " The weight of mine avenging wrath shall fall."
 She said : " 'Tis just ; for if alone I gain
 The glory, I alone should bear the pain."

XXIV.

The tyrant here began to swell with ire ;

“Where hast thou hidden the image?” he demands.

“I hid not, but consum’d it in the fire ;

’Twas good to place it on the burning brands,
For thus at least no profanation dire

Can wait it now at misbelievers’ hands.

Sire, if the thief thou ask for, look on me :

But the thing stolen thou shalt never see.

XXV.

“And yet no theft was mine, no thief am I ;

’Tis justice to retake what’s wrongly ta’en.”

This heard, the tyrant foam’d out threat’ningly,

And loos’d his angry passions from the rein.

Let modest heart, rare beauty, courage high,

Expect not ever to win pardon again ;

From her sweet charms in vain would Love create

A shield for her against that cruel hate.

XXVI.

The lady is seiz’d : the king to madness stung,

Dooms her to death by fire ; already there

Her veil and modest vest from her are wrung,

Rough cords are fasten’d on those arms so fair.

She spake not, and though some emotion sprung

In that brave bosom, it felt no despair ;

And her sweet features faded to a hue

Which was not pale, but dazzling to the view.

XXVII.

Hither, the sad case being bruited round,

The people had mov’d ; Olindo with the throng.

Doubtful the person, not the doom, he found ;

The thought ’twas his own lady, rose ere long.

When he perceiv’d the lovely prisoner bound

Like one condemn’d, but guilty of no wrong,

And guards at their inhuman task descried,

Precipitate he thrusts the crowd aside.

XXVIII.

“Not she, not she, O king !” he loudly cries,

“Is guilty ; let not her mad boast avail :

She could not do, nor dare, nor e’en devise

So great a deed, a maiden lone and frail.

How cheat the guards ? How steal the holy prize ?

If she did this, let her tell all the tale.

Sire, it was I by whom it was remov’d.”

Th’ unloving lov’d one, ah ! so much he lov’d !

XXIX.

He then subjoin'd : " I thither clomb by night
 Whence thy tall mosque receives the air and day ;
 And introduc'd me through a fissure slight,
 Attempting an impracticable way.
 The honor and the death are both my right,
 Let not her steal my punishments away :
 These chains are mine, for me is lit the fire :
 For me has been prepar'd the funeral pyre."

XXX.

Sophronia rais'd her face, and o'er him bent
 Eyes that were bright with soft compassion's tear :
 " Why comest thou ? O wretched innocent !
 What counsel guides, what fury drives thee here ?
 Can I not then, unless thine aid be lent,
 Bear all man's wrath can do howe'er severe ?
 I also have a breast, which for one fate
 Deems 'tis enough itself, and asks no mate."

XXXI.

So spake she to the youth, nor him could e'er
 Cause to retract, nor turn his aim aside.
 Grand scene ! where thus at strife a love so rare,
 And virtue so magnanimous are descried !
 Where death must be the victor's meed, and where
 Deliverance to the vanquish'd will betide !
 But the king chaf'd the more, the more the two
 Persistent in their self-impeachment grew.

XXXII.

He thinks that he is reck'd of little indeed,
 And that in scorn of him they scorn the pains,
 " Believe them both," he cries, " let both succeed !
 To yield their due reward it now remains."
 Then nods he to the sergeants, who with speed
 Come forth to bind the young man with their chains ;
 Both were then tied to the same stake, and lay
 Back turn'd to back, and face from face away.

XXXIII.

And now the funeral pile is laid around,
 And soon the flames by blasting are excited,
 When burst the young man into a dolorous sound,
 And said to her with whom he was united :
 " Are these the ties in which all closely bound
 I hop'd to pass with thee through life delighted ?
 Is this the fire which I believ'd would fill
 The hearts of both with equal ardour still ?

XXXIV.

“ Love promis’d different flames and different ties ;
Our evil fate brings others in their stead.
Too long, alas ! our union it denies,
But sternly joins us now that we are dead.
Since die thou must in this inhuman guise,
’Tis sweet to share thy pyre, if not thy bed :
Since by thy side I perish, I repine
Not at my portion, but alone at thine.

XXXV.

“ And O ! my death, how welcome were the guest,
My pains, what objects of my fond desire,
If but to thee united, breast to breast,
My soul upon thy lips I might expire ;
If, as we sink together down to rest,
Thy latest sighs o’er me thou would’st respire ! ”
Thus spake he wailing ; sweetly she replied,
And in these words softly began to chide :

XXXVI.

“ Far other thoughts and other griefs, my friend,
For a far loftier cause the time demands.
Why not review thy faults ? Why not attend
To the large prize the good win at God’s hands ?
Suffer in His name, and thy pains will end ;
Aspire to sit among the heav’nly bands.
Behold the skies, how fair ! Yon sunny sphere
Seems to invite us thither, and to cheer.”

XXXVII.

A wail here from the Pagans loudly peal’d,
And wail’d in undertones the Faithful too ;
Something of pity ne’er before reveal’d
E’en from the king’s hard breast emerg’d to view.
He felt it, and disdain’d it ; nor would yield
And turn’d his eyes aside, and thus withdrew.
By thee no part o’ the common woe is borne,
Sophronia ; mourn’d by all, thou dost not mourn.

XXXVIII.

While such their risk, a warrior (so she seems)
Noble in mien, appears upon the ground ;
And from her arms and foreign dress one deems
That she has travell’d from far distant bound.
The tiger crest, which on her helmet gleams,
Draws tow’rd it every eye, device renown’d,
Us’d by Clorinda oft in war ; from this
They deem that it is she, nor deem amiss.

XXXIX.

She had been wont from childhood to despise
The habits of her sex as idle chains ;
Needle and distaff never once she plies,
Arachne's toils her haughty hand disdains.
Each soft pursuit and shelter'd spot she flies,
Since honor is preserv'd in the' open plains ;
She arms her face with pride, and fain would learn
To sternly look, yet pleases e'en though stern.

XL.

While yet an infant, with her little hand
She curb'd and loos'd the bit of a proud steed ;
Held spear and sword, and on the level sand
Enur'd her limbs to toil, and taught them speed ;
Then track'd the savage bear and lion grand
O'er mountain paths, or where the woods recede.
She follow'd wars ; and seem'd in these pursuits
Savage to men, a man to savage brutes.

XLI.

Hither she now has come from Persia's bound
To oppose the Christian host with all her might ;
Though oft she'd strewn their limbs upon the ground,
And made their life-blood with the wave unite.
On her arrival now from thence she found
The pomp of death presented to her sight ;
Curious to see and learn why thus decreed
A doom so dreadful, she urg'd on her steed.

XLII.

The crowds give way : she stops, and nearer eyes
The pair thus tied together mid the throng ;
She sees the one mute while the other sighs,
And most of vigour in the sex least strong.
She marks his tears as if in pity rise,
Pity, not grief, or grief for other's wrong ;
While she, in silence, gazing at the sky,
Seems sever'd from the earth, e'en ere she die.

XLIII.

Clorinda's heart was melted, and the twain
Excited all her pity and some tears ;
She plains the most for th' one who does not plain ;
Silence to her more sad than plaint appears.
Without delay she turn'd her to a swain
Who stood beside her and was grey with years :
" I pri'thee, who are these ? and tell me, friend,
What fate or fault leads them to this sad end ? "

XLIV.

She thus entreated him, and he replied
To the demand in ample words, though few.
Struck with the tale, she fail'd not to decide
At once that guiltless were alike the two ;
And soon resolves her weapons shall be tried,
As well as prayers, ere shall their death ensue.
She rushes to the flame, now all prepar'd,
Makes them withdraw it, and bespeaks the guard :

XLV.

“Be there not one among you who shall dare
To follow up this cruel task, but stay
Till I address the king ; be it my care
That he accuse you not for the delay.”
Her royal semblance and majestic air
Subdue the sergeants, and they all obey.
Then mov'd she to the king ; and met him speeding
Along the way which to herself was leading.

XLVI.

“I am Clorinda ; haply not unknown
My name, O king !” thus did her accents flow ;
“I come to join thee and defend thy throne
'Long with our common faith against the foe.
Ready am I for each adventure shown ;
The high I fear not, nor disdain the low.
Whether my task in open field thou choose,
Or in beleaguer'd walls, I none refuse.”

XLVII.

She ceas'd ; the king replied : “What region lies
So far from Asia or the path o' the sun,
Thou glorious maid, that thither never flies
The fame and honor which thy deeds have won ?
Since thy good sword to me its aid supplies,
I am consol'd, and fears I now have none :
Not were a grand host gather'd to ensure
My rescue, could my hope be more secure.

XLVIII.

“To me now far too long does Godfrey seem
To' arrest his coming. Now for thy demand
To be employ'd, I worthy thee esteem
Only adventures difficult and grand.
Over our warriors in thy hand shall gleam
The sceptre, and be law thy least command.”
Thus spake he. Courteous thanks for praise so high
She gave, and thence continued her reply :

XLIX.

“ Certes, to make the guerdon to precede
 The service must seem strange ; and yet thy rare
 Indulgence cheers me, and for future meed
 Bestow on me, I pray, this guilty pair.
 A gift I ask them ; yet severe indeed
 Their doom if aught of doubt perplex th’ affair :
 But this I press not ; neither do I press
 The signs which prove to me their guiltlessness.

L.

“ I shall but say that all of you surmise
 The Christians took the image, but I draw
 Conclusion different from yours, nor poise
 My judgment but on reasons full of awe.
 What the magician ventur’d to advise
 Was an irreverence tow’rds our holy law ;
 For ’tis not meet our temples should possess
 Idols at all, and others’ idols less.

LI.

“ Up to Mohammed then I joy to trace
 The miracle ; he wrought it with a view
 To show that ’tis not lawful to debase
 His temples with religion which is new.
 Yes, let Ismene, who wields the charm in place
 Of weapon, attempt all which art can do :
 But with the sword the warrior’s might be shown :
 This is our art, our hope be this alone.”

LII.

Here ceas’d she, and the king, although the spur
 Of pity scarce could turn his wrath aside,
 Wish’d to display his deference for her ;
 Reason persuades him, and her pray’rs decide.
 He answer’d : “ Life and freedom I confer :
 To such a pleader nought can be denied.
 Justice or pardon let it be, this pair
 Guiltless absolve I, and if guilty, spare.”

LIII.

Thus were they loos’d. Olindo’s fortune proved
 Most truly blest, whose love could thus inspire
 Like love in a warm heart at last ; who moved
 Away to nuptials from the funeral pyre ;
 Nor only from mere lover became loved,
 But chang’d for Hymen’s torch the penal fire.
 He would have died with her ; leave doth she give
 That with her since he dies not, he shall live.

LIV.

But still did the suspicious king opine
That t' have such virtue near him would bring bale.
Whence both of them went forth from Palestine
As he decreed, banished beyond its pale.
Then drave he, following up his fell design,
More Christians forth, and some he mew'd in jail.
Ah ! with what mournful heart did they retire
From sweetest bed, dear babes, and aged sire !

LV.

Hard parting ! For he only chas'd away
The fierce in spirit and robust in frame ;
But gentle sex and tender years must stay
As hostages to answer in their name.
Some of them wander'd far, some turn'd to bay,
And fear was master'd by revenge and shame.
These join'd the Franks, encountering their force
Just as it reach'd Emmaus in its course.

LVI.

Emmaus is a town from which the measure
Of distance to Jerusalem is small,
And one who parts at morn and moves at leisure
Will reach it ere the stroke of nine shall fall.
O ! when the Franks hear this, how great their pleasure !
O ! what desire hastens and spurs them all !
But as the sun now stoops in his career,
Their leader makes them stretch the canvas here.

LVII.

E'en now the tents were pitch'd, and in the West
The sun's all-cheering orb was near the main,
When two great barons in outlandish vest,
And of strange mien, are seen upon the plain.
'Tis clear they seek the Chief on friendly hest,
For peaceful is each gesture of the twain.
Ambassadors are these from Egypt's king,
And round them many a squire and page they bring.

LVIII.

Alethes one was hight, who from the horde
Of the base populace by birth had sprung ;
But to the realm's chief honors thence had soar'd
By a wary, eloquent, and flatt'ring tongue,
By pliant manners, and wit richly stor'd,
Prompt to invent, and for deception strung ;
Grand forger he of calumnies in ways
Unheard of, that accuse and seem to praise.

LIX.

The other is nam'd Argante, the Circassian,
 One who to Egypt's court had come unknown,
 But now is made a satrap of the nation,
 And to the highest rank of war has grown ;
 Reckless, inexorable, slave to passion,
 Untir'd in arms, and never overthrown,
 He spurns each God, and on his falchion's blows
 His reason and his law alike repose.

LX.

These ask'd an audience, and were led to greet
 In personal presence Godfrey the renown'd :
 In simple dress and on a lowly seat
 Him sitting with his warrior chiefs they found :
 But valour true, though in neglect unmeet,
 Will still shine forth, and with itself be crown'd.
 Small token of respect Argante paid,
 Like a great man whose thoughts elsewhere had stray'd.

LXI.

But on his breast Alethes plac'd his hand,
 Inclined his head, and down his glance he threw,
 And honor'd him in full in every bland
 And courteous method which his country knew :
 Then he begins ; and from his mouth expand
 Rivers of eloquence more pure than dew :
 And as the Franks had learn'd the Syrian tongue,
 Well understood was every word that rung.

LXII.

" O, thou, sole worthy whom a band so dread
 Of famous heroes now should deign to' obey,
 Since well they know they have by thee been led
 To conquest, and thy counsels are their stay ;
 E'en among us thy name, which has been spread
 Beyond Alcides' mark, resounds this day,
 And fame throughout th' Egyptian realms tells forth
 Re-echoing tidings of thy valorous worth.

LXIII.

" To these list all men, be they great or small,
 E'en as to marvels of surpassing height :
 But on my royal master's ear they fall
 Not with amazement only but delight ;
 And oft he joys each passage to recall,
 Loving in thee what others fear and spite :
 Valour he loves, and willingly would draw
 Betwixt you ties of love, if not of Law.

LXIV.

“ Urg’d onward by a motive, then, so fair,
Friendship and peace from thee he asks to-day ;
And trusts that if your diff’ring faiths may ne’er
Effect an union, yet your virtues may.
But since he has been told thou dost prepare
To chase his friend from his own seat away,
Through us he fain would, ere new ills ensue
From this design, unfold to thee his view.

LXV.

“ His mind is this : if thou content remain
With so much as thou hast made thine by might,
Nor shall molest Judæa, but refrain
From all parts cover’d by his sov’reign right,
He binds him against all men to sustain
Thy yet weak state : and if ye two unite,
When will the Turks and Persians hope to raise
Their pow’r to what it was in other days ?

LXVI.

“ Great things in little time, Sire, hast thou done,
Which ages will not blot from memory’s lore ;
Armies have been defeated, cities won,
Fatigues endur’d, unknown paths trodden o’er,
So that the very tales dismay or stun
Each province round, and each remoter shore :
And though thou may’st acquire new realms indeed,
To’ acquire new glory thou wilt vainly speed.

LXVII.

“ Thy glory is at its height ; and to retire
From doubtful wars henceforth becomes thee most :
For if thou win, thy state alone is higher,
Nor canst thou thence a greater glory boast ;
But if th’ event be cross to thy desire,
Honor and empire won before are lost.
Bold fools are they who stake, as fortune’s lure,
For small and doubtful gain the great and sure.

LXVIII.

“ But their advice with whom it much has weigh’d
That others keep their conquests in the main ;
And long success in all which ye’ve essay’d,
And that most natural wish that fires the brain
And hottest is in spirits of lofty grade,
To make the world one tributary train,
Perchance will cause thee to fly off as far
From thoughts of peace as others do from war.

LXIX.

“ These things will urge thee to pursue the course
 Which has been largely op'd to thee by fate,
 And not lay down this famous sword whose force
 Makes every victory both sure and great,
 Till Mahomet's creed be crush'd without remorse,
 And Asia be reduc'd to a desert state :
 Sweet things to hear, but sweet deceptions too,
 Whence oft extreme discomfitures ensue.

LXX.

“ But if high passion do not blind thy sight,
 Nor quench in thee the ray of reason clear,
 Thou wilt perceive, where thou resum'st the fight,
 Thou hast no cause to hope, but rather fear :
 For Fortune varies here by turns our plight,
 Sending us now mishap, and now good cheer ;
 And after flights too sudden, and too high,
 Precipitous falls are generally nigh.

LXXI.

“ Tell me ; if Egypt to thy bane begun
 To move, so strong in counsel, arms, and gold,
 If Turk and Persian and Cassano's son
 Renew'd the war, what force hast thou inroll'd
 To meet so great a storm, or whither run
 For shelter from a risk so manifold ?
 Perhaps on the bad Greek king thou would'st rely,
 United to thee now by solemn tie.

LXXII.

“ Greek faith ! What that is no one need explore.
 From one sole treason learn thou the others too ;
 Nay, from a thousand : for that sum and more
 Of treacherous snares yon race has laid for you.
 Is he, then, who oppos'd your pass before,
 Prompt to risk life for you ? Can this be true ?
 Will he who would refuse what all allow,
 An open path, give you his own blood now ?

LXXIII.

“ But for thine every hope perchance thou cleavest
 To these thy troops who now engird thy seat.
 Whom scatter'd ye have routed, thou believest
 To rout united is an easy feat.
 And yet thy ranks, as thou thyself perceivest,
 Are greatly thinn'd by wars, and toil, and heat ;
 And yet new foes demand increas'd exertion,
 Th' Egyptian blending with the Turk and Persian.

LXXIV.

“ Now even when thou reckon’st that the steel
Rais’d against thee is doom’d by fate to fail,
We grant thee this, and grant that Heav’n will deal
Throughout e’en as thyself hast told the tale :
Hunger will vanquish thee ; ah ! whither steal
For refuge thence ? what shelter will avail ?
Against it shake the spear, the falchion draw,
And feign that vict’ry too obeys thy law.

LXXV.

“ Th’ inhabitants have with a provident hand,
Burnt up and ravag’d all the plain around,
And laid the fruit, ere thou hadst reach’d the land,
Safe within lofty tow’r and wallèd mound.
Thou who hast come thus far with courage grand,
Think how will food for horse and men be found !
Thou’lt say the fleet at sea shall aid thee there :
Depends thy living, then, on blasts of air ?

LXXVI.

“ Perchance thy fortune rules th’ inconstant airs,
And chains them up, and looses them at will ;
But will the sea, deaf to all sighs and pray’rs,
List to thee only, and thy hest fulfil ?
Have not our tribes, when leagu’d in such affairs
With Turks and Persians, means enough and skill
To furnish fleets, which, when they shall combine,
Will cope securely with these ships of thine ?

LXXVII.

“ A double vict’ry, Sire, thou’lt have to claim
If thou’rt to win renown from this emprise.
One loss alone may cause thee deepest shame,
And damage greater still may thence arise ;
For if our navy rout thine in the game
Of battle, then this camp of hunger dies ;
And if thou art defeated, then in vain
Thy ships will be victorious on the main.

LXXVIII.

“ Now if in such a plight thou still refuse
Both peace and truce with Egypt’s mighty king,
This thy resolve (let truth her license use)
With all thine other virtues will not ring.
But O ! may Heav’n in mercy change thy views
If bent on war, and diff’rent counsels bring,
That Asia may respire from strifes, and thou
Enjoy the fruits of all thy vict’ries now.

LXXIX.

“ And ye who in distress and danger grave,
 And also in glory, still are at his side,
 Be not deceiv'd by fortune's smile to brave
 New wars, to which she would provoke your pride :
 But like the pilot o'er the treacherous wave,
 Whose ships into the wish'd-for haven glide,
 Ye now should furl your scatter'd sails at ease,
 Nor trust you further to the cruel seas.”

LXXX.

Here ceased Alethes : a low murmuring sound
 From all the heroes follow'd speech so bland ;
 And how distasteful that advice was found
 Might well in their disdainful looks be scann'd.
 The Leader turn'd his searching eyes around
 Three or four times, and gaz'd on his own band ;
 Then fix'd them on the face of him who stay'd
 Expecting his reply ; and thus 'twas made :

LXXXI.

“ O legate, sweetly for us dost thou blend
 All courtesies to lure, and threats to' affright.
 If thy king love me and my deeds commend,
 I thank him, and his love with love requite.
 Next to that part wherein thou dost portend
 That Pagan arms against us will unite,
 I will respond, as ever is my wont,
 With liberal thoughts and words of open front.

LXXXII.

“ Know that till now so much we have endur'd
 By sea and land, in bright and gloomy skies,
 Solely that thence access may be procur'd
 To where yon venerable walls arise,
 That having freed them, we with hope assur'd
 May win us grace and merit in God's eyes :
 Nor shall we e'er be loth for end so grand
 To risk our earthly fame, and life, and land ;

LXXXIII.

“ Since no aspiring avaricious aim
 Spurr'd us to this emprise, and led the way :
 May God in Heaven from our hearts reclaim
 So bad a pest, if e'en in one it stay,
 Nor suffer it to sprinkle and inflame
 With poisoning sweets, which, while they pamper, slay !
 But His right hand which enters hearts of steel
 Gently, and softens them, and makes them feel,

LXXXIV.

“ This mov’d us forth at first, this since has led,
And drawn us from each danger and each ill,
Made mountains plain, and dried the river’s bed,
Ta’en heat from summer, ice from winter chill ;
This makes the billow smoothe its crested head,
This reins the winds, and loosens them at will ;
Hence ’tis that lofty walls are burnt and burst,
Hence battled ranks are slaughter’d and dispers’d ;

LXXXV.

“ Hence doth our courage, hence our hope proceed,
Not from our forces wearied out and frail,
Not from the fleet, nor all the tribes that feed
On Greece’s plain, nor Frankish coats of mail.
While that shall ne’er desert us in our need,
Little should we regard what else may fail :
They who know how it saves and smites, demand
No other aid when danger is at hand.

LXXXVI.

“ But when it takes from us its aid away
Through our misdeeds, or doom reveal’d to none,
Which of our number will regret to lay
His limbs where once lay those of God the Son ?
Yes, we shall die, nor envy those who stay ;
Shall die, but not die with revenge unwon ;
Nor shall our fate fill Asia’s realms with cheer,
Nor shall we mourn our death, however near.

LXXXVII.

“ And yet believe not that from peace we fly
As others fly from war and dread the steel ;
For we are pleas’d at thy king’s amity,
And no dislike to join him do we feel :
But whether in his rule Judæa lie,
Thou know’st ; why shows he for it, then, such zeal ?
Let him not warn us from another’s throne,
And then in peace and joy long keep his own.”

LXXXVIII.

Thus did he answer, and with sharpest ire
The answer pierc’d Argante’s heart of pride,
Nor did he veil it, but with lips of fire
Before the Leader flung himself, and cried :
“ War let him have who doth not peace desire ;
For never yet were quarrels ill-supplied :
And peace thou evidently seem’st to shun,
If by our first advance thou art not won.”

LXXXIX.

His robe then took he by its edge, and made
A hollow in't, and holding forth its fold,
His reas'ning in these words he re-essay'd,
Malignant more than erst, and less controll'd.
"Scorner of risks, howe'er with doubts o'erlaid,
Both war and peace within this robe I hold :
Thine be the choice ; no time hast thou to lose ;
Advise thee now, and take whiche'er thou choose."

XC.

Stirr'd by the savage action and request,
All shouted War ! with one concordant cry,
Not waiting, ere their choice was thus express'd,
Till their magnanimous Leader should reply.
That fierce one smooth'd the fold, and shook the vest,
And said, "To mortal war I you defy,"
With such an impious mien that the barr'd door
Of Janus seem'd to ope to close no more.

XCI.

Seem'd from that fold, when open'd, to arise
Fierce hate, and fury with insensate aim,
And that there glisten'd in his horrid eyes
Alecto's and Megæra's torch of flame.
Such was that great one, p'rhaps, who 'gainst the skies
Whilome built up the lofty tower of shame,
And in like posture Babel watch'd him rear
His mighty front, and threat the starry sphere.

XCII.

Then Godfrey added : "To your monarch bear
Our message, that he come, nor time beguile ;
For we accept the war which ye declare,
And if he come not, soon shall reach the Nile."
Then he dismiss'd them with a gentle air,
And honor'd them with gifts of choicest style.
He gave Alethes a rich casque, the prey
Mid other which from Nice he bare away.

XCIII.

Argante had a sword with hilt embost
And pommel all inlaid with gems and gold
So finely that the rich material lost
Its worth compar'd with what the labour told.
Soon as its temper, ornaments, and cost
He carefully had linger'd to behold,
He said to Godfrey : "Thou shalt quickly see
To what good use thy gift is put by me."

XCIV.

Then soon as he had made his parting bow,
His comrade he address'd : "Hence on our ways,
I tow'rd Jeruſalem, tow'rd Egypt thou ;
Thou with next sun, I with the starry rays.
My pen, or presence, will be useless now
Whither thou go'st, and win but little praise.
Take thou the answer : I will not be found
Receding from the spot where arms resound."

XCV.

Th' ambassador is thus become the foe,
Whether his haste have weighty cause, or slight ;
He recks not whether he offend, or no,
The mode of nations and the ancient rite.
No answer stay'd for, he set forth to go
To the tall ramparts in the friendly night,
Impatient of delay : nor does he find
His stay less irksome who remains behind.

XCVI.

Tw'as night, when waves and winds have deep repose,
And the world seems to be without a sound ;
The weary tribes whom stormy seas, and those
Whom liquid lakes, protect in depth profound,
And those whom dens conceal, or folds enclose,
And painted birds, in sweet oblivion bound,
Under the silence which the shade imparts
Forget their sorrows, and refresh their hearts.

XCVII.

But neither Frankish Chief nor Faithful band
Disrobe for sleep, nor rest in quiet station,
So strong their wish to see the dawn expand,
Long object of delight and expectation,
Which shall conduct them to the city grand,
Goal of the multitudinous migration :
And many a time they gaze if ray of light
Forth issue and illume th' obscure of night.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The Frank treads on the soil where Jesus died
 With bosom frank, bare feet, and humble tone :
 He assaults : Clorinda meets him : hard to hide
 Erminia's wound from Tancred next is shown.
 Argante then transfixes Dudon's side,
 Who, mounting heav'nward, leaves his friends to moan.
 Bouillon provides a tomb, and then uptears
 A tall wood, and machines of war prepares.

I.

ALREADY had the herald breezes stirr'd,
 To' announce the coming of Aurora fair ;
 Meanwhile she adorn'd her, and began to gird
 Roses from Eden round her golden hair ;
 When from the camp which ever gladly heard
 The call to arms, a deep sound murmur'd ere
 The trumpets yet had rung ; and these then smote
 The ear with shriller and more joyous note.

II.

With sweet restraint the prudent Captain guides
 And seconds their desires and strong devotion ;
 Since easier 'twere to turn the rolling tides
 Beside Charybdis from their onward motion,
 Or hold back Boreas when he shakes the sides
 Of Appennine, and sinks the ships in ocean.
 He marshals, moves them, and controls their pace,
 A swift one, and yet swift with order's trace.

III.

Wings to their hearts have all, wings to their feet,
 Nor thence perceive how rapidly they fly ;
 But when the sun strikes with increasing heat
 Upon the thirsty lands, and mounts on high,
 Lo, with their eyes Jerusalem they greet !
 Lo, they point out Jerusalem, how high !
 Lo, from the myriad voices of the crowd
 Conjoin'd, ' Jerusalem ' is hail'd aloud !

IV.

Thus oft of mariners a hardy band,

Who to search out a foreign shore set sail,
On doubtful seas and under pole unscann'd,

Expos'd to treach'rous wave and faithless gale,
If they at last espy the wish'd-for land,

Salute it from afar with joyous hail,
And one to the' other shows it, and meanwhile
Forgets his journey's perils and its toil.

V.

To the intense delight which that first gaze

Had breath'd so sweetly into every breast,
Succeeded deep contrition, and displays

Of love with fear and reverence express'd.

Their eyes they scarcely now presum'd to raise

Tow'rd yonder walls, Christ's chosen place of rest,

Where He had died, where He had been entomb'd,

Where afterwards His flesh had been resum'd.

VI.

Submissive accents, words that are subdued,

And broken sobs with lamentable sighs,
From hosts with joy and grief at once imbued,

Cause a deep murmur on the air to rise,
Such as is wont to sound in clustering wood,

If haply through the leaves a strong wind hies ;

Or as when under rocks, or near the shore,

The beaten sea sends forth a hoarser roar.

VII.

Each foot that paces o'er the path is bare,

The chiefs' example moving all the rest :

Each from his head removes the bauble there

Of silk or gold, the plume or haughty crest.

Each doffs too from his heart its haughty wear,

And rains warm pious tears down on his breast ;

Yet each, as if his plaint had found no vent,

Thus speaking, is on self-accusal bent :

VIII.

" Where Thou, then, gracious Lord, hast left the plain

With many a sanguine rill besprinkled o'er,

Shall I not, in remembrance of Thy pain,

Two living founts of woe to-day outpour ?

O, heart of ice, why dropp'st thou not like rain

Through these mine eyes, and weep'st not more and
more ?

Why soften'st not, and break'st, O heart of stone ?

If moanless now, for ever thou should'st moan !"

IX.

Meanwhile the city warder, who espies
 The fields and mountains from a lofty tower,
 Sees underneath him there the dust arise
 So that a vast cloud seems in the' air to lower :
 That cloud appears to flash upon his eyes,
 As big with flames, and with electric power :
 The gleam of brilliant metals marks he then,
 And soon distinguishes the steeds and men.

X.

Then cried he, " What a cloud I see suspense
 On the' air ! O how its splendour doth appal ?
 Up, up, O citizens ! to the defence
 Each quickly arm himself, and mount the wall.
 The enemy is on us : " and intense
 The voice resum'd, " Take arms and hasten, all !
 Behold the foe is here ! direct your eyes
 To the dread cloud below, which wraps the skies ! "

XI.

The simple children, and the helpless old,
 And crowd of women smitten with despair,
 Who know not how to smite, or shield to hold,
 Suppliant and sorrowing to the mosques they bear :
 The rest, of firmer limb, and spirit more bold,
 Have snatch'd up arms already, and repair
 Some to the gates, and others to the wall :
 The king goes round, and sees, and cares for all.

XII.

He issued his commands, and then retir'd
 Where from between two gates arose a tower,
 So that he might be near when need requir'd,
 And scan the hills and plains which thence were lower.
 Erminia's presence here he had desir'd,
 Fair one, who in his court had found a bower
 When Antioch by the Christian host was ta'en,
 And in the siege her father had been slain.

XIII.

Meanwhile Clorinda is gone against the Franks
 Foremost of all, though with her many hie ;
 But elsewhere at a secret postern's flanks,
 Prompt for the rescue, stands Argante nigh.
 The generous heroine instigates her ranks
 With words and dauntless air ; and thus her cry
 Rings forth, " 'Tis fitting that we should to-day
 Found hope for Asia by a grand essay."

XIV.

While thus she reason'd, not far off she spied
A Frankish troop conducting rural prey,
Who having, as is wont, for booty plied,
To the camp with flocks and herds were on their way.
She against them, 'gainst her their leader hied,
When he perceiv'd her course towards him lay.
Gardo that leader's nam'd, a pow'rful knight,
But yet not able to resist her might.

XV.

He in that fierce encounter to the ground
Is thrust before the Franks' and Pagans' eyes,
Which last all shouted, deeming they had found
Glad omen of the war, a vain surmise.
She springs upon the others with a bound ;
And her right hand a hundred hands defies :
Her warriors follow her through pathways made
Level by hurtling, open by the blade.

XVI.

Soon from the spoiler is redeem'd the spoil,
And step by step the Frankish troops retire,
Until they reach a tall hill's loftier soil,
Whose site supplies the aid their arms require.
Then, as a whirlwind doth itself uncoil,
And from the cloud descends aerial fire,
Good Tancred led, at Godfrey's instant hest,
His squadron forth, and laid the spear in rest.

XVII.

So firmly grasp'd he his great lance, with air
So fierce the youth came forth, and so elate,
That looking from on high the king was 'ware
This was a warrior great among the great.
He asks of her seated beside him there,
Who feels her breast already palpitate ;
"From thy long commerce thou canst hardly fail
To know each Christian, though enclos'd in mail :

XVIII.

"Who then is he who mid the battle clang
In lofty bearing seems without a peer?"
To this instead of a reply there sprang
Unto her lips the sigh, her eyes the tear :
The breath is hush'd indeed ; the tear-drops hang
Restrain'd, and yet not all conceal'd, though near
A purple ring still ting'd each loaded eye
Softly, and half gush'd forth the murm'ring sigh.

XIX.

Then spake she feigningly, and strove to hide
Under the mask of hate a softer pain :
“ Ah ! well I know him, and, with none to guide,
Mid thousands should detect that form again :
For oft I’ve seen him fill the trenches wide
With my dear people’s blood and drench the plain.
How cruelly he smites ! wounds from his dart
Are cureless or by herb, or magic art.

XX.

“ Prince Tancred he : O that he were one day
My prisoner, and I would not wish him dead,
But living, that sweet vengeance might allay
My fierce desires, which crave so to be fed.”
Thus spake she, and the sense a different way
By him who heard it’s cover’d truth was read :
And with her latest words a sigh was blent,
And issued forth, refusing to be pent.

XXI.

Meanwhile Clorinda to th’ encounter hied
With Tancred, and she laid her lance in rest.
Each struck the visor : splints flew high and wide ;
And she has lost some of her iron vest :
For, wondrous blow ! all fast’nings cleft aside,
Down bounded to the ground her helm and crest,
And as her golden hairs wav’d in the wind,
In the mid field a youthful lady shin’d.

XXII.

Her eyes flash’d fire, thunder was in their rays,
Sweet e’en in wrath ; what then, if smile arise ?
What dost thou think on, Tancred ? On what gaze ?
That long-lov’d face, dost thou not recognise ?
Lo the fair form which set thee in a blaze !
So speaks thy heart on which its image lies :
Lo she whom thou beheldest like a dream
Bathing her forehead in the lonely stream !

XXIII.

He who at first had heeded not her crest
And painted shield, now shudder’d at the view :
She cover’d her fair head as could she best,
And re-assaulted him ; and he withdrew.
Wielding his cruel sword, he charg’d the rest,
But peace with her would none the more ensue,
Who follow’d threat’ningly, and cried : “ Turn back ;”
And brav’d him to two deaths in one attack.

XXIV.

The knight, though smitten, smites not in return,
Nor cares so much to guard him from the blow,
As those fair eyes and features to discern,
Whence Love bends his inevitable bow.
He said within himself, "The stroke I spurn
Whene'er descends her mail'd hand as a foe :
But blows from that fair face on which I gaze
Ne'er fall in vain, but strike my heart always."

XXV.

Though hoping for no pity, in the end
Resolves he not to die with love conceal'd ;
She shall be told her strokes on one descend
Already trembling, suppliant, and unsteal'd.
"O thou who seem'st," exclaims he, "to expend
Thy rage on me alone in all the field,
Retreat we from this *melee*, and aside
Our prowess by each other's sword be tried.

XXVI.

"My valour thus more clearly will be read
If thine it equal." She the call obey'd ;
And as she car'd not for a helmless head,
Went dauntless forth, he follow'd all dismay'd.
Already had the heroine fix'd her tread
For combat firmly, and had wheel'd her blade,
When, "Hold !" he cried ; "the battle be deferr'd,
Until the battle's terms shall first be heard."

XXVII.

She stopp'd ; and him did desperate love supply
At once with courage curing terror's smart.
"The terms be," cried he, "since thou dost deny
All peace to me, that thou pluck out my heart :
My heart, no longer mine, will gladly die,
If thou hast but a wish it should depart :
Long time it has been thine ; 'tis time that thou
Shouldst pluck it forth, nor this I disallow.

XXVIII.

"Behold these arms I lower, and present
My breast without defence ; O ! why then spare ?
Would'st have the task made light ? I am content
To doff my mail if thou wilt have it bare."
Perchance the wretched Tancred would have spent
More words detailing all his amorous care,
But here the tramp of Pagans interfer'd,
And that of his own troops, who now appear'd.

XXIX.

The Syrians driven by the Christian band
Retreated, whether it were fear or art.
One who pursued, and saw her locks expand
Before the breeze, a wretch without a heart,
Behind her back in passing rais'd his hand
To strike her on her unprotected part ;
But Tancred shouted, for he mark'd it well,
And on his sword that stroke descending fell.

XXX.

And yet not so but that it partly told,
And near her fair neck smote her lovely head ;
Light was the wound, and some few drops there roll'd,
Tinting her yellow hair with rosy red,
As brightly sparkling rubies tint the gold
O'er which by cunning hand they have been spread.
But then the prince, unable to command
His rage, rush'd on that churl, and shook his brand.

XXXI.

One fled ; the other hurried to pursue
Enrag'd ; they pass'd like arrow from the bow :
She stay'd, suspense, and kept them both in view
Far off, and car'd not after them to go ;
But with her fugitives she soon withdrew ;
Then show'd her front, and re-assail'd the foe ;
Turn'd, and return'd ; now fled, now chas'd away ;
If chase or flight were her's 'twere hard to say.

XXXII.

Thus the huge bull in palisadoed field
Turns with his horn on the pursuing hounds ;
They stop, and if for flight he shall have wheel'd,
Each with fresh courage to the charge rebounds.
Clorinda while she flies uprears her shield
High from behind, and guards her head from wounds ;
So shelter'd fly they in the Moorish game
To shun the lanc'd balls' well-directed aim.

XXXIII.

Already they had near'd the lofty wall,
Pursuers and pursued, a surging tide,
When shouted horribly the Pagans all,
And backward with a sudden turn they plied,
And made an ample circuit, so as to fall,
Returning, on the enemy's rear and side :
Meanwhile Argante mov'd down from the mount
His squadron to encounter them in front.

XXXIV.

That fierce knight issued from his warrior crew,
For to be first in striking he was fain,
And whomsoe'er he struck he overthrew :
And his steed tumbled on a heap of slain.
But ere his great lance into splinters flew
Many with that good steed had press'd the plain.
He draws his sword, and when full falls the blow,
Ever he slays, beats down, or wounds a foe.

XXXV.

By fair Clorinda's emulous falchion died
One of ripe years e'en then, Ardelio,
But of untam'd old age, and fortified
By two tall sons ; yet not secure e'en so :
Alcander the' elder from his father's side
Was thrust away by a tremendous blow,
And Polifernes, who throughout the strife
Stay'd near him, scarce could rescue his own life.

XXXVI.

But Tancred, after he had chas'd in vain
That villain who possess'd a swifter steed,
Look'd back and saw his brave troop on the plain
Too far advanc'd without sufficient heed.
He saw them hemm'd in, and with alter'd rein
He spurr'd his courser thither with all speed.
Nor were they succour'd by himself alone,
But by that band which meets all dangers known.

XXXVII.

'Twas that of Dudon, hight th' Adventurous Band
Flow'r of the heroes, nerve and strength of the war.
Rinaldo, handsome more than all, and grand
In soul, precedes them swift as falling star.
Soon in an azure field Erminia scann'd
The argent bird, and knew his mien from far,
And to the king who gaz'd on him exclaim'd ;
"Lo one by whom each brave one will be tam'd !

XXXVIII.

"Sword such as his but few or none can boast,
Yet still almost in childhood he remains.
Were six such others in the enemy's host
All Syria had been won and wrapt in chains,
And the most Southern realms and all the coast
Next to the East had now obey'd the reins :
And haply in vain the Nile had hidd'n its head,
Unknown and distant from a yoke so dread,

XXXIX.

“ Rinaldo is he nam'd, and his fierce brand
Alarms the walls far more than huge machine.
Now turn thine eyes to where I point my hand,
And mark him who is array'd in gold and green ;
Dudon is he, the leader of that band
Adventurous hight, for each adventure keen ;
A warrior of high blood and furnish'd mind,
Advanc'd in years, in merit not behind.

XL.

“ Behold that grand one cover'd all in dun ;
Gernando he, brother of Norway's king :
No man more proud than he beholds the sun,
Sole blot which o'er his deeds a shade can fling.
And yonder two who go so join'd in one,
And have white robes, white every other thing,
Are Edward and Gildippe, wedded pair,
Renown'd for loyalty and valour rare.”

XLI.

Thus spake she, and already do they view
The carnage thicken more and more below,
Since Tancred and Rinaldo have burst through
The line, though dense with men and arms it show :
And thither next the band of Dudon flew,
And fearfully from these, too, came the blow.
Struck by Rinaldo down, Argante lies,
Argante's self, and hardly can he rise.

XLII.

Nor had he ris'n, but at that instant roll'd
The steed of Bertold's son upon the plain,
And as his foot is crush'd against the mould,
He needs must stay to drag it forth amain.
The Pagan troop meanwhile in uncontroll'd
Disorder to the city flies again ;
Argante only and Clorinda stood
As mound and bank to stem the raging flood.

XLIII.

Ever in rear they stopp'd th' impetuous tide
That follow'd them, and made it e'en recede,
So that with less of damage they now plied
Their flight who first had fled with all their speed.
Dudon pursued them with victorious pride,
And bore down with a thrust of his good steed
The fierce Tigranes, and with trenchant wound
Caus'd him to tumble headless to the ground.

XLIV.

Algazzar's hauberk stood him in no stead,
Though fine, nor stout Corbano's pow'rful crest,
For on the nape and back he struck them dead,
His weapon cleaving to the face and breast.
And by his hand, too, from its sweet home fled
Amurath's soul, and fierce Almansor press'd
The earth, and Mahomet, nor could the great
Circassian move secure from the same fate.

XLV.

Argante foams within him ; and yet stays
At times, and turns, yet then recedes again :
At last so suddenly he wheels and lays
A blow upon his side with force so main,
That mid the vital parts the iron plays,
And the Frank leader by that stroke is slain :
He falls, and stern repose and iron sleep
Oppress those eyes which scarce can open keep.

XLVI.

Thrice did he raise them, longing to behold
The heav'n's sweet rays ; and on one arm he rose ;
And thrice fell back, and a dark veil was roll'd
Before his eyes which, tir'd at last, would close.
His limbs dissolve, and, sprinkled o'er with cold
And ghastly deathdrops, stiffen to repose.
The fierce Argante does not deign to stay
O'er lifeless corpse, but hurries on his way.

XLVII.

And yet though his retreat was never slack'd,
He fac'd the Franks, and, "Cavaliers," he cried,
"This very sword, now stain'd with blood and hack'd,
Is that which yesterday your lord supplied :
Inform him (he will gladly learn the fact)
To what good end to-day it has been plied ;
For that so good a trial as this should tell
The worth of his fair gift must please him well.

XLVIII.

"Tell him that he may now expect to see
In his own bowels proof of it more sound ;
And since he hurries not to cope with me,
I come unlook'd for where he may be found."
Stung by his words, put forth with savage glee,
Eagerly tow'rd him all the Christians bound ;
But with the rest he has already flown
To where the rampart lifts the sheltering stone.

XLIX.

From that tall rampart the defenders sent,
 Thick as a hail-storm, many a stony ball,
 And quivers that could scarce be number'd lent
 So many arrows to the bows, that all
 Perforce the Franks were stopp'd in their ascent,
 And every Saracen drew within the wall.
 But having dragg'd his foot from his fall'n steed,
 Hither Rinaldo had now come with speed.

L.

He came a signal vengeance to demand
 For Dudon slain by barbarous homicide,
 And, having join'd his feres, "Why loit'ring stand?
 And what detains you here?" he fiercely cried:
 Why haste not onward with avenging hand,
 Since that brave lord is dead who was our guide?
 Shall, on so grave occasion for our wrath,
 A fragile wall, then, turn us from our path?

LI.

"Not if of double steel, or adamant,
 This masonry impenetrable arose,
 Within that fence should fierce Argante plant
 Himself secure from your tremendous blows.
 On to th' assault!" Then, knightly militant,
 Utt'ring no more, before the rest he goes;
 For the secure head of the hero fears
 Nought from a cloud of stones or storm of spears.

LII.

He, shaking his grand head, lifts up his face
 Full of such dreadful courage as to thrill
 The hearts of those e'en in that walled space
 With icy fears, unfelt in former ill.
 While some he threats, and some with words of grace
 Encourages, one comes to thwart his will,
 For Godfrey sends to them the good Sigier,
 Of all his hests the messenger severe.

LIII.

He blames in his name their excessive fire,
 And orders that at once they shall retreat;
 "Return," he said to them, "since for your ire
 Nor is the place, nor is the season meet.
 Godfrey commands you thus." At such desire
 Rinaldo stay'd, who had fann'd the others' heat,
 Although he fretted inly, and reveal'd
 More than one sign of anger ill-conceal'd.

LIV.

The troops return ; and not a foe descends
To trouble their return, though slow and late.
And on the corpse of Dudon there attends
Unstinted the last funeral pomp and state.
Upon the pious arms of faithful friends
They bear him forth, a dear and honor'd weight.
Meanwhile the Bouillon from a lofty part
Examines the strong city's site and art.

LV.

Jerusalem plac'd upon two hills is seen
Of height unequal, and turn'd face to face ;
A valley interposing sinks between,
And severs one from the other by its trace.
Three sides, without, present a lofty screen ;
The other has an almost level base ;
But at the flatter part, which northward lies,
For more defence the loftiest walls arise.

LVI.

Within the city, reservoirs for rain
Abound, and living lakes and fountains gleam
Without, the eye looks round for herb in vain,
And barren is the land of fount or stream :
Nor is it seen there proudly to sustain
Tall flourishing trees to ward the heat supreme,
Save that, two leagues beyond, a forest towers
Horrid and dark with baleful shades and bowers.

LVII.

Bounding it on the side where dawn is trac'd,
The happy Jordan's noble waves are roll'd ;
And by its Western coast, a sandy waste,
The Mediterranean billows are controll'd ;
Samaria is Northward, and Beth-el which plac'd
An altar to the idol calf of gold :
And whence the South wind brings the rain-cloud forth,
Lies Bethlehem, cradle of the mighty Birth.

LVIII.

While Godfrey thus inspects the mural line,
The site of the grand city, and the plain,
And ponders where to' encamp, and whence design
Assault on the hostile wall with most of gain,
Erminia sees him, and to Aladine
She points him out, and thus resumes her strain :
" See Godfrey in the purple mantle there,
Him with so kingly and august an air.

LIX.

"For empire truly born, well doth he know
Both how to reign, and how to hold command ;
Nor worse as knight than leader is, I trow ;
But in both parts of valour is he grand :
Nor mid the crowd so ample could I show
A man more wise of head, or prow of hand :
In counsel Raymond only, and in fight
Rinaldo and Prince Tancred, reach his might."

LX.

The Pagan king replied : "I know his fame
And saw him at the mighty court of France,
When thither Egypt's messenger I came,
And saw him in the tourney wield the lance :
And though his downless cheeks might then proclaim
His tender years had made but small advance,
Yet still his words, his actions, and his air,
Gave presage ever of a hope most rare.

LXI.

"Presage, alas ! too true !" He here inclin'd
His troubled brows, then lifted them, and cried :
"Say who is he whose upper vest is lin'd
With scarlet yonder there at Godfrey's side ?
O what resemblance in his mien I find,
Though somewhat less his stature be descried !"
" 'Tis Baldwin," said she ; "in his face one reads
The brother, more so in his noble deeds.

LXII.

"Upon his other flank one seems to be
In th' act of counsel ; thither bend thy sight ;
'Tis Raymond to whose prudence I decree
Such lofty praise, his hairs already white :
Nor Frank, nor Latin, better knows than he
To weave the military fraud aright.
But see beyond him there with helm of gold
The British king's son William, good and bold.

LXIII.

"With him is Guelph, one emulous to dare
The noblest deeds, of lofty blood and state ;
Well do I know him by his shoulder square,
And by his chest so rounded and elate.
But still can I discern not anywhere,
Although I search for him, the foe I hate,
I speak of Boemond, him who is the base
And fell destroyer of my kingly race."

LXIV.

So parley'd these. The Chief who had gaz'd around
Descended to his own ; and since in vain
He deems would all assault be where the ground
Ascends the most abruptly, he is fain
To' erect the tents against the northern bound
And gateway, on the broad contiguous plain :
And thence proceeding, plants the rest as far
As underneath the tow'r call'd Angular.

LXV.

By this extent of camp there is contained
A third part of the town, or less indeed :
Since all around it could not thus be chained,
So far does the vast range of wall proceed.
But every road by which it could have gained
Assistance Godfrey tries at least to' impede,
And seizes every opportune defile
By which one nears or quits the mural pile.

LXVI.

He orders that the tents be fortified
With palisadoes, and with fosse profound,
To check the citizens' sallies from inside,
And on the outside inroads from around.
But when these needful works had been supplied,
He wish'd to see the corpse of the renown'd
And gallant Dudon : thither hence he sped
Where sad and tearful groups begirt the dead.

LXVII.

His faithful friends adorn'd the mighty bier
With noble pomp where loftily 'twas hung.
When Godfrey enter'd, a lament more drear
And clamorous from the crowd of mourners rung.
But still with features nor disturb'd, nor clear,
The pious Bouillon rein'd his grief and tongue :
And having gaz'd awhile in thoughtful guise
O'er the departed knight, at length he cries :

LXVIII.

“ To thee no tears are due, no voice of wail,
For thou, though dead to us, re-liv'st in Heaven,
And here where thou putt'st off thy mortal veil,
Deep impress of thy glory hast thou driven.
Thou liv'dst a Christian knight, nor did'st thou fail
To die such : now thou joyest, and 'tis given,
Blest soul, to thee to feed on God thine eyes,
And have of thy good deeds the crown and prize.

LXIX.

“ Yes, thou art blest ! our own misfortunes claim,
 And not thy fate, the tears which we may pour,
 Since at thy flight, so worthy of thy fame,
 A part of us along with thee pass’d o’er.
 But if this death, to use the vulgar name,
 Bids us expect an earthly help no more,
 Celestial help for us thou canst obtain,
 Since Heav’n receives thee in its chosen train.

LXX.

“ And as we’ve seen thee battling in our plea
 With mortal arms, subject to mortal hour,
 Thee, spirit divine, no less we hope to see
 Wield for us weapons of celestial pow’r.
 Learn to receive the vows we address to thee,
 And succour us whene’er misfortunes low’r :
 Thence bode I vict’ry ; and triumphant so,
 We’ll pay thee at yon shrine the vows we owe.”

LXXI.

So spake he, and already the dark night
 Had all exhausted each diurnal ray,
 And with the’ oblivion of all care and spite
 Made tears and lamentations pass away.
 But Godfrey deeming that to’ assail the might
 Of walls without machines were vain essay,
 Thought whence he should have beams, and how devise
 His instruments : and scarce he clos’d his eyes.

LXXII.

Up with the sun, himself in person chose
 To follow the long pomp with funeral pace,
 Of odoriferous cypress they compose
 A tomb for Dudon at a mountain’s base,
 Near to the palisades ; a palm tree throws
 Its tall and spreading branches o’er the place :
 Here was he laid : meanwhile a priestly train
 Sang requiem to his soul with mournful strain.

LXXIII.

The branches on all sides were with th’ array
 Of divers flags and captur’d armour hung,
 Which erst upon some more auspicious day
 From Syrian tribes and Persians he had wrung :
 To the huge trunk of the tall palm midway
 His cuirass and his other mail was strung ;
 Then it was writ there : “ DUDON SLUMBERS HERE :
 HIM LOFTIEST CHAMPION OF THE CROSS REVERE.”

LXXIV.

But when the tender Bouillon had gone through
The pious work blended with so much pain,
He sent forth to the forest the whole crew
Of sappers guarded by a pow'rful train.
'Twas hidd'n in valleys, and the Christians drew
Their knowledge of it from a Syrian swain.
They go to cut mechanic engines thence
'Gainst which the city should have no defence.

LXXV.

One spurs the other on with emulous call,
And in the woods unwonted waste is made.
Dissever'd by the trenchant steel, there fall
The sacred palm, the ash in sylvan glade,
The cherry, larch, and cypress funeral,
Tall pine, dense holm, and beech imbrown'd in shade,
And married elm, on which the vine relies
And mounts with twisted foot up to the skies.

LXXVI.

One smites the yews, another smites the oaks
Which had a thousand times their leaves renew'd,
And had full oft unmov'd withstood the strokes
Of winds, and stopp'd them in their angry mood :
And others pil'd upon the groaning spokes
Wild ash and cedar with sweet scent imbued.
Scar'd by the sound of arms, and cries of men,
The bird forsook its nest, the beast its den.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

By blast of horrid trump Hell's king requires
 The presence round him of th' infernal swarm,
 And 'gainst the arms which God loves and inspires
 Arms and unchains them all in varied form.
 He next employs to' effect what he desires
 Armida's arts, and beauty's luring charm :
 She tempts the chiefs, and Godfrey, but in vain ;
 His heart is sound and owns no lust insane.

I.

WHILE these wrought many a warlike instrument
 For such they needs must put to use ere long,
 The grand foe of the human nations bent
 His livid eyes against the Christian throng ;
 And seeing them on prosperous works intent,
 Bit both his lips, impell'd by fury strong ;
 And like a wounded bull then sought relief
 By pouring forth in roars and sighs his grief.

II.

Thenceforward having turn'd his every thought
 How to bring down on them the last of woes,
 He bids his people be together brought
 (Fell senate !) where his kingly palace rose ;
 As if, ah fool, 'twere enterprise unfraught
 With danger to resist what God's will chose !
 Fool, who would equal Heav'n, nor understand
 How thunders roll from God's indignant hand !

III.

The hoarse sound of the hellish trumpet calls
 The tenants of th' eternal shades around ;
 The dark caves tremble through their spacious halls ;
 And at that roar doth the blind air rebound :
 Never with crash so great the thunder falls
 From Heav'n's supernal regions to the ground ;
 With shock so dread the earth is never rent
 When vapours in her labouring womb are pent.

IV.

Soon do Hell's gods in many a varied band
To the tall gates from all around repair.
O what strange forms, and horrible, expand !
How do their eyes with death and terror glare !
Some with the track of beasts imprint the sand,
And human brows have twisted snakes for hair ;
Each plies a tail behind him, vast and long,
Which coils itself, and uncoils, like a thong.

V.

Here thousands of foul Harpies may you mark,
Thousands of Centaurs, Sphynxes, Gorgons pale ;
Innumerable voracious Scyllas bark,
And Hydras hiss, and Pythons whistling wail.
Chimæras vomit forth their ashes dark ;
And Polyphemes and Geryons dread prevail :
And in new monsters, now nor seen, nor known,
Are diverse forms confus'd and blent in one.

VI.

Some to the right, some to the left had wheel'd
To sit before the cruel king in state ;
Mid them sat Pluto, and his right hand held
The sceptre rugged and of awful weight.
Nor ocean rock, nor crag o'er the' Alps reveal'd,
Nor Calpe mounts so far, nor Atlas great,
As not to seem mere hills when he was nigh,
So rais'd he his huge front and horns on high.

VII.

A horrid majesty made still more dread
His savage aspect, and enhanc'd his pride ;
His eyes were bloodshot and with venom spread,
Their gleam was that of stars which ill betide ;
A beard inwrapt his chin, and, downward shed
O'er his rough breast, grew bristling, dense, and wide :
And like th' unfathom'd whirlpool in the flood,
Gap'd his huge mouth befoul'd with purple blood.

VIII.

As rush the fumes of sulphur, and of fire,
From Mongibello, the foul air, the crash ;
So from his savage mouth dark blasts expire,
So the stench issues, and the sparkles flash.
While he was speaking, Cerberus' bark of ire
Surceas'd ; the Hydra became mute ; the plash
Died on Cocytus while its depths were stirr'd ;
And in these accents the dread peal was heard :

IX.

“ Princes of Hell, more worthy to remain
Above yon sun whence ye derive your birth,
Whom grand mischance with me from happier reign
Down to this horrible den has hurtled forth,
That Other's ancient fears and fell disdain
Are known too well, and our emprise of worth :
Now rules He at His will the starry poles,
And we are sentenc'd as rebellious souls.

X.

“ And in the place of day serene and pure,
Of the bright golden sun, and starry quire,
He has mur'd us here in this abyss obscure,
Nor wills that to our primal rank we' aspire :
And then (how hard the thought is to endure !
This is what adds more torment to the fire !)
He summon'd man to the fair seats of day,
Vile man produc'd on earth from vilest clay.

XI.

“ Nor this suffic'd Him ; but in keener hate
Tow'rd us, He gave His Son to death a prey ;
Who came and burst through the Tartarean gate,
And dar'd to tread the realm where we have sway,
And thence draw souls which were our due by fate,
And carry the rich prize to Heav'n away,
Triumphant conqueror, and in scornful mood
Unroll'd the banners there of Hell subdued.

XII.

“ But why in words my griefs again unfold ?
By whom are not our wrongs already heard ?
And in what part, and when, was it e'er told
That His accustom'd projects were deferr'd ?
We should no more go pondering on the old,
But by our present wrongs we should be stirr'd.
Do ye not yet perceive how He essays
To make the world Him only serve and praise ?

XIII.

“ Shall we drag on in sloth the day, the hour,
Nor let some worthy care our hearts inflame ?
And suffer that His faithful people's pow'r
In Asia spread with ever widening aim,
And yoke Judæa ? that His fame shall tow'r
Still higher, and be further stretch'd His name,
Resound in other tongues, in other tones
Be sung, and carv'd upon new bronze and stones ?

XIV.

“That down to the’ earth our idols shall be thrown?

Our altars by the world to Him be turned?

That offerings shall be made to Him alone,

To Him be gold and myrrh brought, incense burned?

That where no fane that shut us out was known,

No opening for our arts be now discerned?

That there shall fail of souls our wonted share,

And Pluto dwell in realms left wholly bare?

XV.

“Ah! let it not be true; for still the same

Your valour shines with unextinguish’d ray,

As when, begirt with steel and lofty flame,

We warr’d long since against the heav’nly sway.

True, in that strife no vict’ry could we claim;

Yet fail’d we not our virtue to display;

Success attended on the luckier pow’rs,

The glory of courage unsubdued was ours.

XVI.

“But why detain you more? O comrades true,

Speed forth, O pow’r, and pillars of my reign:

Speed quickly forth, and those accurs’d subdue,

Before that they recruit their strength again;

Quench this increasing flame ere it can strew

O’er all the Hebrew realm its deadly bane:

Enter among them, and have now recourse

To treach’ry for their damage, now to force.

XVII.

“Let what I will be fate: be some dispers’d

Far wand’ring; others perish on that soil;

Others, in love’s lascivious cares immers’d,

Make idols of a sweet look and a smile:

The leader by his rebel troops be pierc’d,

And them let factions and disputes embroil:

Perish the camp, and sunk in ruinous waste,

Each trace of it be with itself effac’d.”

XVIII.

The spirits who war on God delay not e’en

Until these words are carried to an end;

But flying forth to view the starry shene

Once more, from the profound of night they wend,

Like turbid storms which whistling shrill and keen

Come forth out of their native caves to blend

The skies in darkness, and to carry war

O’er the wide realms of earth and seas afar.

XIX.

Unfolding their broad vans on various ways

These quickly through the world were scatter'd wide;
And fabrics of deceit began to raise

Diverse and new; and all their arts they plied.
But thou, O Muse, say in their first essays

What ill they wrought the Christians, from what side:
Thou know'st; but hardly of that work of crime
Fame's feeble breath has reach'd our distant time.

XX.

The famous Idraote, a noble mage,

Rul'd o'er Damascus and the cities round:
Who read the dark arts from his earliest age,
And more and more delight in them had found.
But what the gain if he could ne'er presage

Of that uncertain war the final bound,
Nor phase of stars, or fix'd or wand'ring, tell
The truth beforehand, nor response of hell?

XXI.

He judg'd (ah, human mind, how blind art thou!

How vain are all thy judgments, and how cross!)
That for th' unconquer'd Western army now

Heav'n was preparing death, or ruinous loss:
Whence deeming Egypt would adorn its brow

With vict'ry's noblest laurels, and engross
Large conquests, he desir'd his state should claim
A portion of the spoil and of the fame.

XXII.

But since the Frankish valour stands confess'd,

The dread of bloody victory loads his mind,
And schemes he how the Christian pow'r may best

Be first in part diminish'd or disjoin'd,
And thus with greater ease may be oppress'd

By his and the Egyptian state combin'd.
The Fiend arrives while he is pondering o'er
This thought, and stimulates and pricks him more.

XXIII.

He counsels him, and ministers each mode

Which can facilitate the dark emprise;
He has a niece on whom the East bestow'd

For her consummate beauty the first prize:
To her are known all frauds with ravell'd node

By witch or woman us'd, all flattering lies;
This lady calls he to him, and lets her share
His counsels, and requests here all her care.

XXIV.

“O lov’d one,” cried he, “who beneath thy braid
Of golden hair, and looks of gentle glee,
Hast hoary sense and manly heart inlaid,
And e’en in mine own arts surpassest me,
Grand projects I revolve, and if thou aid,
Th’ effect responsive to the hope will be :
Weave thou the web of which I show the plan,
The daring agent of a wise old man.

XXV.

“Go to the hostile camp, and there expend
All female arts which can attract regard :
Be bath’d with tears, and sweet entreaties blend ;
Thy words with sighs be broken off and marr’d :
Let beauty, weeping and dejected, bend
To thy desire all hearts however hard :
A veil of shame throw o’er thy courage high,
And make the robe of truth conceal the lie.

XXVI.

“If possible catch Godfrey with the bait
Of sweetest looks and winning words that burn,
So that as one enamour’d he may hate
The war begun, and to prevent it yearn.
Lure, if not him, such others as are great,
And lead them whence they never may return.
Distract their counsels then.” At last he saith,
“All’s lawful for one’s country, and one’s faith.”

XXVII.

Armida proud of her enchanting grace,
And of the gifts her sex and age can boast,
Obeys him ; and with evening’s primal trace
Sets out by paths which are retir’d the most :
And hopes to conquer in her curls and lace
Unconquer’d peoples and an armed host.
But of her parting various tales are first
Among the vulgar artfully dispers’d.

XXVIII.

After not many days the damsel fair
Arriv’d at where the Frankish tents were spread.
A murmur rose when charms so new and rare
Appear’d, and tow’rd her every glance was sped,
E’en as to where a comet or a star,
Beheld no more by day, shines overhead.
And all draw nigh to see the lovely dame,
Ask who the stranger is, and why she came.

XXIX.

Never did Cyprus, Delos, nor all Greece,
View forms of beauty or attire so dear.
Her golden hairs now shine with sweet caprice
Through the white veil, and now disclos'd appear :
Thus oft the sun, when skies resume their peace,
Now through the light cloud beaming, looks less clear,
Now from the cloud emerging, darts his ray
Undimm'd around, and multiplies the day.

XXX.

The breezes make new curls in her loose hair
Which nature's self had into wavelets thrown ;
Her grudging glance is self-collected e'er,
And thus conceals love's treasures and its own.
Sweet rosy hues upon that face so fair
Amid its ivory are confus'd and strown ;
But in the mouth, whence amorous breathings gush,
Unblended and alone the roses blush.

XXXI.

Her lovely bosom shows its naked snows,
Which nourish and awaken love's warm fire :
Part of her young unripen'd breast she shows,
Part hides beneath her envious attire :
Envious, but if the path of sight it close,
Yet it arrests not amorous desire,
Which, not content with outward beauty, pries
Within too where each hidden secret lies.

XXXII.

As through the water, or the ice, a ray
Will traverse, and not cleave the substance through,
So through the fasten'd robe thought makes its way,
Too bold, to parts forbidden to the view :
There roams at large, and there delights to stay
And contemplate in turn such wonders new ;
Tells and describes them then to the desire,
And in it makes more vivid its own fire.

XXXIII.

On through those eager crowds Armida hied,
Prais'd and admir'd, and well was 'ware of all,
Yet show'd it not, though in her heart she joy'd,
And thence hop'd high success, and prey not small.
While pausing somewhat she requests a guide
To lead her to the Captain's tented hall,
Eustace approach'd her, brother of the most
High sov'reign prince who led the mighty host.

XXXIV.

As moth does to the light, himself he turned
To the full splendour of her charms divine ;
And from a nearer spot those eyes discerned
Which modest act made sweetly to decline :
From these he caught a mighty flame, and burned
As fuel does if spark too near it shine ;
And by his youth and heat of love made bold,
He ventur'd such discourse as this to hold :

XXXV.

“ O lady, if I rightly name thee so,
For thou art like unto no earthly sight,
And on no child of Eve does Heav'n bestow
So large a portion of its tranquil light :
What dost thou seek ? whence come ? and whither go ?
What hap of thine, or our's has led thee aright ?
Instruct me who thou art ; give me the lore
To honor thee, and, if 'tis reason, adore.”

XXXVI.

She answers him : “ Thy praises mount too high ;
Nor can our merit to that pitch arrive :
Not merely mortal creature, Sir, am I,
But dead to joys, to grief alone alive.
Hither my sad misfortune makes me hie,
A maid, a stranger, and a fugitive :
To Godfrey I appeal, in him confide ;
The rumours of his goodness spread so wide.

XXXVII.

“ Procure that to the Chief I be convey'd,
If thou hast kind and courteous soul indeed.”
And he : “ One brother well may give thee aid
To find the other, and thy cause may plead.
Not vainly thou appeal'st, O beauteous maid ;
With him not meanly will my favour speed :
Count as thine own, whate'er the gifts implor'd,
All that avails his sceptre, or my sword.”

XXXVIII.

He ceas'd, and led to where the Chief, secure
From crowds, now sat amid the grander peers.
She reverent bow'd, and then asham'd to' endure
His presence, spoke no word that reach'd the ears.
But here the warrior hastes to re-assure
And to console her blushes and her fears :
So that at last her artful tale commences
In tones of sweetness that entrance the senses.

XXXIX.

“Unconquer'd prince,” she said, “whose mighty name
Flies forth adorn'd with a renown so bright,
That provinces and kings as glory claim
To have been by thee subdued and tam'd in fight,
Thy valour is throughout well known to fame,
And as it fills with wonder and delight
Thy very foes, so by it thy foes are made
To trust and seek thee, and implore thine aid.

XL.

“I who was born in such a diff'rent creed,
Which thou hast humbled, and would'st now oppress,
Hope that through thee I shall regain with speed
The sceptre of my sires, and fit redress.
And if from kinsmen others in their need
Ask help against the stranger's mad excess,
I, finding pity has in them no place,
Invoke the hostile steel on mine own race.

XLI.

“Thee I invoke, thee trust ; in thee it lies
To lift me to due height from this deep woe.
Nor should thy right hand ever less devise
How to raise others than to lay them low :
Nor doth compassion win a meaner prize
Than that won by a triumph o'er one's foe.
If thou hast made the realms of others thine,
Earn equal glory by restoring mine.

XLII.

“But if our differing faith should weight the scale,
And make thee scorn, perchance, my virtuous pray'r,
My strong faith in thy pity must prevail ;
And to delude that faith will seem unfair.
Witness that God whom all the nations hail,
That juster aid to none thou gavest e'er !
But that thou may'st know all, now hear me tell
My own mishaps, and others' frauds as well.

XLIII.

“The daughter I of Arbilan ; who reign'd
O'er fair Damascus, and was born less great,
But fair Cariclea as his bride he gain'd,
Who chose him heir of all her royal estate.
This lady by her death almost restrain'd
My birth, expiring at the self-same date
At which I left her womb : I first drew breath
On the same fatal day that brought her death.

XLIV.

“ But scarce had pass’d one lustre from the day
On which her soul from mortal veil was riven,
When my dear sire, snatch’d by his fate away,
Was re-united to her, perhaps, in heaven,
Me leaving and the state to a brother’s sway,
To whom his love had been so truly given,
That if affection dwell in mortal mind,
True faith he there might have been sure to find.

XLV.

“ When this man his great office comes to bear,
Such zeal for all my int’rests he displays,
That for unblemish’d faith, paternal care,
And vast affection, he obtains the praise :
Whether he hid ill thought within, and ware
A different garb outside ; or in those days
He still had honest views, because he had plann’d
That in due time his son should seek my hand.

XLVI.

“ I grew, and grew his son ; but style of knight
And noble arts the caitiff never learn’d ;
In nought of foreign did he take delight,
In nought of gentle ; from high things he turn’d :
A soul of meanness in a form of fright,
And in proud heart all greedy passions burn’d ;
In actions rough, in manners such that none
Except himself could be his paragon.

XLVII.

“ Now my good guardian fix’d that I should wed
A man thus worthy to be entertained,
And make him consort of my throne and bed ;
And several times his wish was well explained.
His tongue, his art, his genius all bested
That the effect he long’d for might be gained :
But never promise could he draw from me,
Who still was mute, or wilful spurn’d his plea.

XLVIII.

“ At length he left me with mysterious mien,
Through which shone plainly forth his impious mind :
And written on his brow methought was seen
The history of the ills which came behind.
Ever since then my nightly rest has been
Disturb’d by visions of the strangest kind ;
A fatal horror, stamp’d upon my soul,
Became the presage of my future dole.

XLIX.

“ Oft loom’d before me the maternal shade,
A pallid image rob’d in mournful weed ;
How diff’rent far from that which is portray’d
Elsewhere, in which her looks of love I read !
‘ Fly daughter,’ cried she, ‘ fly the snares now laid
To’ ensure thy cruel death ; depart with speed :
I see the treach’rous tyrant’s poison and steel
Preparing, which thou only art meant to feel.

L.

“ Alas ! but what avail’d it to presage
In my awaken’d heart th’ approaching woe,
If terror render’d my yet tender age
Irresolute to form a scheme, and slow ?
In voluntary exile to engage,
And naked from my royal home to go,
So dreadful seem’d, that I preferr’d at worst
To close mine eyes where I had op’d them first.

LI.

“ Ah ! death I fear’d, yet had not (who that hear
Will heed me ?) courage from that death to fly ;
I even fear’d, too, to unfold my fear,
Lest I should speed the hour when I must die.
Thus I dragg’d on a life disturb’d and drear,
And pass’d in one continual agony,
Like one who on his bare neck seems to feel
Each moment falling the remorseless steel.

LII.

“ In this my plight, whether ’twere friendly fate,
Or I to worse reserv’d by fortune’s ire,
One of the ministers of regal state,
Who had been rear’d from childhood by my sire,
Told me the time prescrib’d for my death’s date
By the dark tyrant now drew nigher and nigher ;
And he had promis’d that unnatural one
To give me poison ere the day was done.

LIII.

“ And after a short pause he further said
My life could only be prolong’d by flight ;
And, since I could not elsewhere hope for aid,
Offer’d himself to help me in my plight ;
And me with comfort so courageous made,
That I was now no more rein’d in by fright,
But through the darken’d air, I, nothing loth,
Fled with him from my country and uncle both.

LIV.

“The night arose beyond its wont obscure,
And cover’d us with its befriending hue ;
Hence with two damsels I went forth secure,
In adverse fortune chosen comrades true :
But yet mine eyes, attracted by the lure
Of my lov’d home, turn’d backward bath’d in dew,
Nor could I satiate them with the sight
Of that dear land where first I saw the light.

LV.

“The thought and the eye travers’d the selfsame way,
And forward went the foot against its will ;
Like ship from the lov’d harbour forc’d to stray
By whirlwind unforeseen and fiercely shrill.
That night we sped and all the following day
Where not a track was seen on plain or hill.
We reach’d the shelter of a tow’r at last
Plac’d where the confines of my realm are pass’d.

LVI.

“Arontes owns the tow’r (the same who drew
Me forth from peril and was my guide alone)
But when the traitor found me flown, and knew
That all his deadly schemes were overthrown,
Inflam’d with furious rage against the two,
He charg’d us with the crimes that were his own ;
Accusing both of that excess which he
Himself intended to commit on me.

LVII.

“He stated that by briberies I had led
Arontes to mix poison in his food,
In order to have none, when he was dead,
To give me laws, or to restrain my mood ;
And that I wish’d to take into my bed
Lovers by scores, following my passion lewd.
Ah ! sacred Chastity, on me descend
Red fire from Heav’n, ere I thy laws offend !

LVIII.

“That such a wretch should hunger for my gold,
And for my innocent blood should also thirst,
Is grievous ; but far worse the wrong I hold,
That he would have my spotless fame aspers’d.
With such adroitness all his lies he told,
Fearing a popular outbreak from the first,
That doubtful of the truth, and still suspense,
The city rose not arm’d in my defence.

LIX.

“Nor though he has my throne, which was his aim,
And with the glittering diadem is crown'd,
Puts he an end to my great wrongs and shame ;
So far his cruelty spurs him beyond bound :
He threats to wrap Arontes' tow'r in flame,
Unless a willing prisoner he be found :
And ah ! to me and to my friends he saith,
Not war alone shall come, but racks and death.

LX.

“This must be done, he says, to wash the stain
Contracted by my crimes from off my face,
And to the full (what I had lost) regain,
The honour of our regal seat and race :
But the true cause is, fear to have re-ta'en
The sceptre which is mine of right and grace ;
Since only if I fall, can he upstay
Solidly with my ruin his own sway.

LXI.

“And soon the tyrant's impious desire
Will have the end on which he is intent ;
And in my blood will then be quench'd the ire
Which yielded not to all the tears I spent,
If thou forbid not. Thee I seek, O Sire,
I, a lorn maiden, orphan, innocent ;
And may these tears, with which thy feet I flood,
Avail me that I may not shed my blood.

LXII.

“By these thy feet, which trample on the proud
And impious ; by this hand, which aids the right ;
By thy great vict'ries, by the Temples vow'd
To be restor'd and guarded by thy might ;
Grant my desire, thou with sole pow'r endow'd
To save my life and kingdom I invite
Thy pity ; and yet pity can avail
Nothing with thee, if right and reason fail.

LXIII.

“Thou, to whom Heav'n concedes, and grants by fate,
To wish the just, and, wishing it, fulfil,
For me may'st save my life, for thee the state
Acquire, for when 'tis mine, 'tis at thy will.
Permit me from the number here, so great,
To choose ten heroes of most worth and skill ;
For with my nobles loyal, and people true,
These will suffice to win me back my due.

LXIV.

“Nay, one of lofty station to whose care
And trust a secret postern is consign’d,
Agrees to ope it, and admit us there
By night e’en to the palace ; let me find
But aid from thee, so bids he, though but spare,
And I shall thus more reassure his mind
Than if from elsewhere a grand army came,
Such influence has thy flag and very name.”

LXV.

This said, she stops, and for response attends
With gesture which though silent speaks and prays.
Godfrey revolves o’er many a doubt ; suspends
His judgment ; and, perplex’d in heart, delays.
He fears the Paynim guile, and apprehends
No faith in one who none in God displays.
But then again in him that pity kind
Awakes, which never sleeps in noble mind.

LXVI.

Nor in assisting her would he obey
An impulse only, and his natural bent ;
Advantage moves him ; since ’twere wise to sway
Damascus’ realm by one who should be sent,
Dependent on his pow’r, to ope the way
And render smooth the course to his intent ;
And should supply him with men, arms, and gold
’Gainst Egypt and whoe’er with her should hold.

LXVII.

While thus perplex’d with many a doubt he turns
His glance to the’ earth, and thoughts revolve and rise,
The lady gazes fixedly, and learns
His looks intent, his every action eyes :
And since beyond expectance she discerns
His answer slow, she dreads it more, and sighs.
At last the grace demanded was refus’d,
But soft and courteous were the terms he us’d.

LXVIII.

“If in God’s service, chosen for that end
By Him, we did not here employ the blade,
With reason might thy hope on these depend
Nor look for pity only, but for aid :
But till His people, and these walls which bend
Beneath oppression’s weight, by us be made
Completely free, ’twere wrong to slack the course
Of vict’ry by diminishing our force.

LXIX.

“I promise thee (and for a noble token
 Take thou my faith, and live in it secure)
 That when th’ unworthy yoke shall have been broken
 From off these walls which all Heav’n’s love allure,
 Then to restore thee, as pity has bespoken,
 To thy lost throne shall be our care, be sure.
 But now not pious would my pity be,
 If first I gave not God His rightful fee.”

LXX.

The lady at that speech her eyes declin’d,
 And stood awhile unmov’d among the peers :
 Then lifting them suffus’d with dew, rejoin’d,
 Her actions corresponding with her tears :
 “Ah me, and to whom else has Heav’n assign’d
 A life of such unvarying woes and fears
 That others change their nature and desire,
 Ere can be chang’d in me a lot so dire.

LXXI.

“No further hope remains : in vain I grieve ;
 Into man’s bosom now no pray’rs can glide.
 Perchance the grief which moves not thee may achieve
 To turn the tyrant’s fierce resolve aside ?
 And yet no charge of harshness do I weave
 Against thee for this trifling aid denied ;
 But Heav’n I charge whence my disasters fall,
 Which makes thee deaf to melting pity’s call.

LXXII.

“Not such art thou, nor such thy goodness, Sire ;
 But ’tis my fate which has denied me aid.
 O cruel fate, O fatal fate and dire,
 This odious life of mine at once invade !
 Ah ! to have caus’d my parents to expire
 In flow’r of life, was wrong that little weigh’d,
 Unless thou see me too, unthron’d in life,
 Go like a wretched victim to the knife.

LXXIII.

“For since the laws of chastity and zeal
 Require that I make here no longer stay,
 Whom shall I fly to ? where myself conceal ?
 How keep the tyrant any more at bay ?
 No spot whatever under Heav’n can seal
 The entrance against gold. Why then delay ?
 Yes, I see death, and if ’tis vain to fly it,
 I’ll go to it, and with this hand, defy it.”

LXXIV.

She ceas'd, and on her face appear'd a glow
Of generous wrath, that would have grac'd a queen ;
And turning round she seem'd about to go,
Disdainful and yet mournful in her mien.
Her tears without control began to flow,
Like those from mingled sorrow and chagrin ;
And, like the purest pearl or crystal, gleam
The nascent drops against the solar beam.

LXXV.

Her cheeks o'er which the living moisture spread,
And fell thence to the margin of her vest,
Resembled flow'rs of mingled white and red,
If water'd by a rain-cloud from the West,
What time, as morning's early rays are shed,
They ope to the glad breeze their folded breast ;
And pleas'd Aurora, seeing them so fair,
Is charm'd, and longs with them to braid her hair.

LXXVI.

But the clear drops which thus adorn the maid,
And frequent o'er her face and bosom drain,
Have wrought like fire whose flames by stealth invade
A thousand hearts, and then burst out amain.
O miracle of Love ! where sparks are made
To spring from tears, and hearts to burn with rain !
O'er nature ever holds he sov'reign sway,
But by her means exceeds himself to-day.

LXXVII.

This feign'd distress made many an eye disperse
True tears, and e'en the hardest hearts were wrung.
All grieve with her, and thus their thoughts rehearse :
" If Godfrey yield not to that pleading tongue,
A rabid tiger must have been his nurse,
And he from horrid Alpine crag be sprung,
Or from the waves that foam and lash the seas.
Cruel to vex and spoil such charms as these."

LXXVIII.

But Eustace in whose youthful breast the flame
Of pity and of love has most of heat,
Comes forward openly, and dares exclaim,
While others only whisper and retreat :
" Brother, and lord, thou to thy primal aim
Tenacious holdest longer than is meet,
If to the gen'ral sense thou nothing yield,
And against all our hopes and pray'rs art steel'd.

LXXIX.

"I say not, that the several chiefs who stand
 With subject tribes entrusted to their care,
 Should from the leaguer'd walls withdraw their hand,
 Neglecting the great offices they bear ;
 But among us who are th' Adventurous Band,
 With no peculiar task, nor forc'd to share
 Strict laws with others, thou may'st well decree
 Some ten, defenders of the right to be.

LXXX.

"For from God's service he has not retir'd
 One tittle who defends an innocent maid ;
 And dear enough to Heav'n are spoils acquir'd
 From slaughter'd tyrant when they are display'd.
 If then th' emprise I should not have desir'd
 For the sure good with which 'twill be repaid,
 Duty would move me, for our rules express
 That we should succour damsels in distress.

LXXXI.

"By Heav'n, be never told in France the tale,
 Nor elsewhere whither courteous knights repair,
 That peril or fatigue could make us quail
 In cause like this, so holy and so fair.
 I for my part here lay down helm and mail ;
 I here ungird my sword ; and let me ne'er
 Henceforth use arms or steed without all right,
 Nor ever more usurp the name of knight."

LXXXII.

This said, his Order all without disguise
 Concordant with him raise a boisterous sound,
 And lauding this advice as good and wise,
 Press tow'rd the Chief with pray'rs, and gird him
 round.

"I yield, and am subdued," at last he cries,
 "By numbers so united and renown'd :
 Receive she, if ye will, the boon desir'd ;
 By your advice, not mine, 'twill be acquir'd.

LXXXIII.

"But if respect among you e'er be paid
 To Godfrey's counsel, temper your desires."
 He said no more : their ferments are allay'd,
 For all seems granted them which each requires.
 Now what can tears not do from lovely maid,
 And the sweet words which amorous tongue expires ?
 From her sweet lips issues a golden chain
 Which catches hearts at will, and is their rein.

LXXXIV.

Eustace recalls her, and exclaims: "O stay
Henceforth, enchanting maid, thy sorrowing tears;
For soon from us thou shalt have such array
Of succour as shall satisfy thy fears."
Armida makes serene each cloudy ray
On hearing this, and with such smiles appears,
That as she dries with her fair veil her eyes,
Her wondrous charms enamour e'en the skies.

LXXXV.

Then gave she them in sweet and tender tone
Thanks for the grace with which she had been bless'd,
Declaring that it ever should be known
To all the world, and on her heart impress'd:
And that which could not by the tongue be shown,
Mute eloquence in all her acts express'd;
And she so hid her thought in garb of lies
That no one could suspect the deep disguise.

LXXXVI.

Perceiving thence that fortune now had smil'd
On the first project of her fraudulent will,
She lays her train, before the scheme be foil'd,
To end a work replete with so much ill,
And more do by sweet looks and actions mild
Than Circe or Medea did by skill:
And with a Syren's vocal charms to steep
The most awaken'd minds in fatal sleep.

LXXXVII.

Each art which can within her toils enlace
Some other lover is the lady playing;
Nor always, nor with all, keeps the same face,
But diff'rent looks and actions is arraying:
Her glance is guarded now with modest grace,
Now turns aside voluptuous and straying:
Or rein, or whip, she still contrives to show,
Just as she sees them swift in love, or slow.

LXXXVIII.

If she perceive a lover who retires,
And diffident would keep his thoughts unseen,
She opens the kind smile which he requires,
And turns to him her eyes glad and serene;
Spurring the timorous and slow desires,
And making his late blunted hopes grow keen;
And by inflaming every amorous thought
She melts away the ice which fear had brought.

LXXXIX.

To other who o'erleaps the mark, too daring,
By blind and rashly venturous guide misled,
Of gentle words and sweet looks is she sparing,
Inducing in him reverence and dread :
But mid the scorn her lofty brows are bearing
A ray of pity may be plainly read ;
So, though he fear, he need not all despair,
And loves the more, the haughtier seems her air.

XC.

Sometimes withdrawing a small space aside,
Each look and motion she adjusts and feigns,
As though in grief ; then makes the teardrop glide
Oft o'er her cheek, and then again restrains :
And forces by such arts, which none have spied,
A thousand simple souls to share her pains ;
And in the fire of pity welds the dart
Of love wherewith to slay the gentle heart.

XCI.

And then as though she had put that thought away,
And felt new hope awaken'd in its stead,
On tow'rd the lovers words and feet would stray,
And o'er her face adorning joy be spread ;
And caus'd she like a double orb of day
The brilliant glance and heav'nly smile to shed
Light on the clouds of grief, obscure and dense,
Which first had gather'd in their breast suspense.

XCII.

But while her sweet speech and sweet smile are plied,
And with a double sweetness charm the sense,
She seems their souls and bodies to divide,
Souls never us'd to these delights immense.
Ah ! cruel Love ! how closely are allied
The gall and honey which thou dost dispense ;
Both slay ; and, equally destructive still,
Proceed from thee the medicine and the ill.

XCIII.

Amid such varied moods, in ice and heat,
In smiles and tears, mid fears and hopes repress'd,
Each doubts of his own state, and the fair cheat
Comes hither to make all of them a jest.
And if one dares to tell with indiscreet
And trembling voice the tortures of his breast,
She feigns, as if a rustic artless maid,
Not to perceive the soul in words display'd.

XCIV.

Or making else her modest eyes decline,
She adorns and tints herself with decent grace;
So that she comes to hide the drops of brine
Beneath the roses of her lovely face;
As oft we see in hour most matutine
Aurora when she shows her earliest trace :
And aye the blush of scorn comes forth attended
By that of shame, and both are fus'd and blended.

XCV.

But if she first from all his bearing spies
One who attempts his warm wish to unfold,
Now she withdraws, and flies him, now supplies
The means of speech, and yet will these withhold :
Thus all day long he treads a path of lies ;
Tir'd and deluded, then, his hopes grow cold :
Like to the hunter who at close of day
Has lost at length all traces of his prey.

XCVI.

These were the arts by which she would compel
Thousands of heedless souls to own her reign ;
Yea rather were the arms by which they fell,
And were by her made servants in Love's train.
Why marvel if with Love, as histories tell,
Achilles, Theseus, Hercules strove in vain,
When here into his net the traitor draws
E'en him who girds the sword in Jesu's cause ?

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

The Norseman, mad to see Rinaldo gain
 The post of Chieftain o'er th' Adventurous knights,
 Affronts him ; and the brave youth in disdain
 With swift avenging hand the shame requites.
 He quits ; Armida quits too with a train
 Whose breasts burn less for fame, than love's delights.
 From the Ligurian Admiral sad news
 Of peril sad make Godfrey deeply muse.

I.

WHILE thus Armida's treacherous arts are plied
 To lure the knights to love as best she may,
 Nor hopes she ten alone now not denied,
 But trusts by stealth to lead still more astray ;
 Godfrey revolves to whom he shall confide
 The doubtful quest to which she leads the way,
 Since the Adventurer's number, clamouring voice,
 And the high merit of each, distract his choice.

II.

At last he wisely so dispos'd the case
 That they should choose one of themselves to fill,
 Whomsoe'er they would, the noble Dudon's place,
 And take on him that other choice at will :
 For thus would he be able best to chase
 Off from himself all feelings of ill-will,
 And show too, far as reason might demand,
 How highly he esteem'd th' egregious band.

III.

Them call'd he to him then, and thus address'd :
 "Already have ye heard my counsel true,
 Which was, not to deny the maid's request,
 But grant her aid mature in season due.
 Again I offer it ; perchance the best
 It yet may seem in your own judgments too ;
 For in a world so changeable and blind,
 'Tis oftentimes constancy to change the mind.

IV.

“But if ye still conceive that to refrain
From peril would ill become your lofty grade ;
And if your generous courage should disdain
Advice which seems too cautiously convey'd ;
I would not your unwilling swords retain,
Nor now retract the offer which I made ;
But ever let the reins of my command
Be o'er you, as they should be, light and bland.

V.

“To stay then, or to go, I am content
Yourselves shall choose, with nothing to impede ;
But first make to the chief whose days are spent
A successor to care for all your need,
And let him choose the ten who shall be sent ;
But that fix'd number let him not exceed :
Since here th' imperial pow'r I do not waive ;
Make not its will in other points a slave.”

VI.

Thus Godfrey reasons ; then at the desire
Of all around, his brother thus replies :
“O sovereign Chief, as men in thee admire
This tardy valour which afar espies,
E'en so in us, thou know'st, the heart of fire
And hand of vigour they demand and prize :
And the mature delays which may appear
Prudence in thee, in us were shameful fear.

VII.

“And since the risk is of a loss so light,
When pois'd against the good to be repaid,
On quest so noble, if thou grant the right,
The chosen ten shall set forth with the maid.”
Thus ended he, and with a veil so slight
Sought to conceal the mind which had been sway'd
By different zeal ; the others too would prove
Their wish for glory, wishing but for love.

VIII.

But now the younger Bouillon, who long while
Had mark'd with jealous eye Sophia's son,
Whose valour he admir'd, though it mov'd his bile,
Since in a frame so fair all hearts it won,
Dislik'd such comrade ; and the web of guile
Within his heart by jealousy was spun :
Whence having drawn the rival youth apart,
He thus addresses him with flatt'ring art :

IX.

“O grander offspring of a parent grand,
For richest feats of arms already known,
Whom shall we now of this distinguish’d band,
Of which we are a part, as leader own?
I, who could yield to Dudon’s late command
Hardly, and through respect for age alone,
To whom shall I, brother of Godfrey, bow
Henceforward? None be leader, if not thou.

X.

“In nobleness of birth thou equal’st all,
And glory and merit lift thee above me;
Nor e’en would th’ elder Bouillon scorn to call
Himself inferior as a knight to thee.
Thee then I wish for chief, if so it fall
Thou care not champion of this maid to be;
Nor wilt thou prize that honor, I am sure,
Which comes from deed nocturnal and obscure.

XI.

“Nor will there want occasion where with fame
More brilliant still thy worth will be display’d.
I will procure, if this thou not disclaim,
That the’ others yield to thee the loftiest grade.
But since I scarcely know my heart’s own aim
So halting is it and by doubt so sway’d,
I now entreat thee that, as I decree,
I may attend the maid or stay with thee.”

XII.

He ceas’d; and o’er his face a blush was brought
With the last accents. And the other guess’d
Without an effort, the too burning thought
So ill conceal’d there, nor a smile repress’d.
But since the lighter strokes of love had wrought
No wound beyond the bark upon his breast,
Nor much impatient he of rivals there,
Nor to pursue the lady does he care;

XIII.

Deeply on his tenacious mind is trac’d
The bitter death of Dudon lately slain,
And he conceives himself will be disgrac’d
If bold Argante long alive remain:
And partly is he pleas’d to hear so grac’d
With words the honor which his sword may gain,
And his young heart cannot but much rejoice
At the sweet sound of praise’s truthful voice.

XIV.

He therefore thus replies : " I more delight
To merit the first station, than to' acquire ;
Nor ought I e'er to crave the sceptre's height,
As long as my own valour lifts me higher :
But if thou deem this honour is my right,
And call me to 't, I thwart not thy desire ;
And well may I be proud that ye show forth
So fair a reckoning of my valour's worth.

XV.

" Nor ask I, nor refuse it ; and if I
Be leader, 'mong the ten have thou thy part."
Here Eustace leaves him, and goes forth to ply
His comrades, and to win them by each art.
But Prince Gernando asks that station high :
And though indeed he feel Armida's dart,
Yet in proud heart has lady-love less might
Than lust of honor, which absorbs him quite.

XVI.

Gernando sprang from great Norwegian kings
Whose empire stretch'd o'er many a province wide ;
And all his sceptres and head-crowning rings
From sire and ancestor had swell'd his pride.
The' other was proud of his own meritings
More than of deeds perform'd in the olden tide,
Although his sires five centuries and more
Had been admir'd in peace, renown'd in war.

XVII.

But the rude lord who cares but in his whim
How wide the realms, the hoards of gold how dear,
Who deems all virtue by itself is dim
If regal title do not make it clear,
Can scarce endure there should contend with him
In what he affects a worthy cavalier,
And so resents it that he bursts the chain
Of reason, spurr'd by anger and disdain.

XVIII.

And hence from hell the dark malignant sprite
Who sees in him so broad a path dispart,
Into his bosom creeps, unnotic'd quite,
And sits to steer his thoughts with flattering art.
And evermore provokes there inward spite
And rage, and stimulates and rends his heart ;
And makes these accents every moment roll
Re-echoing in the chamber of his soul :

XIX.

With thee Rinaldo vies : is there such weight
In the' ancient heroes whom he sums in vain ?
Let him who would become thy peer narrate
His subject realms and tributary train ;
Produce his sceptres, and in regal state
Compare his dead with thine who alive remain.
Yet thee this mean untitled lord has braved,
Lord born in Italy, a land enslaved !

XX.

Conquer or fail he now, when he became
Thy rival, he obtain'd the conqueror's end.
For all will say (and this be counted fame)
'Once with Gernando this man dar'd contend.'
The noble grade first fill'd by Dudon's name
A splendour and renown to thee may lend ;
But yet not less thy worth to it supplies :
When this man ask'd it he bedimm'd the prize.

XXI.

And if, since none beside him speak or rise,
He anything perceive of our affairs,
How think ye good old Dudon in the skies
Will show the noble anger which he bears,
While on this haughty one he turns his eyes,
And gives good heed to what he rashly dares,
Who copes with him, despising age and merit,
Though still a child, and of untemper'd spirit.

XXII.

He dares it, and proceeds, and seems to gain,
Instead of chastisement, renown and laud ;
There are who counsel him, and e'en constrain,
(O general shame !) there are too who applaud.
But still if Godfrey see it, and be fain
To rob thee of thy clearest right by fraud,
Endure it not ; act not so mean a part ;
But show what thou canst do, and who thou art.

XXIII.

At words like these his scorn now unrepress'd
Grew more intense as does a shaken flame ;
And bursting from his swoll'n and pregnant breast
Forth from his eyes and daring tongue it came.
That which he deem'd Rinaldo e'er possess'd
Of fault or wrong he speaks of to his shame ;
Feigns him both proud and vain, nor fails to call
His valour rage and phrenzied rashness all.

XXIV.

And whatsoe'er magnanimous and proud,
High and illustrious in the childe appears,
Cov'ring the truth with a despiteful shroud,
As if 'twere merely vice, he blames and jeers ;
And so he comments that his accents loud
Are heard by all and reach his rival's ears :
Nor vents he thus his rage, nor can abate
That blind impulse which leads him to his fate.

XXV.

For that accursed fiend who moves his tongue
Instead of breath, and shapes what he repeats,
Makes him renew still his outrageous wrong,
Adding fresh food to his internal heats.
Within the camp a spot lies, ample and long,
On which a chos'n assemblage always meets,
And here with jousts and wrestling they instill
Into their limbs more vigour, and more skill.

XXVI.

Here where he saw the thickest crowd appear,
He accus'd Rinaldo, e'en as 'twas his fate ;
And turn'd against him like a sharpen'd spear
His tongue infus'd with Hell's envenoming hate.
Rinaldo was now nigh, and lent his ear ;
And could no more shut in a wrath so great ;
But rush'd upon him, and, "Thou liest," he roar'd,
And in his right hand swung the naked sword.

XXVII.

The voice seem'd thunder, and the sword a light
Flashing to tell of bolts about to fall.
That other trembled, nor perceiv'd or flight
Or scape from present death without recall :
Yet shows he the' air of courage and of might,
The camp around being witnesses of all :
And draws his sword and waits his mighty foe,
And firmly stands in act to ward the blow.

XXVIII.

Just at this point a thousand blades were rent
From scabbards, and were seen to flash around ;
For various crowds of reckless people went
Thrusting and pressing forward o'er the ground.
Of doubtful voices, and of accents blent,
There roll'd and rag'd along the air a sound,
Such as is heard beside the ocean shore
When winds and waves together blend their roar.

XXIX.

But not the voices of them all can stay
 Th' offended warrior's impetus and ire :
 He scorns their cries, their fence, and all th' array
 Which lets him, and for vengeance will aspire :
 And through the men and arms he breaks his way,
 And wheels his falchion in a circle of fire,
 So that he clears a pathway, and alone
 Confronts Gernando, all defence o'erthrown.

XXX.

And with a hand skill'd e'en in anger's height,
 He aims a myriad blows which wheel and dart ;
 Now on the breast, now head, now on the right
 He tries to wound him, now on the left part ;
 And so impetuous is his hand to smite,
 And rapid, that the eyes are foil'd with art,
 And thus its end unlook'd for it achieves
 Where seems no room for fear, and stabs and cleaves.

XXXI.

Nor ceas'd he until once, and twice, he had pierc'd
 His enemy's breast with the remorseless blade.
 The wretch fell at the wound, outpouring first
 His breath and soul through the two pathways made.
 The victor then replac'd his arms aspers'd
 E'en yet with blood, nor over him delay'd ;
 But turn'd elsewhither, and at once resign'd
 His wrathful will and his revengeful mind.

XXXII.

Godfrey meanwhile, drawn by the tumult nigh,
 Beholds a sad and unexpected scene ;
 Gernando is fall'n, and drench'd in warm blood lie
 His locks and robes ; and full of death his mien :
 He hears the moaning and the plaintive cry
 Of those who o'er the slaughter'd warrior lean.
 Stunn'd he demands : " Now here, where least 'twas right,
 Who dar'd, and did, this deed of lawless might ? "

XXXIII.

Arnald, a dear friend of the warrior slain,
 Tells, and in telling aggravates th' affair,
 How that Rinaldo slew him, driv'n by vain
 And foolish cause of quarrel light as air ;
 And thus had turn'd that sword which should maintain
 The cause of Christ, against His champions there,
 And set at nought his pow'r, and the decree
 Made long before, which could no secret be ;

XXXIV.

And that his life was forfeit, and his fate
Should be decided as th' edict had run ;
Because the crime itself was of such weight,
Because, too, in such place it had been done :
If pardon were receiv'd for fault so great,
All would pursue th' example set by one ;
And the affronted then would make their own
That vengeance which was due to law alone.

XXXV.

From cause like this the camp would be infested
With discords which would bud on every side.
He summ'd the slain one's merits, and suggested
All which awakens pity or angry pride.
But Tancred here confronting him, attested
That the accus'd one's act was justified.
Godfrey heard all, and in his rigid mien
More reason far for fear than hope was seen.

XXXVI.

Tancred subjoin'd then : " Let thy mind recall,
Sage lord, both what Rinaldo is, and who ;
What honors through himself upon him fall,
And through his race renown'd and regal too,
And through his uncle Guelph. For not to all,
And him who reigns, is the same penance due ;
The crime according to the station veers ;
Equality is only just with peers."

XXXVII.

Responds the Captain : " Let the humbler grow
Submissive, taught by those of loftier state.
Ill dost thou counsel, Tancred, little know,
If thou would'st have me thus indulge the great.
What will my rule be if o'er vile and low,
A leader of mere rabble, I have weight ?
A sceptre impotent, and shameful reign :
If giv'n me thus, I hold it in disdain.

XXXVIII.

" But since 'twas giv'n me venerable and free,
By none shall its authority be marr'd :
And well I know both when, and on what plea,
Now to impose the penance and reward,
Now, guided by equality's decree,
Not sever high from low in my regard."
Thus spake he ; nor did Tancred answer aught,
Subdued by the deep awe those words had wrought.

XXXIX.

Raymond, an imitator of the plain

Severe antiquity, the speech commends.

“With arts like these,” he cries, “who well doth reign,

Him veneration from his people attends.

For discipline is there unsound and vain

Where men hope pardon, and not just amends.

All pow’r must fall, all clemency, ’tis clear,

Is ruinous, without the base of fear.”

XL.

He spake ; and Tancred caught each accent low,

Nor waited for what else might there ensue ;

But tow’rd Rinaldo made his courser go

So swiftly that as if ’twere wing’d it flew.

Rinaldo having wrung from his fierce foe

Both pride and life, into his tent withdrew.

Here Tancred found him, and the sum convey’d

Of the words utter’d, and the answers made.

XLI.

He then subjoin’d : “ Although the outward mien

Be doubtful proof of what our hearts devise,

Since in a part too dark and deep, I ween,

The thought of men lies hidden from our eyes,

I dare affirm from that which I have seen

In Godfrey, and indeed he scarce denies,

That he would have thee yield to the same laws

With others, and before him plead thy cause.”

XLII.

Then smil’d Rinaldo, and exclaim’d, his eye

Amid its laughter flashing forth disdain :

“ Let him defend his cause imploringly

Who is enchain’d or worthy of the chain :

Free was I born, have liv’d free, and will die

Ere hand or foot unworthy bond sustain :

This right hand oft has borne the sword, and borne

The palm, and base ties it will ever scorn.

XLIII.

“ But if with this reward the Chief would grace

My merits, and would fain my limbs empale,

As though I were but of the vulgar base,

And thinks to drag me to a common gaol,

Come he, or send, my foot I firmly place ;

Let chance and arms decide which shall prevail.

A savage tragedy he means to show

For their disport to every neighb’ring foe.”

XLIV.

This said, he call'd for arms ; and head and bust
In steel of finest temper he array'd ;
Into his ample shield his arm he thrust,
And hung upon his side the fatal blade :
And in magnanimous semblance and august,
As lightnings wont, he shone in arms display'd.
Like thee, Mars, looks he when from Heav'n's fifth round
Thou dropp'st engirt with steel, and horror-crown'd.

XLV.

Tancred meanwhile endeavours to appease
His heart of pride, and spirit of rage unwise :
“ Unconquer'd youth,” he said, “ I know with ease
Thy valour can make smooth each rough emprise ;
I know thy lofty virtue ever sees
Safety in arms, and calm where terrors rise ;
But Heav'n forbid that it should show to day
Itself so cruelly to our dismay.

XLVI.

“ Tell me, at what then does thy purpose aim ?
Would'st thou in civil blood thine hands imbrue,
And pierce with wounds, that shame the Christians' name,
Our Lord, of whom they all are members true ?
Shall vain respects of transitory fame,
Which, like the wave, comes and withdraws from view,
Weigh more with thee than faith, and zeal to rise
To everlasting glory in the skies ?

XLVII.

“ Ah no, by Heav'n ! Subdue thyself, and chase
This fierce and haughty spirit of thine away ;
Yield : it will not be fear, but saintly grace ;
A glorious palm thy yielding will repay :
And if my youthful age unripe may trace
A path for other with no vain display,
I also was provok'd, and did not still
Clash with the Faithful, and restrain'd my will.

XLVIII.

“ For having made Cilicia's kingdom mine,
And there unfurl'd the banner of our Lord,
Baldwin arriv'd, and in a mode indign
Seiz'd on it, and enjoy'd a wrong reward :
For as he show'd me friendship's every sign,
Against his grasping aims I could not guard :
And yet I strove not to regain my right
With arms ; and haply not for lack of might.

XLIX.

“ And even if thou dost refuse the gaol,
And shun the bonds as an ignoble load,
And wilt pursue th’ opinions which prevail,
And act as the world bids by honor’s code,
Leave me with Godfrey to make out thy tale ;
Hie thou to Antioch, Boemond’s new abode :
Since to expose thee to the Chieftain now
For instant doom, prudence will scarce allow.

L.

“ Soon if there come against us the supreme
Egyptian pow’r, or other Pagan band,
Much clearer will appear thy worth extreme,
While thou art absent in a distant land ;
And crippled without thee the camp will seem,
As ’twere a body shorn of arm or hand.”
Here Guelph arrives, approves of the discourse,
And wishes him at once to take to horse.

LI.

The scornful mind of the brave stripling bends
And yields to the advice which these convey,
So that to their suggestion he now lends
His ear to quit that host without delay.
Meanwhile a numerous concourse of his friends
Advance and beg to’ escort him on his way :
He thanks them all, and bids two squires proceed
Alone with him, and then he mounts his steed.

LII.

He quits, and bears with him unquench’d desire
Of glory, in noble minds a ceaseless flame ;
Intent on grand adventures, these inspire
His soul with thoughts beyond the’ accustom’d aim ;
To seek the foe ; cypress or palm acquire
For the pure faith whose champion he became ;
Egypt o’er-run, and reach those furthest ends
Where from its hidden fount the Nile descends.

LIII

But when the daring youth in courteous guise
Has bidd’n adieu, and hurried from the ground,
Guelph stays no longer there, but quickly hies
Where he imagines Godfrey may be found :
Which latter, when he sees him, loudly cries :
“ Guelph, I this instant seek thee all around ;
And upon several different ways have sent
Some heralds to recall thee to our tent.”

LIV.

He bids the rest retire, and in low tone
Begins with him again a grave discourse :
“ Thy nephew, Guelph, in very truth has flown
Too forward far, spurr'd on by anger's force ;
And hardly, I believe, can aught be shown
To justify so violent a resource.
Would thou could'st make me alter this belief :
But Godfrey is to all an equal Chief ;

LV.

“ And will be the defender of the right,
And guardian of the laws in every case,
Keeping his heart for judgment stainless quite
From every passion which is harsh or base.
Now if Rinaldo in his own despite
Were forc'd to break th' edict and holy grace
Of discipline, as some say, let him bow
To our tribunal, and his proofs avow.

LVI.

“ And let him come at large, free as the air :
All possible on his merits I bestow.
But if he stay perverse and scornful there,
(That spirit indomitable of his I know)
Strive thou to lead him hither, and take care
That he compel not one so mild and slow
To vindicate the laws and pow'r supreme
Severely as shall wise and righteous seem.”

LVII.

So spake he : and to him responded Guelph :
“ No soul that shrinks from infamy's foul blot
Could hear loud insults vented on itself,
And not at once repel them on the spot :
And if he put to death th' outrageous elf,
Who shall to righteous wrath the bounds allot ?
Who counts the blows, or measures out and weighs
The due amends while still his passions blaze ?

LVIII.

“ But that which thou demand'st, that he should stand
Submissive here, and own thy sov'reign sway,
I grieve it cannot be ; since from our band
Immediately the youth sped far away.
I offer me to prove, though, with this hand
On him who falsely charges him this day,
Or others of the like malignant tongue,
That justly he aveng'd an unjust wrong.

LIX.

“ I say with reason stamp’d he down the pride
Which tow’r’d so vastly in Gernando’s mind.
His breach of the decree alone I chide ;
There much to blame and nought to praise I find.”
He ceas’d, and, “ Let him wander,” Godfrey cried,
“ Far as he will, and leave us peace behind.
See that of new disputes thou spread no seed :
Heav’n grant these quarrels may be clos’d indeed.”

LX.

Meanwhile th’ Enchantress, full of hidden bale,
Ceas’d not to win more succour, and more prey ;
By daylight pray’d she, and whate’er avail
Art, wit, and beauty, she brought into play.
But when the night, extending its dark veil
Over the Western heav’n, had clos’d the day,
Between her pair of knights and ladies twain.
She sought apart the grander tent again.

LXI.

But though so vers’d in all deceitful lore,
Though bland her movements, and her language wise,
Though she were lovely so that none before
Nor since were so enrich’d with beauty’s prize,
Whence the camp’s noblest heroes are won o’er,
And caught in her tenacious pow’rful ties,
Yet can she not with flatt’ring words allure
To this sweet bait the Chieftain wise and pure.

LXII.

In vain she sought to charm him, and to draw
His soul with mortal sweets to amorous days :
For as a bird with fully sated maw
Cares nought for other food which one displays,
So he, tir’d of the world, indifferent saw
Frail joys, and clomb to heav’n by lonely ways,
And render’d ineffectual every snare,
Which treach’rous Love laid on a face so fair.

LXIII.

From the straight course which God’s commandment
traces
No hindrance can his holy thoughts withhold.
She tries each art, in every shape she places
Herself before him like to Proteus old ;
And her enchanting mien and winning graces
Had waken’d Love, e’en where he sleeps most cold :
But (thanks to Heav’n) here all assaults are vain,
Nor boots it to attempt them o’er again.

LXIV.

The fair one, who with one sole glance relied

On firing the most unimpassion'd sense,

O how she loses now her airs and pride !

Her rage at this, and wonder, how intense !

At length she wills her forces shall be tried

Where they will meet with a less rough defence ;

As the tir'd general quits the land he ne'er

Can hope to win, and carries war elsewhere.

LXV.

But not less also was her triumph marr'd

By Tancred who preserv'd his heart entire ;

Because another passion now had barr'd

His breast, and left no room for fresher fire :

Since as one poison doth from another guard,

So one desire prevents a new desire.

These only she subdues not ; more or less

The influence of her charms all else confess.

LXVI.

Though vex'd that her design and long array

Of artifice had made no deeper trace,

Yet having captur'd such a noble prey

Of knights unnumber'd, she takes heart of grace,

And ere her frauds are open to the day

Schemes to conduct them to a safer place,

Where she may bind them with another chain

Than that within whose coils they now remain.

LXVII.

The time being come when Godfrey had averr'd

That succour should be given to the maid,

She came to him and spake this reverent word :

“ Sire, the fix'd day begins e'en now to fade,

And had by chance the wicked tyrant heard

That I have had recourse to thy good aid,

His forces for defence would all be dight,

Nor would the enterprise be then so light.

LXVIII.

“ Then ere he be assur'd such news is true

By fame's uncertain voice, or certain spy,

Among the bravest ones elect a few

In pity, and send them in my company ;

Since, unless Heav'n slight innocence, and view

The works of mortals with distorted eye,

I shall regain the crown, and then my land

In peace and war shall be at thy command.”

LXIX.

Thus spake she, and the leader grants the boon,
Since to deny it to her were in vain,
Although as she will now depart so soon,
He sees th' election thrown on him again :
But all with warmth unwonted importune
To be enroll'd among the chosen train ;
And rivalry, awaken'd in each breast,
Renders still more impetuous their request.

LXX.

She, who perceives their every heart emerge
To open view, takes thence another ground ;
And uses guilty jealousy for a scourge
With which to lash and give the torturing wound ;
Aware that if such arts no longer urge,
Love will grow old, and dull and slow be found,
E'en as the courser gallops with less speed
Unless another follow or precede.

LXXI.

And in such fashion she deals out the word,
The flatt'ring glance, the smile which is so sweet,
That envy of the rest in each is stirr'd,
And fear and hope in them together meet.
The foolish crowd of lovers, who are spurr'd
By the' art of features practis'd in deceit,
Unbridled runs away, uncheck'd by shame,
And vainly does th' indignant Chief exclaim.

LXXII.

He who would grant to each what all require,
And equal justice would throughout maintain,
Though heated now with shame, and now with ire,
At the knights' conduct thus become so vain,
Finding them obstinate in this desire,
To' accord them all a new device has ta'en ;
" Your names be writ, and in a vase," he cried,
" Be plac'd together, and let chance decide."

LXXIII.

Each name at once is writ as it is told,
And all are plac'd in a small urn, and shaken,
And drawn by lot, and first of all, behold,
Artemidorus, Pembroke's count, is taken ;
The name of Gerard was the next unroll'd ;
And that of Vincelas has then forsaken
The brasen vase, who, once so grave and sage,
Prates with grey hairs, a lover in old age.

LXXIV.

O how the face rejoic'd, how teem'd the eyes
With that delight which from the full heart flows,
Of these three first elect, who win the prize
Of rich success in love against their foes.
Uncertain thoughts and jealous looks arise
'Mong those whose names still in the urn repose,
And on the lips of him hang all the crowd
Who opes the scrolls and reads the names aloud.

LXXV.

The fourth came Guasco ; after whom arose
Ralph ; next to Ralph doth Olderic advance ;
William Roussillon thence the herald shows,
Bavarian Everard, Henry then of France ;
Rambald was last, the renegade who chose
Thereafter against Christ to lift his lance.
(Could Love so much then ?) And he clos'd the roll
Of ten, and of the rest shut out the whole.

LXXVI.

With rage, with jealousy, with envy blind,
On wicked Fortune rail th' excluded host,
Accusing thee, Love, that thou hast resign'd
Thy pow'r, and let it be by her engross'd.
But since by instinct doth the human mind
Long most for that which is forbidden most,
Many prepar'd to' escort the maid in spite
Of Fortune, when the sky should lose its light.

LXXVII.

Ever they'd follow her in sun and shade,
And risk their lives in battling for her right,
She hinted this, and seem'd with words half-stay'd,
And with soft sighs, to wish it and invite.
To this one and to that her plaint is made
That she must needs depart and quit his sight.
Meanwhile the ten had arm'd themselves, and drew
Tow'rd Godfrey to receive his last adieu.

LXXVIII.

Th' experienc'd Chief admonish'd them apart
How Pagan faith was but a poor and frail
And untrustworthy pledge, and with what art
A man should 'scape from treacherous snares and bale.
But sound advice reaches no lover's heart.
And all his words are scatter'd to the gale.
At length did he dismiss them, and the maid
Set forth nor for the coming dawn delay'd.

LXXIX.

The conqu'ress goes, and leads as with a string
 Those rival knights in her triumphal train,
 And leaves her other lovers with the sting
 Of ills unnumber'd rankling in the brain.
 But when night issues, and beneath her wing
 Brings silence and the dream so light and vain,
 Many by stealth, as Love imparts the lore,
 Follow the track Armida has pass'd o'er.

LXXX.

First Eustace follows and can hardly stay
 For the kind shades which night will interpose ;
 Hastily through the blinded gloom away,
 Where a blind leader points the path, he goes.
 He ceas'd not through the calm warm night to stray ;
 But when the gentle light of dawn arose,
 Armida and her troop appear'd in sight
 Where in a suburb they had pass'd the night.

LXXXI.

Tow'rd her he speeds, and when his arms appear
 Rambald soon recognizes him and cries :
 " What seek'st thou among these ? and why art here ?"
 " I come to aid Armida," he replies,
 " Nor service shall she have from me less dear,
 Nor help less prompt, unless she such despise."
 Rejoin'd the other : " To this honor high
 Declare who call'd thee." " Love," was his reply.

LXXXII.

" Me Love chose, Fortune thee : which of the two
 Chos'n by the juster voice, then, gives his aid ?"
 Said Rambald : " From false title can accrue
 No vantage : useless art hast thou display'd :
 Nor shalt thou be commingled with the true
 Legitimate champions of the royal maid,
 Being illegitimate." " And who will dare
 Prevent me ?" cried the youth with threat'ning air.

LXXXIII.

" I will prevent thee," quickly he replied :
 And made him ready for the combat dire ;
 And with a bosom swoll'n as much with pride
 The other mov'd, and with as fierce a fire.
 But here the tyrant of their souls has hied,
 With lifted hand, to step between their ire ;
 And to the one says : " Grudge not, I implore,
 Thyself a comrade, me a champion more."

LXXXIV.

“If dear to thee my safety, why deprive
Of fresh assistance my adventurous aim?”
To the’ other says she: “Grateful must arrive
Each fresh defender of my life and fame;
Nor reason would, nor shall I while alive
Such lov’d and noble company disclaim.”
Thus speaking, there arriv’d upon the way
Some other champion still throughout the day.

LXXXV.

They come from every quarter, and none knows
Of the’ other, and regards him with despite.
She glad receives them, and to each one shows
At his arrival comfort and delight.
But when the night-dispersing dawn arose,
Godfrey became acquainted with their flight,
And then foreboding their mishap, his mind
Seem’d troubled at some unknown ill behind.

LXXXVI.

While he reflects on these, a courier lo!
Dusty and breathless, with afflicted mien,
In guise of one who carries news of woe,
And writ upon his brow shows grief and teen.
He said: “O Sire, where yonder billows flow,
Th’ Egyptian ships of war will soon be seen;
And William, who commands the Genoan fleet,
Has sent to thee the news which I repeat.”

LXXXVII.

He added that provisions being convey’d
Out of the vessels for the camp on land,
The steeds and camels, loaded and o’erweigh’d,
Were midway intercepted on the strand,
And there were their defenders slain, or made
All prisoners, and none ’scap’d the robber band,
Which in the pass of an Arabian glen
Assail’d their front and rear with armed men.

LXXXVIII.

And that the license and the spirit insane
Of these barbarian hordes was now so great,
As like a flood which nothing can restrain
To spread itself around them and dilate:
And hence he must dispatch a well-arm’d train,
Who shall reduce them to a humble state,
And make secure the way which from the coast,
And sands of Palestine leads to the host.

LXXXIX.

From one to' another tongue the rumour sped
Instantly, and diffus'd itself around ;
And the' herd of soldiers had the deepest dread
Of famine, waiting them on neighb'ring ground.
The prudent Chief who saw that courage fled
For which they had so justly been renown'd,
With joyous looks and words strives to recall
Their wonted spirit, and to console them all.

XC.

" O ye, who through a thousand perils and cares
Full many a realm with me have travers'd o'er,
Champions of God, whom He Himself declares
Foredoom'd the faith of Jesus to restore ;
Ye who the Persian arms, and Grecian snares,
And crags, and seas, and storms, and winter froze,
And hunger, too, and thirst, attendants drear,
Have nobly conquer'd, do ye now, then, fear ?

XCI.

" Does then the Lord, who still directs our way,
Already known in far more evil case,
Assure you not, as if elsewhere would stray
His hand of mercy, and His looks of grace ?
With joy will ye recall, some future day,
Past ills, and pay your vows in holy place.
Endure magnanimous now, and, I implore,
Preserve yourselves for long success in store."

XCII.

With words like these he cheer'd their minds dismay'd,
With looks too in which gladness was express'd ;
Yet still a thousand painful cares were laid
Unseen and deep within his anxious breast.
He ponders how he can have food convey'd
For hosts by penury and want distress'd,
How meet the fleet at sea, and how restrain
And subjugate Arabia's robber train.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

While Sion hopes near succour in its need,
 Argante, issuing from the leaguer'd wall,
 Defies the Christians. Otho with rash speed
 Moves forth against him, and becomes his thrall.
 But Tancred jousts then with his fiery steed,
 And hard and bloody battle doth befall,
 Which night allays. Erminia finds her knight
 So lov'd; harsh hap removes her from his sight.

I.

BUT brighter hopes console and reassure
 Upon the other side the leaguer'd train,
 Who, under cover of a night obscure,
 Have brought in to their gather'd store new grain,
 And made with arms and war-machines secure
 The line of walls along the northern chain,
 Where now increas'd in height, solid and large,
 They seem to fear no shock, and no discharge.

II.

And yet the king still always here and there
 Strengthens their flank, and lifts their crest on high,
 Whether the golden sun illumine the air,
 Or stars and moon make pale the dusky sky :
 And weary smiths are sweating to prepare
 New arms and instruments continually.
 To him Argante came amid such moil
 Intolerant, and reason'd thus the while :

III.

“ And until when wilt thou detain us bound
 Within these walls in siege so vile and slow ?
 I hear indeed the anvils clang, and sound
 Of cuirass, helm, and shield I catch and know ;
 But see not to what use : and all around
 These robbers freely scour the plains below,
 Nor is there one of us who stops their quest,
 Nor sounds a trumpet e'en to mar their rest.

IV.

“ Their meals are ne’er disturb’d nor brok’n at noon,
Nor troubled is their joyous eve’s repast,
And whether the sun glisten, or the moon,
Quiet and safe their days and nights are pass’d.
Ye by distress and famine, if not soon,
Must yield yourselves up vanquish’d at the last,
Or die upon this spot as cowards die,
Because forsooth no aid from Egypt’s nigh.

V.

“ I would not that ignoble death for me
Should wrap my days in dark oblivious fate ;
Nor would I that the sun’s pure light should see,
When next it dawns, me mew’d within the gate.
Whate’er above may be the fix’d decree
As to my life, let that resolve its date,
Yet shall I not ere using this good blade
Inglorious fall, nor with revenge unpaid.

VI.

“ If of your wonted valour every seed
Were not, however, thus decay’d and dead,
Not to die fighting crown’d with honor’s meed,
Should be my hope, but life and palm instead.
To meet the foe then, and the doom decreed,
Go we together with deliberate tread,
Since oft it haps when greatest perils rise,
The most intrepid counsels are most wise.

VII.

“ But if thou deem such daring would be vain,
Nor venturous wilt with all thy force descend,
At least then cause two champions on the plain
To bring this mighty quarrel to an end.
And that the Frankish Chief may entertain
More willingly the cartel which we send,
Let him select the arms, and let him take
The vantage, and his own conditions make.

VIII.

“ Since if the foe should have two hands, and own
One only soul, though brave and fierce it be,
Thou should’st not think disaster can be thrown
Upon the cause which is maintain’d by me.
In fate’s and fortune’s room this hand alone
Can give the total victory to thee ;
And now extends itself a token sure
That, if thou trust it, then thy realm’s secure.”

IX.

He ceas'd, and said the king : " Young valorous knight,
Though thou perceiv'st what weight of years I bear,
These hands are not so listless for the fight,
Nor is my soul so vile and loth to dare,
That I would rather fall in dastard plight
Than meet a death magnanimous and fair,
Had I a fear, or but a faint surmise,
That such distress and famine would arise.

X.

" May Heav'n avert the shame ! That which with art
I hide from others shall to thee be told.
King Solyman of Nice who yearns in part
To vindicate offence receiv'd of old,
Has brought the wand'ring tribes of th' Arab swart
E'en from the furthest Lybian realm inroll'd,
And hopes to give us aid and large supply,
Charging the foe when night inwraps the sky.

XI.

" Soon may he join us here. Now if meanwhile
Our forts are seiz'd on, and our pow'r is braved,
Care not for this, if yet our mantle royal
And noble seat of government be saved.
But temper somewhat these thy heats that boil
So fiercely, and let thy gallant scheme be waived ;
And wait until thou find a season meet
To make thy fame and my revenge complete."

XII.

The daring Saracen gave an open sneer,
For he had rival'd Solyman of yore ;
So bitterly was he displeas'd to hear
His royal friend on this man set such store.
" Both peace and war," he answer'd, " Sire, 'tis clear
Are thine to make ; on this I say no more.
If Solyman thou wait for, then thy throne
Let him defend, forsooth, who lost his own.

XIII.

" Come he, as if an angel from the sky,
The liberator of the Pagan train ;
For me, I can on mine own self rely,
And freedom from this hand alone would gain.
While others then repose, permit that I
Go down to offer battle on the plain :
Not as thy champion, but a private knight
Will I approach the Franks for single fight."

XIV.

The king replied : " Although thy wrath and blade
Might be reserv'd to better use, I know,
Yet I refuse not, if thy mind be sway'd
By such desire, that thou defy some foe."
He spake ; the other not an instant stay'd,
But to a herald cried : " Hie thee below,
And to the Frank Chief, where the host may hear,
Make this my not unworthy challenge clear.

XV.

" Say that a cavalier who scorns to stay
Within these pow'rful ramparts like a thrall,
With arms desires extremely to display
How far his might surpasses that of all ;
And for the duel he will come this day
Into the plain between the tents and wall
For proof of valour ; and that he defies
Such Frank as most on his own worth relies :

XVI.

" And that not only is he girt to fight
With one and two of yonder camp of foes,
But will accept the third, fourth, and fifth knight,
Whether his blood be base, or gently flows ;
Free pass be giv'n, and, as the laws recite,
The vanquish'd serve the victor at the close."
Thus bade he, and the herald donn'd his vest
Of purple cloth with golden arms impress'd.

XVII.

And when the regal presence he attained
Of princely Godfrey and his lords renown'd,
He ask'd : " O Sire, may license unrestrained
For liberal speech among your ranks be found ?"
" It may," replied the Captain ; " and unreined
By fear of harm, thy message here expound."
The other then rejoyn'd : " Now will ye see
Whether mine embassy bring joy or dree."

XVIII.

Then went he on and spake the challenge plain
In words as haughty as he could devise.
Mutt'rings were heard from that ferocious train
At his discourse, and scorn flash'd from their eyes.
The pious Godfrey quickly spake again :
" The cavalier attempts a hard emprise ;
And soon methinks he will so far repent
That the fifth warrior hardly need be sent.

XIX.

“But come he to the trial, for I invite
His presence in a field secure and fair :
And with him shall without advantage fight
Some one of these my champions : thus I swear.”
He ceas’d : the king-at-arms then quait their sight,
Returning on his former track, nor e’er
Restrain’d his hasty steps until he told
To the Circassian knight that answer bold.

XX.

“Arm thee,” said he, “great signor : why be slow ?
The Christians have accepted all thy scheme ;
And to confront thee the least valiant show
A strong desire, much more the knights supreme ;
I mark’d a thousand threat’ning faces glow,
And weapons in a thousand right hands gleam.
The Chief concedes a place secure from harms.”
Thus spake he ; and the other cries for arms ;

XXI.

And girds them round him, and appears to fly,
So impatient is he, downward to the plain.
The king said to Clorinda, who was by :
“Not justly can he go, and thou remain.
Take then a thousand men of ours, and hie
To’ insure his safety, comrades in his train :
But let him go alone to plighted fray ;
Keep thou the troop a little space away.”

XXII.

This said, he ceas’d, and when in arms array’d,
They of the rampart issued to the mead :
Argante rode before them, and display’d
The usual armature upon his steed.
There lay between the walls and the stoccade
A spot from slopes and every roughness freed,
Large and capacious, and it seem’d to yield,
As if t’were form’d by art, a battle-field.

XXIII.

Thither descended fierce Argante alone :
There stay’d he in the sight of all his foes ;
From his huge bulk, huge pow’r, huge courage, grown
Too proud, and seeming to threat all with woes.
Such erst Enceladus when overthrown
In Phlegra, such the vast Philistine rose
In the low vale : but many fear’d him nought,
The lesson of his strength being still untaught.

XXIV.

Not yet has Godfrey chosen as the best
One from the many whom his camp supplies.
Yet all their glances seem at once to rest
On Tancred with affection in their eyes ;
And clearly do their favouring looks attest
That highest mid the high his merits rise :
And murmur round no doubtful whisper went ;
And Godfrey with his brows express'd consent.

XXV.

The rest withdrew their claims and Bouillon now
No longer kept conceal'd his own desire :
"Go," said he to him ; "gladly I allow
Thine issuing forth ; go check that felon's ire."
He, beaming joy and courage from his brow,
In such a cause made champion, from his squire
Call'd for his helmet and his horse aloud,
Then left the trenches follow'd by a crowd :

XXVI.

Nor yet had near'd the broad and level green,
On which Argante had assum'd his place,
When lo ! the warrior-maid with foreign mien
Appears before him there in all her grace.
Her upper robes were whiter than the sheen
Of highest Alpine snows, and from her face
She held her visor rais'd, and on a height
In her full stature gleam'd upon the sight.

XXVII.

No longer Tancred gazes where his foe
Lifts up to heav'n that front which threatens ill,
But moves his steed with gentle pace and slow,
Turning his eyes tow'rd her upon the hill,
Then fix'd remains, and like a stone doth show ;
All cold without, yet inly boiling still :
Bent but on gazing, all the mien he wears
Of one who little now for battle cares.

XXVIII.

Now when Argante in the field espied
No one preparing yet for the career ;
"Hither I came for love of arms," he cried ;
"Who comes to meet me then, and break a spear ?"
The other, stunn'd as 'twere, and stupefied,
Was riveted and seem'd no sound to hear.
Then Otho forward made his charger spring,
And enter'd first into the vacant ring.

XXIX.

One of the many who at first had glow'd
With strong desire to meet the Pagan knight,
He had retir'd for Tancred, and then rode
With others in his train to do him right.
Perceiving now his thoughts elsewhere bestow'd,
And that he stood as restive to the fight,
The youth, by courage and impatience driven,
Greedily seiz'd th' occasion which was given.

XXX.

And swifter than the pard or tiger young
Hies through the forest on its eager quest,
To strike the gallant Saracen he sprung,
Who on the other side laid lance in rest.
Then Tancred shook himself, and wak'ning flung
His dreamy thoughts aside, and, self-possess'd,
Exclaim'd : "The fight is mine ; do thou remain !"
But Otho was too far sped o'er the plain.

XXXI.

He pauses, and with anger and despite
Is scorched within ; without, as fire, is red,
Because it seems a wrong beyond requite
That other should have jousted in his stead.
Meanwhile the brave youth struck with all his might
In mid career the Saracen on the head :
He in th' encounter with the sharp steel pierc'd
The hauberk, and had broken the shield first.

XXXII.

The Christian fell ; and well the fall avow'd
How fierce the stroke which him from selle could beat.
The Pagan, with more force and nerve endow'd,
Fell not, nor e'en was shaken in his seat :
These words then with despiteful gesture proud
Over the fallen knight did he repeat :
"Yield thyself vanquish'd ; henceforth be the claim
To have fought with me sufficient for thy fame."

XXXIII.

Otho responded : "No : 'tis not our use
So quickly to lay down our arms and ire.
Another for my fall shall make excuse,
I will avenge it here, or else expire."
Then the Circassian let his fury loose,
Like to Alecto, seeming to breathe fire :
"Feel then my valour," was his quick reply,
"Since thou art pleas'd to spurn my courtesy."

XXXIV.

He spurs his steed, and all forgets to show
What valour asks from one of knightly rank.
The Frank withdraws him, and evades the foe,
And cuts him as he passes on the flank,
And of such weight and malice is the blow,
That the steel comes from it bestain'd and dank.
But what avails the wound which does not low'r
The victor's force, but makes his fury more?

XXXV.

Argante rein'd his charger from the course,
Turn'd it again, and came as quick as thought,
So that his foe, prepar'd with no resource,
Unwares by a tremendous blow was caught.
The dreadful shock made his knees lose all force,
Nigh stopp'd his breath, render'd him quite distraught,
And blanch'd his face, and made him, weary and frail,
Sink down and smite the hard earth with his mail.

XXXVI.

Argante, by his felon anger sway'd,
Now caus'd his steed to trample on his foe :
And, " Yes," he cried, " like him who now is laid
Beneath my feet, let every proud one go."
But dauntless Tancred now no longer stay'd,
For that most cruel action wrought him woe ;
And he resolv'd his valour should weil o'er
His fault with clear amends, and shine the more.

XXXVII.

Forward he moves, and " Villain soul," aloud
He cries, " who 'rt base e'en while in victory speeding,
What high and gentle praise can be allow'd
To such uncourteous and abhorr'd proceeding?
Mid Arab robbers, or a barbarous crowd
Resembling these, thou must have had thy breeding:
Avoid the light ; with other brutes, of moods
Fierce as thine own, go seek the rocks and woods."

XXXVIII.

He ceas'd ; the Pagan, little us'd to ' endure,
Bit his dark lips, and felt his fury rise :
He fain would speak, but forth a sound obscure
Came like the noise of brute that roars and cries.
Or as th' impetuous bolt through clouds that mure
Its pow'r awhile, cleaves them and onward hies,
So all his accents, thund'ring as they came,
Appear'd to issue from a breast of flame.

XXXIX.

But when they both by venting words of wrong,
Had thus provok'd each other's pride and ire,
The one and the' other wheel'd his steed along,
And made it swiftly for the joust retire.
Now here, O Muse, make thou my voice more strong,
And me with rage to match their rage inspire,
So that my verse may grace with worthy charms
Their deeds, and echo to the sound of arms.

XL.

Both warriors put in rest the knotty spear,
And both directed their good aim on high ;
Nor ever was such swiftness of career
And leap, nor e'er did pennon so rush by,
Nor fury equal that with which to near
Assault did Tancred and Argante fly.
The spears broke on the helms, and forth there flew
A thousand chips and sparks of lucid hue.

XLI.

The echo merely of the blows that crash'd
Mov'd the unmoving earth, made hills resound :
Yet stroke of force and fury ne'er abash'd
The pride which on each lofty forehead frown'd.
The steeds together had so fiercely clash'd,
That they no more could lift them from the ground.
These masters then of war their swords drew forth,
And, quitting stirrups, stay'd their feet on earth.

XLII.

Each moves with skilful caution his right hand
To strike, his eye to ward, his foot to tread,
Takes various postures, on new guard doth stand,
Now wheels, advances now, now back is sped :
Now feigns to strike one place which he has scann'd
And strikes at some unthreaten'd place instead ;
Now to expose his body in some part,
Attempting thus to mock at art with art.

XLIII.

His flank ill-guarded both by shield and blade
Tancred left open to the Pagan foe,
Who sped to strike him, and meanwhile had laid
His left side bare of good defence below.
Prince Tancred with a rapid movement stay'd
His foe's hard steel, and also dealt a blow :
This done, without delay he backward drew,
Gather'd himself, and stood on guard anew.

XLIV.

The fierce Argante on himself espies

Of his own blood the moisture and the stain,
And with unwonted horror foams and sighs,

Disturb'd and madden'd by his rage and pain :
And, hurried by the passions which arise,

Uplifts both voice and weapon, and again
Returns to strike, and straight receives a wound
Just where the shoulder to the arm is bound.

XLV.

As foams with rage in Alpine wood the bear

That feels the spearhead rankling in its frame,
And nor for perils, nor for death, doth care,

But hurls itself against each weapon's aim ;
Such is th' indomitable Pagan there

Now wound is join'd to wound, and shame to shame.
And through desire of vengeance thus intense
He spurns at danger, and forgets defence.

XLVI.

And joining to a courage rashly high

A strength extreme, and breath that cannot tire,
He makes his blade so impetuously fly

That the earth trembles and the heav'n's flash fire :
Nor has the other time one stroke to ply,

Nor to keep guard, nor hardly to respire ;
Nor fence avails to screen him in that hour
From his great foe's velocity and pow'r.

XLVII.

Still self-collected, Tancred waits in vain

The passing of the tempest of great blows.

Now meets them with defence, now o'er the plain

With curves and master steps afar he goes :
But finding the fierce Pagan still maintain

That heat, at last his anger also glows,
And yielding to it, he begins to wheel
With all the violence which he can, his steel.

XLVIII.

Reason and skill, subdued by rage, have fled,

And strength by rage is minister'd and excited :
Ever or plate or mail, when blow is sped,

Is pierc'd or cleft ; no stroke in vain has lighted.
The ground is spread with arms, the arms are spread

With blood, and blood too is with sweat united.
Their swords flash lightning, thunder in their sound,
And like electric bolt rush down to wound.

XLIX.

This people and that other hang suspense
At spectacle so horrible and new,
And wait the end 'twixt fear and hope intense,
Watching what harm or vantage may ensue ;
Nor does one sound from all the crowd immense
Escape, nor smallest motion catch the view,
But each one stands there silent, and at rest,
Save that his heart is trembling in his breast.

L.

Already both were spent, and would perchance
Have died untimely fighting ; but so fast
And dark the night arose that from the glance
Were fading all things, e'en the near and vast.
Heralds from either side were seen to' advance
To part them, and they parted them at last.
One the Frank Arideus, the' other Pindore
Expert and sage, he who the cartel bore.

LI.

These their pacific sceptres boldly threw
Between the swords yet whirling in the fight,
With that security which such men drew
In every nation from most ancient rite.
" Warriors," began Pindore, " to each is due
An equal honor, each has equal might.
Then cease the combat, and let not your blows
Disturb night's usages, and its repose.

LII.

" To labour while the sun endures is fair,
But night brings peace e'en to the bird and brute :
And little does a generous bosom care
To win night-honor which is hidd'n and mute."
Argante answer'd him : " For shaded air
I like not to abandon arm'd dispute :
Yet for the evidence of day I yearn ;
But let him swear, then, that he will return."

LIII.

The other cried : " Do thou, too, plight thy word
To re-appear, and back thy prisoner lead ;
Since otherwise shall never be deferr'd
To later hour the strife in which we bleed."
They sware, and the' heralds on whom it was conferr'd
To name the time when battle should proceed,
To give their honorable wounds repose,
Fix'd the sixth day what time the sun arose.

LIV.

The frightful combat left within the mind
Of Saracens and Faithful ones impress'd
A wonder deep, a horror undefin'd,
Which stirs them for long season without rest.
Sole theme for speech in the two knights they find
And oft the daring valour of both attest;
But as to which was worthier of the two,
The crowd still prattle with discordant view.

LV.

And in suspense awaiting how the tale
Of the ferocious strife would end, they stood,
If fury over valour would prevail,
Or rashness would succumb to hardihood.
But fair Erminia felt more grief and bale
Than others who were interested could;
Since on the issue of uncertain strife
She sees depend her better part of life.

LVI.

Of her Cassano was the kingly sire,
Who once o'er Antioch held imperial sway;
His kingdom ta'en, the Christian pow'rs acquire
Her also amid other noble prey.
But scarce to burst her bonds did she desire,
So kind was Tancred in her evil day,
And in her country's miserable fall,
She still was honor'd as if queen of all.

LVII.

Th' egregious knight honor'd her, and became
Her servant, so that she was thrall no more;
And to her use he yielded up his claim
To her gems, her gold, and all her precious store.
She, seeing in a young and graceful frame
A truly regal mind, gave herself o'er
To Love, who never knot more firmly drew
Than that which over her young heart he threw.

LVIII.

Thus if her body were again set free,
Yet evermore in bonds remain'd her soul.
Much did she grieve that she was forc'd to flee
From her dear lord and place of sweet control;
But comely pride, which lady of high degree
Must evermore preserve intact and whole,
Constrain'd her to go forth and seek another
More friendly country with her aged mother.

LIX.

She hied her to Jerusalem, and was here
Welcom'd by him who held the Hebrew throne ;
But soon beside her hapless mother's bier
In mourning weeds she made distressful moan.
Yet neither grief for loss of one so dear,
Nor woeful exile in a land unknown,
Pluck'd from her heart the amorous desire,
Nor quench'd one sparkle of so great a fire.

LX.

She lov'd, poor girl, and burn'd ; and thus bested
Had but so little left to hope at best,
That more with mem'ry than with hope she fed
The fire which was conceal'd within her breast ;
And ever did her flame the more make head
As 'twas in more secluded place repress'd.
At last, to fan her hope extinct almost,
Tancred before Jerusalem join'd the host.

LXI.

When first so many savage tribes were seen
The others had express'd their fears aloud :
She made her turbid countenance serene,
And joyful gaz'd upon the squadrons proud ;
And went on searching still with glances keen
Her dearly lov'd one 'mong that armed crowd.
She sought him oft in vain ; yet would succeed
Not seldom, and exclaim : " 'Tis he, indeed ! "

LXII.

High mid the regal palace doth arise
An ancient tow'r, not distant from the wall,
And from its top the eye distinctly spies
The Christian host, the plains and mountains all.
Here from what hour the sun relumes the skies
Till night throws o'er the world a dusky pall
She sits and bends her glances tow'rd the plain,
And parleys with her thoughts, and sighs in vain.

LXIII.

Here she beheld the fight, and in her breast
Had felt her heart so strongly palpitate,
That it appear'd to say : Thy dearest, best,
Is yonder, he whose risk of death is great !
With anguish and suspicion thus oppress'd,
She watch'd the event of an uncertain fate,
And ever when the Pagan's sword arose
Felt in her soul the iron and the blows.

LXIV.

But when she found the truth, and also found
That the rough contest needs must be renew'd,
Unwonted terror seiz'd her heart, and bound
In icy chains the current of her blood.
Then secret tears, then groans with smother'd sound
Were wrung from her in her distressful mood ;
Wan, lifeless, and desponding in her air,
She seem'd the breathing picture of despair.

LXV.

At times her thoughts disturb her and affright
With images of horror e'en by day :
And worse than death far is her sleep at night,
So strange the phantoms passing in array.
She seems to gaze on her beloved knight
All torn and bleeding, and to hear him pray
For help to her ; then, startled from her sleeping,
She finds her eyes and bosom wet with weeping.

LXVI.

Nor does the fear of future ills alone
With ever anxious movement shake her soul ;
But sorrow at his wounds too plainly shown
Calls forth emotion deep beyond control.
And rumour makes things distant and unknown
Wax great, and substitutes for part the whole :
So that she learn'd the gallant warrior lay
At the last gasp, breathing his life away.

LXVII.

And since she by her mother had been taught
What virtue most abstruse from herbs may spring,
What charms on wounded limbs accomplish aught
Of healing, and from pain expel the sting,
(An art which usage in that country sought
To hand down to the daughters of the king)
With her own hand she gladly would have pour'd
Health's balm upon the wounds of her dear lord.

LXVIII.

To tend the lov'd one is her heart's whole aim ;
And yet, alas ! she now must cure his foe.
At times she thinks to sprinkle o'er his frame
Fell juice of herbs to work him mortal woe :
But soon her pure and virgin hands disclaim
Malignant arts, and such intent forego.
Yet longs she that each herb and spell employ'd
For such a purpose may at least be void.

LXIX.

Nor would she fear to wander forth alone
Mid foes, for erst a pilgrim she had been,
Had witness'd wars and heard men's dying moan,
And led a life of doubt, fatigue, and teen ;
So that from use her woman's mind had grown
Above her nature resolute and keen,
Nor could be lightly mov'd, nor strick'n with fear
At each less grave alarm which might appear.

LXX.

Rash love, however, more than other cause
Drove every terror out of her soft breast :
And she'd believe the poison and the claws
Of Lybian brutes would never her molest.
But surely if for life she will not pause,
Yet for her good name fear and care were best.
Thus in her heart a doubtful strife arose
'Twixt Love and Honor, two redoubted foes.

LXXI.

The one pleads thus : " O virgin, who hast grac'd
My laws till now, and hast preserv'd them all,
I ever kept thy mind and members chaste
When to the foe thou wert a ministering thrall ;
And now, restor'd to freedom, wilt thou waste
The honor which thou sav'dst in prisoning wall ?
Ah ! who can wake in thy soft bosom now
These thoughts ? What thinkest, ah ! what hopest thou ?

LXXII.

" Canst thou so lightly prize thy maiden fame,
And to the worth of honor be so blind,
As to go forth by night, lit by love's flame,
To win contempt from enemies unkind ?
Whence thy proud victor justly may exclaim,
' Thou hast lost thy realm, and lost thy regal mind ;
Thou art not worthy of me,' and concede
Thee, vulgar, to the rest a worthless meed."

LXXIII.

The other more treacherous counsellor, not slow,
With lies like these allures her to take flight :
" Thou wert not born of savage bear, ah no,
Nor of a cold rough rock, O maiden bright,
That thou should'st spurn at Cupid's torch and bow,
And ever fly from all which may delight :
Nor steel nor adamant infolds thy heart,
That thou should'st feel asham'd of love's dear smart.

LXXIV.

“ Ah go, then, whither thy desires incline :
 But why the victor so relentless feign ?
 Hast thou not mark'd his grief arise at thine,
 And how he plain'd at hearing thee complain ?
 Cruel to move so slow to thy design,
 To tend thy faithful one, and soothe his pain.
 Kind Tancred faints, O ! savage and ingrate,
 And thou art watching o'er another's fate.

LXXV.

“ Yes, let Argante be restor'd by thee
 That he may thrust thy saviour to the grave.
 From thy devoir is't thus thou wilt be free ?
 Is this the bright reward which he shall have ?
 Yet is it possible that thou should'st be
 In this fell office such a willing slave,
 That simple horror and disgust can fail
 To make thee fly from hence swift as the gale ?

LXXVI.

“ O ! how this kindly duty would be crown'd,
 With what delight and joy wouldst thou be bless'd,
 If but thy pitying healing hand were found
 Approaching gently near his valorous breast !
 Since thy dear lord, by thee made whole and sound,
 Would tinge his face, so pale now and distress'd,
 And all his charms, else doom'd to vanish soon,
 Thou would'st admire in him as thine own boon.

LXXVII.

“ Then would'st thou share his praises in each place,
 And his grand deeds, which will be rung in song :
 Whence he will thrill thee with a pure embrace,
 And happy bridals will thy joy prolong.
 Then pointed at and honor'd wilt thou pace
 The Latian dames and Latian brides among
 Yonder in fairest Italy, where reign
 True chivalry and faith without a stain.”

LXXVIII.

Flatter'd by hopes like these, ah foolish maid,
 She dreamt of highest bliss which could befall.
 Yet by a thousand doubts she was o'erweigh'd
 How from that spot herself to disenthral :
 For guards kept watch by turns, and ever stray'd
 Outside the palace, and upon the wall,
 Nor would they during risk of war so great
 Without a weighty cause unbar a gate.

LXXIX.

Oft was Erminia wont, as welcome guest
In the fair champion's neighbouring bow'r to stay ;
The sun saw them together from the west,
Together saw them at the birth of day ;
And when the beams of light were all suppress'd,
On one sole bed they both together lay ;
Nor rose a thought, save that of love alone,
Which one maid to the other would not own.

LXXX.

That only one Erminia kept behind,
And if Clorinda ever heard her moan,
To other cause her sorrow was assign'd
And she was thought to mourn her fate alone.
Being in friendship such as this combin'd
Forbidd'n admittance was to her unknown,
And when she came the chamber had no bar,
Whether the maid in council were, or war.

LXXXI.

Thither she came once while Clorinda rode
To other point, and pensively she stay'd,
Revolving in herself each art and mode
By which her stol'n departure could be made.
While her uncertain mind, which ne'er abode
In settled mood, each various plan survey'd,
Hung up on high Clorinda's mail she spies,
Her arms, and outer vestment : then she sighs,

LXXXII.

And sighing says : " Ah, happy are the days
Of yonder maid whose courage is so rare !
How much I envy her ! yet not the praise
I envy, nor the fame, of being fair.
Her charter'd steps no lengthy robe delays,
Her valour is not pent in envious lair ;
She dons her arms, and if she forth would wend,
She goes, and neither fears nor shames attend.

LXXXIII.

" Ah ! why have Heav'n and nature me denied
Strength in the limbs and courage in the breast,
That I too in cuirass and helm may ride
And change for these the veil and flowing vest ?
For then nor heat nor cold should turn aside,
Nor hurricane, nor rain, my ardent quest,
So that I shouldn't by sun or nightly lamp,
Companion'd or alone, be arm'd in camp.

LXXXIV.

“Then, merciless Argante, thou should'st ne'er
 Have first assail'd my lord in battle keen,
 For I had sped before to meet him there,
 And he, perchance, my prisoner here had been,
 And from a loving foe had had to bear
 A yoke of bondage gentle and serene ;
 And I had felt e'en now that through his chain
 Mine own had been made sweet and gave less pain.

LXXXV.

“Or else, when first his hand, ah ! not unkind,
 Had cleft my side and all my heart reveal'd,
 I should at least have thus been doom'd to find
 The wound of love by stroke of iron heal'd,
 And now in peace my weary frame and mind
 Had rested, and the victor in that field
 Perchance had deign'd to honor with some moans
 And with a tomb my ashes and my bones.

LXXXVI.

“Alas ! for things impossible have I sigh'd,
 And vainly are my foolish thoughts avow'd.
 Shall I then sad and timid here abide
 As though but one of the vile female crowd ?
 Ah no : do thou, my heart, dare and confide.
 Why not for once to me be arms allow'd ?
 Why can I not sustain the helm and mail
 A little space, though I be soft and frail ?

LXXXVII.

“Yes, yes, I can, for Love will give me might,
 Who makes the weakest bosom bravely beat ;
 Goaded by whom, e'en peaceful deer invite
 The peril often, and in war compete.
 Yet with these arms have I no wish to fight,
 But practise with them an expert deceit,
 Feign me Clorinda, and disguis'd like her,
 Be sure of issuing forth without demur.

LXXXVIII.

“The guards of the tall gates will not deny
 Egress to her who is so widely known.
 I ponder, yet no other mode descry :
 This way is open, I believe, alone.
 These guiltless frauds let Love, who breath'd them, eye
 Propitious, and let Fortune keep unshown.
 And now's the hour when I may best take wing,
 While still Clorinda tarries with the king.”

LXXXIX.

Thus she resolves, and, goaded and inspir'd
By Love's blind fury, will no longer stay,
But hastes to carry off the arms acquir'd
To her own chamber, which adjoining lay.
And this she could, because all else retir'd
When she arriv'd, and thus made clear the way.
Night's mantle, too, was o'er her theft suspended,
And thieves and lovers it alike befriended.

XC.

Seeing the heav'ns grow darker to the view,
And some few scatter'd stars already shine,
She calls a squire, nor lets delays ensue,
On whose trustworthiness she could recline,
And one, too, of her handmaids lov'd and true,
And opens to them partly her design ;
Unfolds her scheme of flight, and feigns with art
That other cause compels her to depart.

XCI.

The faithful squire with expedition made
Such preparation as he thought was meet.
Aside in the mean time Erminia laid
Her pompous robe descending to the feet,
And graceful stood in simple dress array'd,
And all her movements were incredibly fleet :
Nor save from her who had obey'd the call
To attend her, had she other help at all.

XCII.

The galling and obdurate steel is bound
Upon her delicate neck and golden hair ;
Her tender hand has grasp'd the shield, and found
Its weight oppressive and too hard to bear.
Thus rob'd in iron she shines all around,
And pranks her in a military air.
Love, who was near and inly smil'd, look'd down
Rejoic'd as when Alcides wore the gown.

XCIII.

O ! with what toil she lifts along the floor
Th' unequal weight, and moves with steps how slow !
And makes her faithful handmaid walk before
To give her some support ere she can go.
But love and hope still make her spirits soar,
And strength on every weary limb bestow ;
So that they reach to where the squire is plac'd
In waiting, and to saddle mount in haste.

XCIV.

They go disguis'd, and artfully conceal
 Their route through ways deserted and untried :
 Yet they encounter many, and with steel
 Observe the dark air sparkling far and wide.
 But none dares hinder them, where'er they wheel,
 But, yielding them the path, each steps aside,
 For that white mantle, and that ensign dread
 E'en in the darkling shades are clearly read.

XCV.

Erminia, though with somewhat better cheer
 And less of doubt, feels not in safety quite,
 But dreads her arts will at the last be clear,
 And looks on her own rashness with affright.
 Yet having reach'd the gate she checks her fear,
 And cheats him who should guard its pass aright :
 "I am Clorinda," said she, "ope the gate ;
 "The king hath sent me on affairs of state."

XCVI.

The female voice, which on his ear had thrill'd
 So like Clorinda's, aided the deceit.
 Who could suppose another maid, unskill'd
 In feats of arms, would mount on knightly seat ?
 The porter soon obeys, with rev'rence fill'd ;
 She and the two pass quickly, and retreat.
 And for their safety, down the vales they wend
 Through paths which lengthen evermore and bend.

XCVII.

But when Erminia sees her in the vast
 And lonely plain, her speed is somewhat reined,
 For she concludes that the first risks are past,
 And dreads no more that she shall be detained.
 On what at first she lightly thought, at last
 She deeply thinks, and harder than was feigned
 By swift desire she well perceiv'd must be
 Her entrance thither, whatsoe'er the plea.

XCVIII.

She now sees that to go mid savage foes
 In military guise is madness quite :
 Nor on the other hand would she expose
 Herself to others ere she reach'd her knight.
 With secure honor him to reach she chose,
 Unlook'd-for lover, secret as the night ;
 Wherefore she halted, and more cautious made
 By better thought, thus to her squire she said :

XCIX.

"'Tis meet that thou should'st, O my faithful squire,
Precursive hie, but be thou prompt and wise.
Go to the camp, and there a guide acquire
To introduce thee where Prince Tancred lies ;
Tell him a lady comes with great desire
To heal him, one too who for peace applies,
Peace from the war of Love, whence he may gain
Health for himself, and I relief from pain.

C.

"Say that she has in him a faith so sure
That in his hands she fears nor wrong nor scorn.
Say only this ; if more he would allure,
Say that thou know'st it not, and quick return.
I, since this spot appears to me secure,
Will tarry here till thy success I learn."
Thus spake the lady ; and that loyal squire
Swift as if wing'd, flew forth at her desire ;

CI.

And dealt so ably that with greeting kind
He was receiv'd within the barrier'd space,
And then being brought to where the knight reclin'd,
Caus'd him to hear the message with glad face :
And having left him now who in his mind
Conn'd many a doubtful thought upon the case,
Brought back to her the sweet response that she
Might enter hidd'n as closely as might be.

CII.

But she meanwhile impatient, to whom seems
Too grievous and annoying all delay,
Counts to herself that other's steps, and deems
He now arrives, goes in, should come away.
Already to her sorrow she esteems
That less than wonted speed doth he display.
At last she rushes on, and mounts to where
The tents, afar descried, begin to' appear.

CIII.

It was the night, and it unfurl'd its veil
Cloudless and spangled with the starry host ;
And now the rising moon threw down her pale
Insilver'd rays and living pearls of frost.
Th' enamour'd lady told the heav'ns her tale,
Venting each flame as it assail'd her most ;
And the long secret of her love resign'd
To the mute fields, and to that silence kind.

CIV.

Then cried she, gazing at the camp once more :

“Ye Latian tents, delightful to mine eye,
Refreshing is the air now wafted o'er

From you, and comforting, for ye are nigh.

So may some fair repose be kept in store

By Heav'n for this my troubled life as I

Seek it in you alone, and seem mid arms

Alone to find sweet peace with all its charms.

CV.

“Receive me then, and let me here obtain

That pity which Love promis'd me erewhile,

And which, when I was doom'd to gentle chain,

I heretofore saw in my sweet lord's smile.

Nor am I mov'd by wishes to regain

By favoring aid from you my regal style :

Though this should never be, that which I crave

Is joy enough to be in you a slave.”

CVI.

So spake she who perceiv'd not what dismay

Was waiting her at fortune's spiteful call.

She stands just where the fair celestial ray

Haps on her burnish'd arms direct to fall,

So that their shine, and the fair lights that play

Around her are perceiv'd from far by all :

And the grand tiger each one may espy

Sparkling in silver, and “'Tis she !” may cry.

CVII.

Some warriors near, such was her fortune's spite,

Had just dispos'd a pow'rful ambuscade ;

Their leaders were two Latian brothers, high

Alcander and Polyphern, whom Godfrey bade

Stay flocks and herds, whether by day or night,

From being pass'd in to the Saracen's aid ;

And if the servant pass'd, it was indeed

Because he made a curve, and ran with speed.

CVIII.

Young Polyphern, who by Clorinda's hand

Some time before had seen his father slain,

Soon as that white and lovely dress he scann'd,

Was sure he saw the warrior maid again,

And urg'd against her the still hidden band,

And pow'rless in his sudden rage to rein

Th' emotion of his heart, with furious glance

He cried, “Thou'rt dead,” and vainly hurl'd his lance.

CIX.

As when the stag, who thirsty would explore
For clear and living waters all the glade,
And sees a lovely fountain bubbling o'er
The stone, or brook with arching boughs o'erlaid,
If it meet hounds when thinking to restore
Its wearied body in the summer shade,
Turns back in flight, and terror's sudden burst
Makes it forget its weariness and thirst.

CX.

So she who thought to quench the thirsty heat
Diffus'd in her weak heart by love unkind,
In gracious welcomes with all joy replete,
And to give rest to her o'erweary mind,
When she meets one who crushes hope so sweet,
And hears the sound of steel and threats combin'd,
Abandons her own self and first intent,
And spurs her nimble steed, with terror shent.

CXI.

Hapless Erminia flies, and her good steed
Bounds o'er the soil at the most rapid pace.
The other lady flies too, and with speed
Them the fierce youth and many arm'd men chase.
See from the tents meanwhile the squire proceed
With the slow news, and, doubtful for a space,
He, like the others, gives his horse the rein,
And terror scatters them along the plain.

CXII.

But the more prudent brother, by whose eye
The false Clorinda had been also seen,
Would not pursue her, having been less nigh,
But kept himself still in his ambush'd screen ;
And to the camp he made a courier fly
To say no herd of oxen there had been,
Nor fleecy drove ; but that his brother sped
Chasing Clorinda, who in fear had fled.

CXIII.

And that he could not think, and reas'n said nay,
That she, a leader, and not only a knight,
Would choose to sally under the moon's ray
Upon an enterprise which could be slight.
But let the Chieftain judge, for to obey
Was their's, and to perform his hest aright.
Such news soon reach'd the camp, and first there went
A sound of it along the Latin tent.

CXIV.

Tancred whose heart still gave an anxious heed

To that first news, now hearing this express'd,
Thinks : " Ah, to me perchance did she proceed,

For me's in peril now !" nor heeds the rest.

With half his heavy arms he clomb his steed,

And mute and quick went forth upon his quest ;
And following up the marks and traces new,
Rapidly with his utmost speed he flew.

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Lovesick Erminia, after having fled,
 Is kindly welcom'd by a shepherd swain.
 Tancred in vain seeks for her ; and is led
 At last unwares to enter charm'd domain.
 Then rises Raymond 'gainst Argante dread,
 To beat down his presumption, vast as vain ;
 He fights for God, and God for him ; but still
 Hell moves against him both its force and skill.

I.

MEANWHILE Erminia comes by her steed's flight
 To where a dark wood's hoary trees are spread ;
 Nor guides her trembling hand the reins aright,
 And seems she as if 'twixt alive and dead.
 The steed who bears her at his mercy quite
 Wheels through so many paths with rapid tread,
 That in the end she vanishes from view,
 And now 'tis vain for others to pursue.

II.

As after lengthen'd and fatiguing chase
 The hounds return, a sad and panting train,
 Finding that they have lost the wild beast's trace,
 Stol'n into cover now from the' open plain,
 So with deep shame and anger on their face,
 The weary Christian knights move back again.
 She timid and dismay'd persists to fly,
 Nor turns to see if still pursuit be nigh.

III.

All night she fled ; all day too o'er the ground
 She wander'd without guide or settled quest,
 And neither heard nor saw she aught around
 Save her own cries and tear-drops unrepress'd ;
 But when the sun from golden car unbound
 His coursers and in ocean sought his nest,
 She reach'd where Jordan's limpid waters stray,
 And on its bank dismounting, there she lay.

IV.

No food she takes, for to her woe she clings
Thus fed, nor thirst except for weeping knows :
But sleep which with its sweet oblivion brings
To wretched mortals quiet and repose,
Lulls both her griefs and senses, and its wings
Placidly and serenely o'er her close :
Nor e'en when she is sleeping does Love cease
With various phantoms to disturb her peace.

V.

She woke not till there fell upon her ear
The merry notes of birds at dawning hour,
The murmur of the trees, and river clear,
The sporting of the breeze with wave and flow'r.
She opes her languid eyes, and sees now here
Now there a shepherd's lonely cot or bow'r ;
And from the waves and boughs there seems to rise
A voice recalling her to plaints and sighs.

VI.

But while she is thus weeping, her lament
Is broken by a clear sound from the glade,
Which seems, and is, of pastoral accents blent
With notes of rustic pipe artlessly play'd.
She rises and moves slowly on, intent,
And sees a grey old man i' the pleasant shade
Weaving of basket-work, his flocks among,
And list'ning to his three young children's song.

VII.

They, when appear'd so suddenly in that place
Th' unwonted arms, were smitten with despair :
Erminia greets them, and with sweetest grace
Cheers them, and bares her eyes and golden hair.
" Pursue," she cries, " O enviable race,
Belov'd of Heav'n, your tasks which are so fair ;
For be assur'd these arms will never bring
War on your works, and the sweet songs ye sing."

VIII.

She adds : " O father, now that all around
The country flames with war, and rings with blows,
How without fear of wrong amid the stound
Can ye continue in this calm repose ?"
" My son," responded he, " upon this ground
My family and flock unhurt by foes
Have ever dwelt, nor yet have felt alarms
In so retir'd a spot from sound of arms.

IX.

“ Whether the grace of Heav’n save and upraise
The lowliness of innocent shepherd swain,
Or whether, as the dread electric blaze
Rifts the high tops and not the lowly plain,
So the fierce brunt of foreign battle weighs
But on the heads of those who proudly reign,
Nor does our poverty, despis’d and vile,
Attract the greed of soldiers for the spoil :

X.

“ Despis’d and vile to them, to me so dear
That I desire not gold nor regal vest :
Nor climbing thoughts nor greedy longings rear
Their structures ever in my tranquil breast.
I quench my thirst in water pure, nor fear
That treacherous poison will the draught infest ;
And this small garden and my flock afford
Unbought provision for my frugal board.

XI.

“ For small is our desire, and small our need
Whence life may be preserv’d from day to day.
These are my sons I point at, and they feed
And guard my sheep ; no servants do I pay.
Thus do I live in cell retir’d indeed,
Watching the nimble goat and roebuck play,
And fish in this pellucid stream glide by,
And birds expand their plumage to the sky.

XII.

“ Time was when most the thoughts of man are vain,
In early age, other was my desire ;
And shepherd’s task I look’d on with disdain,
And from my native land must needs retire :
And liv’d at Memphis once, and mid the train
Of royal servants I too could aspire ;
And though I tended gardens, it is true,
Th’ iniquity of courts I saw and knew.

XIII.

“ And flatter’d still by hopes o’erbold and high,
Long time endur’d I most displeasing wrong :
But when not only flowery age pass’d by,
But hope too fail’d, and all my courage strong,
I mourn’d the calm these lowly haunts supply,
And sigh’d for peace which I had lost so long ;
And said : Ye courts, adieu ! Thus to the green
And friendly woods I hied, and live serene.”

XIV.

Erminia, while he spake thus without art,
Intent and quiet, hung on his sweet word ;
And that wise speech, which went down to her heart,
Half calm'd the storms by which her sense was stirr'd.
And she resolves, after much thought apart,
To dwell in that deep solitude till she heard
That fortune, which as yet had been so stern,
At least should render easy her return.

XV.

Whence to the good old man she says : " O blest,
Who know'st the wisdom which past ill bestows,
May Heav'n not envy thee so sweet a rest,
As thou art mov'd with pity for my woes,
And me receivest as a grateful guest
In this thy home where I would fain repose.
Perchance my heart may in this calm abode
Shake off a portion of its mortal load.

XVI.

" For if thou long for what the vulgar adore
E'en as their very idols, gems and gold,
Thou may'st, I have with me so great a store,
Content thy wish however uncontroll'd."
Then while her lovely eyes were streaming o'er
With drops of grief, which sparkled as they roll'd,
She told in part her fortunes ; and the swain
In pity plain'd meanwhile to hear her plain.

XVII.

Then sweetly he consol'd and cheer'd his guest
As if he felt for her paternal care,
And led her to the ancient spouse who bless'd
His home, and made with him a genial pair.
The royal maiden dons a rustic vest,
And girds a coarser veil around her hair ;
But in the movements of her limbs and eyes
No dweller of the woodland one descries.

XVIII.

Vile habit shrouds not noble light from view,
Nor what in her is gentle, and is proud ;
And still her regal majesty shines through
The humblest act to which she now is bow'd.
She leads with her poor crook to pastures new,
And back to the shut fold, the fleecy crowd ;
And presses from rough teats the milky stream,
And in the hollow wheel congeals the cream.

XIX.

Oft when her sheep, what time the heats oppress
In summer, lay them down within the shade,
She prints all ways the name she loves to bless
On beech and laurel with a slender blade,
And carves on many a tree the sad success
Of her young love so strange and unrepaid :
And then, while reading her own notes again,
Waters her lovely cheeks with tearful rain.

XX.

Then she says, weeping : “ On your barks impress’d,
Ye friendly trees, preserve this piteous tale,
That if some faithful lover ever rest
Beneath your grateful shade, he may not fail
To feel sweet pity wak’ning in his breast
At all the varied woes which I bewail,
And may exclaim : Ah ! cruel meed and wrong
Have Love and Fortune dealt to faith so strong.

XXI.

“ Perchance ’twill hap, if Heav’n benign attend
Ever to any passionate mortal pray’r,
That some time to these woods may also wend
He who perchance now feels for me no care ;
And while his eyes to the low spot may bend
Where lie these frail remains in their last lair,
Yield to my suff’rings then the tardy prize
Of some few trifling tears and passing sighs :

XXII.

“ Whence if through life my heart has throbb’d with
My spirit at least in death may happy be, [pain,
And the cold ashes of its fires may gain
That which can never now be gain’d by me.”
Thus to the heedless boughs does she complain,
And her two eyes gush forth like fountains free.
Tancred meanwhile in chase of her proceeds
Far far away whither his fortune leads.

XXIII.

Pursuing still the traces lately made,
He turn’d his courser to the forest nigh ;
But here there fell so drear and dense a shade
From bristling trees which intercept the sky,
That the new marks no more can be survey’d
Among them ; and he therefore doubtfully
Stretches his ears intently all around
If hoof or clang of arms give out a sound.

XXIV.

And aye if the nocturnal breezes make
 The tender leaf of elm or beech to play,
 If beast or bird cause but a spray to shake,
 Quick to that trifling sound he points his way.
 At last he quits the wood, induc'd to take
 A path unknown, but lit by the moon's ray,
 Tow'rd a far sound which now becomes his aim
 Until he reach the spot from whence it came.

XXV.

He comes where gush from out the living stone
 Clear sparkling waves with ever fresh supplies,
 And downward roll, into a river grown,
 With noisy pace where verdant banks arise.
 Here he restrains his steps, with mutter'd moan,
 And calls, but only echo heeds his cries ;
 And sees Aurora rise in the meanwhile
 Fair and vermilion with a tranquil smile.

XXVI.

He groans indignant, and to vent his spite
 'Gainst Heav'n, which balks his venturous hope, he
 But to take vengeance if offence how slight [dares ;
 Soe'er be offer'd to his lady, swears.
 At last resolves he to retrace his flight,
 Although to find the path he half despairs,
 Rememb'ring that the day prescrib'd is near
 When he must fight th' Egyptian cavalier.

XXVII.

He quat, and, pacing doubtful paths along,
 Heard a steed aye advance to where he rode,
 Till issuing from a narrow vale there sprung
 At last a man who like a courier show'd :
 He plied a whip, and from the shoulder swung
 A silver horn, as is with us the mode.
 Him Tancred asks in what direction lies
 The way to where the Christian tents arise.

XXVIII.

In Tuscan language : " Thither am I bent,
 Sent hastily by Boemond," he averr'd.
 Tancred, who deem'd him by his uncle sent,
 Follow'd him, trusting to his treach'rous word.
 At last they reach a lake whose waters, blent
 With mud most filthy and unwholesome, gird
 A castle, just what time the sun subsides
 Into the ample nest where night abides.

XXIX.

The courier on arriving sounds the horn,
And soon a bridge is notic'd to descend.
“ Since thou art Latin, here may'st thou sojourn,”
He tells him, “ till the gloom of night shall end ;
For this place, and not yet is the third morn,
Did Count Cosenza from the Pagan rend.”
The warrior eyes the spot whose every part
Is made impregnable by site and art.

XXX.

Then somewhat doubts he that perchance obscured
Within a house so strong some treach'ry lies :
But yet, as one to risks of death inured,
He drops no word, nor shows aught in his guise ;
For by his own hand will he be secured
Whate'er the path which fate or choice devise,
Although his sword to other battle due
Makes him indiff'rent to adventure new :

XXXI.

So that before the fort where on a green
The curv'd pontoon outstretch'd itself and lay,
He stopt, and, though invited, would not lean
On the false word of him who led the way.
Meanwhile upon the bridge a knight was seen
Fierce and disdainful all in arm'd array,
Who, in his right hand holding a bare sword,
Utter'd this threatening and ferocious word :

XXXII.

“ O thou who, by thy will or fortune led
Arrivest at Armida's charm'd domain,
In vain would'st thou retreat ; unhelm thy head,
And stretch thy captive hands to wear her chain.
Yet enter the barr'd port with fearless tread
Upon the terms which others all obtain ;
Nor hope to see again the light of day
Through lapse of years or change of hair to grey,

XXXIII.

“ Unless thou swear, like all her train, to fight
'Gainst whosoever is from Jesu nam'd.”
On him thus speaking Tancred fix'd his sight,
And who he was, both arms and voice proclaim'd.
Rambald of Gascony was this, the knight
Who set out with Armida, nor had sham'd
For her to become Pagan, and uphold
Th' atrocious usage practis'd there of old.

XXXIV.

The pious warrior's holy rage imbued

His face with red, and, "Impious wretch !" he cried,
" I am that Tancred who in Jesu's feud

Have girt the sword, and been His champion tried,
And His rebellious have through Him subdued,

As thou wilt know, if thou the trial abide ;
For this right hand, commission'd by the ire
Of Heav'n, will wreak on thee a vengeance dire."

XXXV.

The impious knight, hearing that glorious name,

Was much disturb'd, and all his colour fled ;
Yet, hiding fear, he cried : " Ah wretch, what aim

Has brought thee where thou must remain as dead ?

Here shall thy force be beaten and made tame,

And sever'd soon shall be thy haughty head,
And sent to the Frank chiefs a gift and vow,
If other than I'm wont I be not now."

XXXVI.

Thus said the Pagan : and because the day

Was spent already, and scarcely aught was seen,
So many lamps around shot forth their ray

That all the air was lucid and serene.

The castle glitters as when crowds survey

Amid nocturnal pomp theatric scene ;

And there Armida seats herself on high

Whence unespied she can both hear and spy.

XXXVII.

Meanwhile the generous hero without dread

Prepares for the fell strife his arms and might,

Nor stays upon his horse now ill-bested,

Seeing the foe come forth on foot to fight.

He comes inclos'd in shield, with helm on head,

And sword in hand, and in the act to smite.

The savage Prince advances tow'rd him straight

With aspect grim and dreadful voice elate.

XXXVIII.

One wheels his steps in curves of ample scale

And, close in arms, pretends and feigns his blows :

The other, though his limbs be tir'd and frail,

Goes resolute, draws near, and tries to close :

And whensoever he sees Rambald quail,

On with extreme velocity he goes,

Pushes, treads on him, and with thund'ring hand

Directs against his eyes the frequent brand.

XXXIX.

And more than against other spot he deals

Fierce blows where the most vital parts appear,
Still utt'ring with the blow, as the blade wheels,

The haughtiest threats, and adding harm to fear.
Here, there, the ready Gascon turns, and steals

His nimble members from the stroke when near ;
And now with shield, and now with sword, is fain
To make the hostile fury fall in vain.

XL.

But not so swift to parry when attack'd

Is he as is the other prompt to smite.

His shield is batter'd now, his helm is crack'd,

And pierc'd and bloody are his arms once bright ;
And not one blow of his of all in fact

Tells so as e'en to wound th' opposing knight :
He fears, and all corroding passions move
Within his heart, rage, shame, remorse, and love.

XLI.

At last he sets himself at once to try

With desp'rate war the issue of his fate :

He drops his shield, grasps with both hands on high

The sword which has not tasted blood, though late ;
And nears and closes with his enemy,

And lets a blow descend, nor is there plate
So strong as to prevent its op'ning wide
A wound with grievous pain in the left side.

XLII.

And then he smote on the' ample brows anew,

So that the stroke resounded like a bell.

It shook the helm, but did not cleave it through,

So that he shrunk perforce, and almost fell.

Into the prince's cheek red anger flew,

And burn'd and sparkled in his eyes a hell,

And from the visor shot forth glance of fire

Mixt with the noise of teeth that gnash'd with ire.

XLIII.

The treach'rous Pagan now no more sustains

E'en the mere sight of fury thus express'd :

He hears the sword hiss, and amongst his veins

Already seems to have it in his breast.

He flies the stroke, which hence expends its pains

Where a pilaster yields the bridge a rest.

The chips and sparkles from it hie to heaven,

And ice into the traitor's heart is driven.

XLIV.

He flies back to the bridge, and all dismay'd
 Puts every hope of safety only in flight.
 But Tancred follows, and e'en now has laid
 Hand on his back ; foot touches foot, too, quite,
 When to the fugitive lo lofty aid !
 The lamps and every star withdraw their light,
 Nor in th' abandon'd night does e'en a ray
 Of moonlight through the lone air find its way.

XLV.

Mid gloom and cantrip wrought by wicked lore
 The victor follows not, nor sees him e'er ;
 Nor aught can spy beside him or before,
 And doubtful moves his foot with much of care.
 By chance he treads the threshold of a door
 Groping, and enters ere he is aware :
 But hears behind him then the portal sound,
 Lock'd in where gloom and foulness reign around.

XLVI.

As oft the fish to where our ocean grows
 A marsh spread out in the Comacchian bay,
 Flies from the cruel wave's impetuous blows,
 Seeking for rest where tranquil waters play,
 And thus contrives its own self to enclose
 In marshy prison, nor can escape away ;
 For that enclosure lets with wondrous art
 All enter freely, but not one depart :

XLVII.

Thus Tancred (that extraordinary fort
 Was laid out with such method and chicane)
 Unled went in, and found him in a court
 Whence none could extricate himself again.
 With sturdy hand he loudly shook the port,
 But all his efforts were put forth in vain.
 Meanwhile he hears a voice cry : " From this hall
 Thou vainly would'st escape, Armida's thrall !

XLVIII.

" Here in a living tomb (all fear abate
 Of instant death) thy days and years shall flow."
 The knight responds not, but keeps down a weight,
 Profound within his heart, of groans and woe.
 And to himself accuses Love, and Fate,
 His own great folly, and some treach'rous foe ;
 And in these silent words his thoughts then run :
 " The loss may be but light to lose the sun :

XLIX.

“But ah ! the sweeter sight have I resign’d
Of lovelier sun, and know not if I e’er
Shall hence return to where my mournful mind
May in those amorous rays cast off its care.”
Thoughts of Argante then come worse behind ;
“Too much I’ve fail’d,” he cries, “in duty there ;
And well may he heap on me scornful blame.
O my great fault ! O my eternal shame !”

L.

Thus care of love, and care of fame, infest
And gnaw the warrior’s mind in divers ways.
Now while he vexes, in a downy rest
The bold Argante joys no more, nor stays.
Such hate of peace is in his cruel breast,
Such thirst for bloodshed, and such love of praise,
That though e’en yet unheal’d his wounds appear,
He longs that the sixth morning’s dawn were here.

LI.

The fiery Pagan scarce for sleep applies
His brow to pillow the preceding night ;
And rises though so dark are still the skies
That not a ray is on the mountain height.
“Bring me my arms !” then to his squire he cries ;
Who had arrang’d and kept them ready dight.
These, not his wonted ones, had been of late
Giv’n by the monarch, and the gift is great.

LII.

He takes them, nor their texture much has ey’d ;
And seems with ease the mighty load to bear ;
He girds his wonted sabre to his side,
Time-harden’d and of temper the most rare.
As oft with horrent train, and blood-bedy’d,
A comet flashes through the parching air,
Which changes thrones, and fierce diseases brings,
A light foreboding ill to purple kings :

LIII.

So flames he forth in arms, and rolls his twisted
Ill-omen’d eye-balls drunk with blood and ire ;
His gestures breathe death not to be resisted,
And from his features threats of death expire.
No soul so assur’d and strong has e’er existed
That would not tremble at a sight so dire.
He bares his sword, and lifts and shakes the blade
With cries, and vainly strikes the air and shade.

LIV.

“This Christian robber soon,” such was his strain,
 “Who rashly will himself with me compare,
 Shall fall subdued and bleeding on the plain,
 Befouling in the dust his scatter’d hair ;
 And still alive shall see his armour ta’en
 By this my hand, spite of his God, I swear ;
 Nor shall his dying pray’rs avail to stay
 My giving to the dogs his limbs a prey.”

LV.

E’en thus the bull, whom jealous passion shakes
 And stings, what time love calls him from repose,
 Roars horribly, and with the roar awakes
 His spirits, and his fiery anger glows ;
 And on the trunks he whets his horn, and makes
 A challenge to the winds with empty blows,
 Beats with his foot the sand, and from afar
 Defies his rival to sharp mortal war.

LVI.

Mov’d by such rage as this, he hastes to tell
 The herald with a hoarse and broken cry :
 “Go to the camp, and to the battle fell
 Him who is Jesu’s champion there defy.”
 Then tarries he for none, but mounts in selle,
 And has his prisoner led before him nigh,
 Quits the great tow’r, and rushes down the hill
 With course precipitate and madden’d will.

LVII.

Meanwhile he blows his horn, and thence a sound
 Which rings afar comes horrible and drear ;
 And like the thunder doth its loud rebound
 Offend the ears and hearts of all who hear.
 Already are the Christian princes found
 Within that tent larger than all tents near.
 Here gave the herald his challenge, and he nam’d
 Prince Tancred first, yet none were thence disclaim’d.

LVIII.

Heavily, slowly round has Godfrey roll’d
 His eyes, with mind by much misgiving stirr’d ;
 Nor can, though much he think and gaze, behold
 One who to such a task should be preferr’d.
 There lacks the flow’r of all his warriors bold ;
 No news at all of Tancred have been heard ;
 Far off is Boemond, and exil’d doth go
 Th’ unconquer’d knight who laid Gernando low.

LIX.

And added to the ten by lot assign'd,
The prowest of the camp and first in fame
Went where Armida's treach'rous steps inclin'd,
Concealing in the silent night their aim.
The others, less robust of hand and mind,
Stand there in silence and o'erwhelm'd with shame :
And none seeks honor at a risk so dear,
For all their shame is overcome by fear.

LX.

The Captain read their horror of that strife
In their mute lips, their looks, and all their shows,
And, with a gen'rous indignation rife,
He suddenly from where he sat arose,
And said : " Unworthy should I be of life
If now my life I scrupled to expose,
Suffering a Pagan in a mode so base
To trample on the honor of our race.

LXI.

" Let my camp sit in peace, and view, secure
And idle here, my peril gladly sought.
Up, up, give me my arms ! " And they procure
That in an instant shall his arms be brought.
But the good Raymond, who in age mature
Was equally mature in wisest thought,
And with still verdant force equal'd in worth
All those around, advancing then stepp'd forth ;

LXII.

And turning tow'rd him said : " Ah ! 'tis not right
That all the camp be stak'd upon one throw.
Thou art our leader, not a simple knight ;
And public, and not private, tears would flow.
On thee the Faith rests, and the realm of light ;
By thee may Babel's kingdom be laid low.
Work thou with wisdom and the sceptre alone ;
By us the steel be us'd, and courage shown.

LXIII.

" And this, although by weight of years annoy'd
And made to stoop, I never will refuse.
Let others the fatigues of war avoid,
Me shall old age not even yet excuse.
O that my early vigour I enjoy'd
Like you who now are struck with fear, and choose
To stand there all unmov'd by wrath or shame
'Gainst him who taunts you, and enjoys the game !

LXIV.

“ And like what once I was when in the view
 Of Germany, while at the court as guest
 Of Conrad, second of that name, I slew
 The fiery Leopold, having op'd his breast.
 And 'twas a brighter feat of valour true
 To spoil a man so strong of iron vest,
 Than if unarm'd, unaided, one should chase
 A numerous troop of this ignoble race.

LXV.

“ Did but that might, that blood in me remain,
 Already had I chang'd this proud one's cheer.
 But whatsoe'er I am, my spirits wane
 No jot, nor, though an old man, know I fear :
 And if I tarry lifeless on the plain,
 The Pagan's victory shall cost him dear.
 I long to arm : be this the day to cast
 Fresh honors over all my lustres past !”

LXVI.

Thus speaks the grand old man : like spurs acute
 His words arouse the valour of each knight.
 Those who at first were timorous and mute
 Have now their tongue made bold and nimbly light.
 Nor merely shun they not the fierce dispute,
 But many ask it now with all their might.
 Baldwin demands it, Guelph and Roger rise,
 Stephen and Gernier, and both the Guys,

LXVII.

And Pyrrhus, he who took by famous guile
 For Boemond Antioch's town and all its store ;
 And Rosmond seeks it eagerly meanwhile,
 And Everard and Ralph, who had come o'er
 From Britain, Scotland, and Ierne's isle,
 Realms parted from our world by ocean's roar :
 While Edward, and Gildippe, lovers true
 And spouses, also for that honor sue.

LXVIII.

But all these does the fierce old man surpass
 In ardour, which is visible in his face.
 He's arm'd already, and his helm's bright mass
 Alone of all his gear now lacks its place.
 To him says Godfrey : “ O thou living glass
 Of ancient valour, upon thee our race
 Should gaze and learn true virtue ; in thee still
 Shine martial honor, discipline, and skill.

LXLIX.

“ O that of worth equal to thine were found
In youthful age ten more among the host,
Then should I raze proud Babel to the ground,
And wave the Cross o’er every distant coast.
But yield, I pray now, and for more renown’d
And age-befitting task give up this post,
And suffer that the names of all beside
Be plac’d in a small urn, and chance decide ;

LXX.

“ Or rather God decide, who assigns their task
To Fate and Fortune, bidding them awaken.”
But Raymond persever’d, nor ceas’d to ask
That with the rest his name be also taken.
Godfrey collects the scrolls within his casque,
And after he had lifted it, and shaken,
On the first scroll extracted from the crowd
The name of Count Toulouse was read aloud.

LXXI.

His name in shouts of joy rang through the place,
And the issue of the lot was blam’d by none.
He with fresh vigour fills his front and face ;
And seems as if his youth again were won,
Like the fierce snake which wrapt in its new case
Flames forth with gold, and glistens in the sun.
But more than others does he Chief applaud,
Foretell his victory, and give him laud.

LXXII.

Ungirding then his own sword from his side,
And tow’rd him holding it, he thus exclaim’d :
“ This is the sword which was in battle plied
By the Frank rebel, him of Saxony nam’d,
Which I took from him ; and I took beside
His life which had by many a crime been sham’d.
Wield this with which I ever won the bay,
And may it prosper so with thee to-day.”

LXXIII.

Meanwhile that proud one chafes at the long space
Thus interpos’d, and threatens them, and cries :
“ O matchless men, O Europe’s martial race,
’Tis but one man who all of you defies.
Let Tancred come who seem’d so fierce in face,
If on his valour he so much relies :
Or will he stretch’d on plumes await, perchance,
For what avail’d him once, the night’s advance ?

LXXIV.

“Let other come, if he be smit with fear ;
 Come troop by troop at once, on foot, on steed ;
 Since among all the myriad squadrons here
 None dares alone with me in battle plead.
 The sepulchre of Mary’s Son, so near,
 Ye can descry ; then thither why not speed ?
 Why not perform your vows ? The pathway see ;
 How can your swords demand a grander plea ?”

LXXV.

With taunts like these th’ atrocious Paynim smites
 His foes as with a lash that drinks the gore ;
 But more than all the rest that voice excites
 Raymond who can endure the shame no more :
 His valour goaded mounts to greater heights,
 And whets itself on anger’s roughest ore ;
 So that, delay cut short, he mounts his steed
 Nam’d Aquiline from its exceeding speed.

LXXVI.

Upon the Tagus was the courser bred,
 Where th’ eager mother of the warlike herd,
 What time the sweet love-breathing Spring has shed
 The natural wish, and all her heart is stirr’d,
 With mouth wide open tow’rd the breezes spread,
 Drinks in the seeds (such marvels are averr’d)
 O’ the fertile wind, and from its tepid blast
 She greedily conceives, and teems at last.

LXXVII.

And thou would’st say this Aquiline was foal’d
 O’ the lightest air that breathes in all Heav’n’s bound,
 Whether so swift as not to’ indent the mould
 Thou seest him stretch his course along the ground,
 Or mark’st his steps, too nimble to be told,
 Turn to the right and left in narrow round.
 The Count on such a courser seated now
 Moves to th’ assault, and turns to Heaven his brow :

LXXVIII.

“O Lord, who didst direct in Elah’s vale
 Against profane Goliah weapons rude,
 Whence he whose slaught’ring hand made Israel quail
 Was slain by the first stone of stripling crude ;
 Cause Thou this felon, and renew the tale,
 By me to fall here smitten and subdued ;
 And let weak age now beat down pride accurst,
 E’en as weak childhood beat it down there erst.”

LXXIX.

Thus did the Count with calm devotion pray.

His pray'rs, assur'd by faith to' attain their end,
Forth to the heav'nly spheres upwing their way,

As flames by their own nature upward tend.

They reach'd th' Eternal Sire ; and mid th' array

Of His arm'd host He chose one to defend

His champion, and withdraw him safe, and grand

With vict'ry, from that bad blasphemer's hand.

LXXX.

The angel whom high Providence had made

Good Raymond's chosen guardian long ago,

E'en from the day when first a babe he play'd

The pilgrim's part in this our world below,

Now that anew the Heavenly Ruler bade

Him bear the weight of saving him from foe,

Mounted a lofty rock, the spacious post

Where the' arms are stor'd of all th' angelic host.

LXXXI.

Here is the spear by which the Serpent dread

Lay smitten ; here are darts of thunder grand ;

And those, invisible to men, which spread

Dark pests and other evils o'er the land ;

Here hangs the trident lifted high o'erhead,

Prime terror to the wretched human band,

Whene'er it shakes the huge earth's cavern'd hall,

And with a stroke makes lofty cities fall.

LXXXII.

And here too flash'd, with other armour blended,

A shield with brightest adamant incas'd,

Ample to hide what tribes and lands extended

'Twixt Atlas and the steep Caucasian waste ;

Just princes, too, are wont to be defended

By this, and cities which are holy and chaste.

This did the angel take ; and with it hied

To Raymond secretly, nor left his side.

LXXXIII.

Meanwhile a various crowd at break of day

Had lin'd the walls, and by the king's command

Clorinda with her following stops midway

Upon the hill, nor further moves her band.

On the other side drawn up in good array,

Some squadrons of the Christian army stand :

So that betwixt the camps there shall remain

A broad field vacant for the champions twain.

LXXXIV.

Argante look'd and could no Tancred see,
But some new knight of unfamiliar air.
The Count advanc'd, and "Happily for thee,"
Exclaim'd he, "whom thou seekest is elsewhere.
Yet grow not haughty, for thou seest here me
Prepar'd thine utmost might again to dare;
For rightly in his stead am I preferr'd,
Or I may claim to come here as the third."

LXXXV.

At this the proud one smil'd, and then replied :
"What then does Tancred? Whither is he flown?
He threatens the skies with arms and then must hide,
Confiding in his rapid steps alone!
But let him seek the centre and mid tide,
For he is safe in no place which is known."
"Thou liest," said the' other, "saying such a knight
Has fled from thee, who excels thee far in might."

LXXXVI.

The Paynim foam'd and cried: "To the lists' end
Begone, since I accept thee in his stead;
And 'twill be soon seen how thou canst defend
The folly which thy tongue has rashly shed."
Thus to the joust they move them, and both bend
Alike their horrid strokes against the head:
And Raymond hits exact th' intended spot,
Yet does not shake him in his seat one jot.

LXXXVII.

From th' other side Argante had career'd,
And, fault in him unwonted, all in vain;
For the protecting angel swiftly veer'd
The stroke aside, and sav'd his charge from bane.
The savage bit his lips with fury smear'd,
And broke his spear, blaspheming, on the plain;
Then drew his sword and against Raymond flew,
Impetuous for th' encounter to ensue;

LXXXVIII.

His charger like a ram that butts in fight
With downward head, straight on came rushing fast.
Raymond, to shun the onset, tow'rd the right
Inclin'd his course, and struck his brow, and pass'd.
Once more on him return'd th' Egyptian knight,
But he escap'd this movement like the last,
And caught him on the helm, yet vainly ever,
For nought that adamantine helm could sever.

LXXXIX.

But the fierce Pagan who desir'd to try
A narrower strife, clos'd on him at a bound.
The other who fear'd that weight so vast and high
Would bear him and his courser to the ground,
Here yields, and there assaults, and seems to fly,
Encircling with a wheeling war around :
And his fleet steed obeys the lightest rein,
Nor ever makes a false step on the plain.

XC.

As one who doth besiege a soaring tow'r
Plac'd among marshes, or on lofty mount,
Tries every access, every way doth scour,
And plies each art ; so wheels the gallant Count :
And since to crush one scale is past his pow'r
O' th' arms that line his breast and haughty front,
He strikes the weaker plates, and for his blade
Seeks out a path where steel to steel is laid.

XCI.

And two or three points now are pierc'd and bare,
And through them let the warm red lifeblood stray ;
Yet his own arms are still intact and fair,
Unshorn of crest, nor aught in disarray.
Argante foams in vain, and beats the air,
And throws his anger and his strength away,
Nor yet is wearied, but, redoubling still
His cuts and thrusts, wins strength from aiming ill.

XCII.

Among the thousand strokes o' the Paynim's blade,
At last one fell, and had so nearly avail'd,
That scarce could fleetest Aquiline evade
Its fury, and beneath it might have quail'd.
But him the watchful and invisible aid
Of that supernal guardian now not fail'd,
Who stretch'd his arm out, and the stroke was driven
Full on the adamant of the shield of Heaven.

XCIII.

Then breaks the steel (for earthly weapon, sent
From mortal forge, is powerless to withstand
The armour incorruptible and unblent
Of Heav'n's own work) and falls upon the sand.
The Paynim, who observes the fragments rent
So small, believes not what his eyes have scann'd :
Then marvels, finding his own hand left bare,
How the' other champion can have arms so rare.

XCIV.

And that his sword was broken he believ'd
Upon the shield with which his foe was fended.
Good Raymond thought himself too thus repriev'd,
Not knowing yet who had from Heav'n descended :
But notwithstanding this, when he perceiv'd
The foe disarm'd, he stay'd in doubt suspended,
For vile he deem'd the spoil, the palm but low,
Won at such great advantage from the foe.

XCV.

"Get thee another sword," he fain would call,
When in his heart a new thought made him pause ;
That much 'twould shame his friends were he to fall
Who was defender of the public cause.
He thus nor likes to win renown so small,
Nor trust the general good to chance's laws.
While thus he doubts, Argante hurls the base
And pommel of the sword against his face.

XCVI.

And at the same time pricks his steed of war,
And rushes on to grapple with the foe.
The stroke, thus launch'd, upon the helm doth jar,
And bruises the Tolosan's face below.
But he, no wit dismay'd, flies off afar
From the strong arm stretch'd with no friendly show,
And wounds the hand which fiercer than the clasp
Of paw or talon spreads itself to grasp.

XCVII.

From this part o'er to that with sudden starts
He wheels, and back from that to this again,
And ever, both when he returns and parts,
Deals out a cruel stroke which leaves a stain.
Whate'er he had of strength, whate'er of arts,
Whate'er could recent anger, old disdain,
He now combines to make the Paynim rue,
And with him Heav'n conspires, and Fortune too.

XCVIII.

With finest arms, and with himself array'd,
That other meets the blows and never quails ;
Like a tall ship on troubled ocean sway'd,
Now rudderless, with broken spars and sails,
Which having sides tenaciously inlaid
With beams robust, and clench'd with heavy nails,
To the tempestuous billow does not bare
Its yawning flanks, nor even yet despair.

XCIX.

Such perils around thee now, Argante, crowd ;
When Belzebub resolves to aid thy plight.
He fram'd a filmy shade from hollow cloud
In fashion of a man, a wondrous sight !
And like Clorinda beautiful and proud
He shap'd it, with her armour rich and bright :
He gave it speech, and without mind bestow'd
The known sound of her voice, her air, and mode.

C.

At once to Oradine the phantom hied
An archer for his marvellous skill admir'd,
And said : " O Oradine, who mak'st to glide
The shafts at pleasure to the mark desir'd,
Grave loss 'twere if a knight of merit so tried,
Judæa's brave defender, thus expir'd,
And if his foe, deck'd with the spoils thus earned,
In perfect safety to his own returned.

CI.

" Prove here thine art on yon Frank thief ; arise,
And let thy shafts, athirst for blood, take wing.
Beside th' eternal fame, expect a prize
Meet for such action from the courteous king."
Thus speaks it, and the other soon complies
When on his ear the words of promise ring.
He takes out of his quiver's goodly show
An arrow, fits it, and then bends the bow.

CII.

Twangs the tight string, and onward unrestrain'd
Speeds the plum'd bolt through air with hissing flight,
And strikes upon the belt just where retain'd
By clasps of silver, and divides them quite.
It bores the mail, and, scarcely blood-bestain'd,
Stops there and gives the skin a wound but slight,
The heav'nly warrior suff'ring not its course
Beyond that point, and quelling the blow's force.

CIII.

The Count drew from his mail the arrowy lance,
And saw some drops of blood forth issuing there,
And with loud shames, and threat'ning countenance,
Rebuk'd the Pagan for that act unfair.
The Captain, who had never turn'd his glance
From his beloved Raymond, now was ware
The pact was brok'n; and as the wound appea r'd
Severe to him, he sigh'd at it, and fear'd.

CIV.

And rous'd with front and tongue his people proud,
 To have a wrong so foul at once redress'd.
 Lo ! ev'ry visor drops and clanks aloud,
 The reins are loos'd, and spears are laid in rest,
 And in one instant several squadrons crowd
 From that part and from this with fiery zest ;
 The lists are lost, and see the dust arise
 In globes opaque, and roll up to the skies.

CV.

Of smitten helms and shields, of broken spears,
 At the onset a loud rumour spreads around ;
 Here falls a steed, and there another rears,
 And flies without a rider o'er the ground :
 Here lies a warrior slain ; there one appears
 Expiring ; and another's groans resound.
 Fierce is the fight, and as it grows more near
 And blends, it wider grows and more severe.

CVI.

Into the midst Argante, loos'd, has flown
 And from a knight has snatch'd an iron mace,
 And bursting through the crowds now denser grown,
 He whirls it round and makes him a large space,
 And seeks but Raymond, and tow'rd him alone
 He turns the steel and his revengeful face,
 And seems like famish'd wolf to long to gnaw
 His entrails, and thus sate his ravenous maw.

CVII.

But hard impediment in his pathway lies,
 And fierce assaults to slack his course ensue ;
 Orman is found before him, one of the Guys,
 Roger of Barneville, and the Gerards two.
 Nor yields, nor slacks he, yea, the more defies,
 The more those brave men stop his bursting through ;
 Like fire which pent within the smould'ring wall
 Bursts forth, and makes the lofty ruin fall.

CVIII.

Orman he slays, wounds Guy, and to the ground
 Beats Roger sick and languid mid the slain.
 But 'gainst him swells the throng and locks him round
 With men and arms, a fiercely bristling chain.
 While both the nations, thanks to him, were found
 To combat with an equal loss and gain,
 The good duke Bouillon calls his brother nigh,
 And cries : " Now forward with thy squadron hie ;

CIX.

“And where thou seest the battle deadliest gleam
On the left side thither to charge them go.”
Off moves he, and the shock is so extreme
With which in flank he rushes on the foe,
That weak and frail the people of Asia seem,
Nor can sustain the Frank’s impetuous blow,
Which breaks their ranks, and with their steeds are thrust
The knights and pennons down into the dust.

CX.

The right wing by the charge so bravely led
Is routed, and now no defence is made,
Save by Argante, all whose people fled
With loosen’d rein, precipitate and dismay’d.
He alone shows his front, and stays his tread,
Nor one whose hundred hands and arms had sway’d
At once full fifty swords and fifty shields
Could have surpass’d him on those bloody fields.

CXI.

Rapiers, and maces, and the forces blent
Of spear and steed, sustains he; and to deal
With all seems equal, though no aid be lent,
And now on this, now that, he hurls the steel.
His limbs are bruis’d, his arms are foul’d and rent,
He pours out sweat and blood, nor seems to feel.
But press’d and jostled by the gathering throng,
He is turn’d at last, and with them borne along.

CXII.

He turns his back upon the floods that rise
To bear and waft him on their surge away;
Yet step nor heart has he of one who flies,
If hearts are seen in what the hands assay.
He still preserves the terrors of his eyes,
Which all their wonted threats and rage display:
And seeks with every effort to restrain
The crowd of fugitives, but all in vain.

CXIII.

That great one cannot e’en retard their flight,
Nor gather them together for a stand,
For neither skill nor rein have pow’r o’er fright,
Which lists not here to pray’r, nor to command.
The pious Bouillon, seeing with delight,
His schemes all favour’d now by Fortune bland,
Sped gladly onward whither Vict’ry drew,
And to the victors sent forth aid anew.

CXIV.

And were it not that this was not the hour
 Which God had writ in His eternal scroll,
 E'en now the camp which foe ne'er made to cow'r
 Had summ'd its holy toils and reach'd the goal.
 But here th' infernal troop who saw their pow'r
 Fall in that conflict, finding no control
 Plac'd on such action, instantly compress'd
 The air in clouds, and mov'd the wind from rest.

CXV.

The day and sun are snatch'd by a dark veil
 From mortal eyes ; the heav'n appears to blaze,
 Though blacker than Hell's horror shades prevail,
 So quick with flash on flash the lightning plays :
 The thunders roar ; down rushes the sharp hail,
 Beats on the fields, and floods the sylvan ways :
 The whirlwind rends the boughs, and seems to shock
 Not sturdy oak alone, but hill and rock.

CXVI.

At once the hail, the tempest, and the blast,
 Impetuous smite the Franks upon the eyes ;
 At violence so unforeseen aghast,
 They stop, and in them deadly fears arise.
 A few, collected, stand a moment fast
 Where, though they see it not, the banner flies ;
 But here Clorinda nigh, seizes with speed
 The time thus opportune, and spurs her steed.

CXVII.

She cries aloud : " For us, my friends, doth Heaven
 Itself contend, and Justice gives us aid ;
 Our faces by its anger are unriven,
 Nor is our right hand thence at all delay'd ;
 And only are its blows indignant driven
 Against the front of yonder foe dismay'd.
 Them with its arms it shakes ; from them doth hide
 Its light. Then on ! for Fate is now your guide ! "

CXVIII.

Thus urges she her troops ; and as the blows
 Of hellish rage but on her shoulder light,
 Against the Franks with horrid charge she goes,
 And scorns the idle strokes with which they smite.
 Argante now, too, turning on his foes
 Once victors puts them into evil plight.
 These quit the field, and routed turn at last
 Their backs upon the steel and icy blast.

CXIX.

Both earthly swords, and heav'nly vengeance dread,
Beat on their shoulders as they scour the plain ;
And the blood flows and makes the pathways red,
Commingled with the streams of mighty rain.
Here mid the crowds of dying and of dead
Fall Pyrrhus, and good Ralph beside him, slain ;
This by the fierce Circassian is struck down ;
From that Clorinda wins a large renown.

CXX.

Thus fly the Franks ; and to pursue the chase
Neither the Syrians nor the Demons fail.
Alone against the crowding brand and mace,
And 'gainst each threat of thunder, wind, and hail,
Doth Godfrey turn his never-shrinking face,
Rebuking sternly all the chiefs who quail :
And reining at the gate his charger grand,
He gathers in the trench his scatter'd band.

CXXI.

And twice against Argante's self he made
His horse career, and twice he thrust him back.
At other times he rush'd with naked blade
Into the thickest of the foe's attack.
At last he drew within the palisade
With all the rest, and victory grew slack.
The Saracens then return'd, and the Franks stay'd
Within the trench, o'erwearied and dismay'd.

CXXII.

Nor fully e'en this shelter'd spot avails
To screen them from the horrid storms that bray ;
But now this torch is quench'd ; now that one fails ;
And waters rush throughout, and whirlwinds play.
These rip the cloth to tatters, break the pales,
Pluck up whole tents, and whirl them far away.
The rain makes with the cries, the winds, the thunder,
A horrid music stunning the world under.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

A knight, the only one who 'scap'd unslain
 Of many heroes, to Duke Godfrey hies
 With doleful tidings of the generous Dane,
 Who strives for fame, and wins death as his prize.
 The Latin troops then crediting the vain
 Persuasion which had sprung from false surmise,
 Bewail Rinaldo dead, and burn with fire,
 But Bouillon quells the riot, calms their ire.

I.

THE thunders and the storms had now pass'd by,
 The blasts from West and North no longer roll'd,
 And Dawn came from her mansion in the sky
 With rosy forehead and with feet of gold.
 But those who first had wak'd the storms on high
 Had not abandon'd yet their arts of old ;
 Yea, one of them, and Ashtaroth she was named,
 To her co-mate Alecto thus exclaimed :

II.

“ Behold, Alecto, yonder comes the knight,
 Nor have we pow'r, alas ! to bar his way,
 Who has escap'd alive from the fell spite
 Of him who is our empire's sov'reign stay.
 He, telling to the Franks the cruel plight
 Of his brave chief and comrades, will display
 Momentous things, whence we may well be' appalled
 Lest Bertold's dreaded son should be recalled.

III.

“ Thou know'st what this imports, and if 'twere meet
 With force and fraud at once to interpose.
 Seek, then, the Franks, and all he shall repeat
 For their advantage, turn thou into woes.
 Spread poison in their veins, and blast with heat
 Latin, Swiss, Briton, all our hateful foes :
 Move wraths and tumults, and the work so crown
 That the whole camp at last go upside down.

IV.

“The work becomes thee, and in lofty tone
Thou vauntedst of it to our lord erewhile.”
Thus spake she, and so much suffic'd alone
To make the fiend attempt a scheme so vile.
Meanwhile the knight whose coming had been shown
Had reach'd the Christians' trench after long toil,
And said to them : “Let some one, I entreat,
Conduct me, warriors, to your Chieftain's seat.”

V.

Large escort had he to the grander tent,
For much they long'd to hear the pilgrim's tale.
He bow'd him lowly down, and reverent
Would kiss the hand which made proud Babel quail ;
Then said he : “Sire, whose fame is only pent
By the deep ocean and the starry pale,
Would that I came to thee with gladder news !”
Here sighs he, and his message thus pursues :

VI.

“Sweno, the king of Denmark's only son,
Support and glory of his declining age,
Desir'd among the many to be one
Who, following thee, in Jesus' cause engage :
Nor toils nor perils to be undergone,
Nor lust to reign, nor pity for his sage
And tottering father could avail to wrest
That noble passion from his generous breast.

VII.

“Desire to learn the art of war from thee,
So great a master, urg'd him forth to' endure
Its toils and dangers, and in some degree
He felt disdain of his own fame obscure,
Hearing Rinaldo's name o'er land and sea
With glory already in green age mature :
But more than by aught else by zeal for Heaven
And heav'nly praise, not earthly, was he driven.

VIII.

“He took a troop (all loitering cut short)
Of chosen comrades whom no fears could tame,
And turn'd tow'rd Thrace, and to the capital fort,
Great seat from which the Empire spreads its frame.
Here the Greek Cæsar welcom'd him at court :
Here then arriv'd a courier in thy name,
Who told him in a converse much extended
How Antioch had been ta'en, and then defended

IX.

“Against the Persian who had led a host,
To give you siege, so large and well array’d,
That void of arms and habitants almost
It seem’d his mighty kingdom must be laid.
He spake of thee ; of others made some boast,
Till coming to Rinaldo, on him he stay’d :
Told of his venturous flight, and what since then
He had achiev’d of glorious among men.

X.

“He added lastly how the Franks prepare
To make their grand assault on yonder gates ;
And then invited him at least to share
That victory, the last left by the fates.
This speech to fiery Sweno’s side all bare
Is such a spur that every hour he waits
Seems a whole lustre ere amid the foe
He swings the sword and makes the life-blood flow.

XI.

“He feels another’s praise ring on his ear
To chide his sloth ; and hence himself he gnaws,
And either listens not, or does not hear,
Whoe’er advises or entreats a pause.
No risk he fears except the not being near
To share in thy grand risks and thine applause.
This seems to him a dreadful peril alone,
Others he sees not, or contemns when shown.

XII.

“He hurries his own fate with eager quest,
Fate that leads him, and drags us down the stream :
Hence for departure he can hardly rest
Until the dawn unfold its earliest beam.
The shortest way is chosen as the best ;
Such is it in our lord and chief’s esteem :
Nor seeks he to avoid the worst defiles,
Nor lands expos’d to hostile force and wiles.

XIII.

“Now did we meet with hunger, hard to’ endure,
Now with hard path, with frauds, with force avow’d ;
But through all ills we found a pathway sure,
And slew or put to flight each hostile crowd.
Our victories had made each man secure
In dangers, and good fortune made us proud ;
When one day we encamp’d us upon ground
Not far from Palestine’s long-sought-for bound.

XIV.

“ Here by piquets of ours the news was brought
That near them a loud clash of arms had rung,
And flags in sight, and other signs, had taught
That close at hand a countless army hung.
Our dauntless leader never chang'd his thought,
His hue, his look, nor accent of his tongue,
Though there were many who at that dread tale
Tinted their cheek with colour deadly pale.

XV.

“ But he exclaims : ‘ At last then have we near
Either the martyr’s or the victor’s crown !
This most I hope, but that is not less dear,
In merit greater, equal in renown.
This camp, O brothers, where we now appear,
Shall be a sacred temple handed down
For aye, in which posterity shall show
Our tombs or trophies with triumphant glow.’

XVI.

“ This said, his guards he hastens to dispose,
To’ assign their tasks, and their fatigues divide.
He bids us all lie down in arms, nor throws
His own accoutrements or mail aside.
It was the hour of night at which repose
And silence to the world are least denied,
When barbarous cries were heard which seem’d to swell
Far up tow’rd Heav’n, and down th’ abyss of Hell.

XVII.

“ ‘ To arms ! to arms ! ’ they cried. In arms inwrap
Then Sweno foremost to the battle flew,
His gleaming eyes with inspiration rapt,
His face inflam’d and ting’d with valour’s hue.
And now were we assaulted and intrapp’d
On all sides by a multitudinous crew ;
And groves of swords and spears were bristling round,
And clouds of darts fell o’er us with a stound.

XVIII.

“ In the unequal fight since those who attack
Are twenty to but one, many of these
Are wounded, and by blind and random hack
In the dark air many are slain with ease ;
But the whole tale of sick and dead mid black
Obscuring shadows not one person sees :
The night conceals our losses, and conceals
The slaughter round us which our valour deals.

XIX.

“ Yet Sweno lifts his front so high mid all,
That he is easily mark'd by those around ;
And even in the dusk his deeds appal
Whoe'er beholds them, and exceed all bound.
A stream of blood, a heap of foes that fall,
Construct around him a huge trench and mound :
He seems to carry terror in his eyes,
Death in his hand, whitherso'er he hies.

XX.

“ Thus was the battle fought till dawn arose,
And scatter'd o'er the sky the rosy ray :
But when the horror of the night, which throws
A mantle o'er death's horror, pass'd away,
The wish'd-for light, revealing all our woes,
And grievous loss, added to our dismay ;
For corpse on corpse was heap'd, and on the sand
Lifeless beheld we almost all our band.

XXI.

“ Of full two thousand not five score remain.
Now when so much of blood and death he spies,
I know not if the piteous sight give pain
To his firm heart, or deep emotion rise,
But nought he shows : yea, in a louder strain,
' Follow we now our brave co-mates,' he cries,
' Who up tow'rd Heav'n, far from the lakes of Hell,
Have left a bloody track to guide us well.'

XXII.

“ He spake, and glad, I do believe, in heart
At death's approach, as he seem'd glad in air,
He bore against barbaric sword and dart
A constant breast which never felt despair.
No metal, temper'd with the finest art,
Of adamant, still less of steel, could bear
The savage blows which made him flood the ground ;
And his whole body is become one wound.

XXIII.

“ That corpse, untameable and savage, lacks
Of life, but valour upholds it as before.
Smitten, he smites again, and never slacks ;
But still the more assail'd, he strikes the more.
When him, behold ! a mighty man attacks
One fierce in mien, with fury boiling o'er,
Who after long and desp'rate strife, with vast
Support from numbers, beats him down at last.

XXIV.

“Th’ unconquer’d youth falls, ah ! event deplor’d !
Nor one among us can avenge his fall.
On thee as witness, blood of my dear lord,
Well shed, and on his noble bones, I call,
That this poor life I had no wish to hoard,
Nor shunn’d I steel, nor shunn’d the stroke at all :
And had Heav’n pleas’d that I should die thus soon
Upon that spot, my deeds had earn’d the boon.

XXV.

“Among my slain companions I alone
Fell living ; none perchance thought life remain’d :
Nor of the foe by me can aught be shown,
In such a stupor was my sense detain’d.
But when the light returning had been thrown
Upon mine eyes so long in darkness chain’d,
Methought ’twas night, and to my wav’ring glance
I saw the rays from a small fire advance.

XXVI.

“Too feeble to discern what objects rose
Before me, and their fix’d impression keep,
I saw like those who open now, now close,
Their eyes, betwixt awaking and asleep :
And then the anguish from the cruel blows
Began to grow more troublesome and deep,
Night airs and frost inflaming every wound
Beneath the open sky on the bare ground.

XXVII.

“Meanwhile that light came nearer and more near,
And with it a mute whisper, till at my side
It plac’d itself close to mine eye and ear.
Then, though with pain, to raise my lids I tried,
And saw two forms in flowing robes appear,
Holding two lamps, who said to me : ‘Confide,
My son, in Him who for the good prepares
Meet help, and with His grace prevents their pray’rs.’

XXVIII.

“So spake he to me, and he then held out
His hand above me, as in the’ act to bless,
And murmur’d forth in tones low and devout,
Words then scarce heard, and understood e’en less.
Then ‘Rise !’ exclaim’d he, and I, light and stout,
Rise up and from my wounds have no distress,
(O gentle miracle !) yea, seem to feel
Through all my members a new vigour steal.

XXIX.

“ Stupid I ey’d them, nor could yet recall
To my scar’d mind the certain and the true.
Whence one of them : ‘ O thou, whose faith is small,
Why doubt ; what phantom do thy thoughts pursue ?
That which thou seest in us is substance all ;
Servants are we of Jesus, who eschew
The flatt’ring world and its deception sweet,
And live here in a rough and lone retreat.

XXX.

“ ‘ Me has that Lord who through creation reigns
Elected for thy safety to provide ;
Since by ignoble means he not disdains
To’ achieve effects most wonderful and wide.
Nor would He leave neglected those remains
Which once to soul so worthy were allied,
And which immortal made, and quick to’ ascend,
And shining, must rejoin it in the end.

XXXI.

“ ‘ Sweno’s remains, I say, to which shall rise
A tomb proportion’d to his valorous worth,
Which shall be gaz’d at by admiring eyes
And honor’d to remotest age on earth.
But lift thy glance now to the spangled skies
And mark yon star which like a sun shines forth ;
This shall conduct thee with its living rays
To where the corpse of thy great leader stays.’

XXXII.

“ And then beheld I streaming down a ray
From that fair torch, yea, that nocturnal sun,
Which straight to where the mighty body lay
Seem’d like a golden pencil line to run ;
And o’er it made such brilliant splendours play
That all its gashes sparkled forth and shone :
And instantly I knew it, where, alas !
It lay amid a bloody and horrid mass.

XXXIII.

“ He lay, not prone, say ; but, as if he yearn’d
Unceasingly to reach the starry height,
Straight tow’rd the skies he kept his features turn’d,
Like one who thither long’d to take his flight.
One hand was clos’d, and in it was discern’d
The sword hard-grasp’d, and ’twas in act to smite :
The other on his breast in lowly guise
Appear’d to ask for pardon from the skies.

XXXIV.

“ While I bedew’d his wounds with my sad plaint,
Yet could not vent the grief that sight had bred,
His clos’d right hand was open’d by the saint
Who, drawing forth the sword it clung to, said :
‘ This which has made so many foes to faint
With loss of blood this day, and still is red,
Thou know’st is perfect, and perchance no blade
Surpassing it in worth was ever made.

XXXV.

“ “ Whence Heav’n decrees that if death’s early smart
Rends it from him who first upheld its weight,
It shall not idly tarry in this part,
But pass from one hand to another as great,
Which shall employ it with like force and art,
But for a longer time, with happier fate,
And take with it, what it should justly gain,
Revenge on him who slew the royal Dane.

XXXVI.

“ “ Solyman slew Sweno, and by Sweno’s brand
’Tis meet and just that Solyman should fall.
Then take it, and go where the Christian band
Is seated around Sion’s lofty wall.
Nor fear that, while thou travell’st o’er a land
Unknown, new hindrance will e’en yet befall,
For His right hand who sends thee will remove
Harms from thy path, and guard thee with His love.

XXXVII.

“ “ His will ’tis that thy voice from out the dead,
By Him preserv’d in life, should there record
The piety, the worth, the valour dread,
Which thou hast seen in thy beloved lord ;
That others too may cross their arms with red,
Arous’d by his example and reward ;
And now, and e’en when ages have expir’d,
Illustrious spirits may be rous’d and fir’d.

XXXVIII.

“ “ All else thou needest is that I make known
Who shall become the heir of this good brand :
Rinaldo ’tis, the youth whom all men own
Worthy the loftiest palm for courage grand.
To him present it ; say from him alone
Heav’n and the world a deep revenge demand.’
Now while I listen to his words intent,
To’ himself by a new marvel was I bent.

XXXIX.

“ For where the corpse lay, suddenly I behold
A mighty sepulchre expos'd to light,
Which seem'd as it arose the corpse to infold,
I know not how, nor by what magic sleight.
And in brief notes upon it was inscroll'd
The name and worth of the departed knight.
I could not tear me from that sight, but scann'd
The letters now, and now the marbles grand.

XL.

“ ‘ Here,’ said the sage, ‘ near many a faithful friend
The body of thy chief conceal'd shall lie,
While, rapt in love, their spirits without end
Enjoy all bliss and glory in the sky.
But, having paid them the last rites, expend
Thy tears no more ; the hour of rest is nigh :
My guest shalt thou become till new-born ray
Awaken thee to wend thine early way.’

XLI.

“ He ceas'd ; and led me on through tracks now dark,
Now lofty, where my toil of limb was vast,
Till pendent from the savage rock I mark
A hollow cave : and there we stopp'd at last ;
This is his home ; where wild beasts howl and bark,
His days are with his pupil safely pass'd ;
For better fence than shield or plated vest
Is holy innocence to naked breast.

XLII.

“ Here food of sylvan roots, and a hard bed,
Gave to my limbs refreshment and repose.
But when he saw the purple morning shed
Along the East, and golden Day unclosed,
Each hermit, watchful of his duty, sped
At once to pray'r, and with them I arose.
Then did I bid that aged saint adieu,
And took the path he told me to pursue.”

XLIII.

Here ceas'd the Dane ; the pious Chief replied :
“ O knight, thou bearest to our tented ground
Hard news and doleful, whence discomfort wide
Springs up, and reasonable fears abound ;
Since men so brave, in friendship so allied,
Brief hour has ta'en, and laid in narrow mound ;
And like the lightning's flash thy lord has shone
But for an instant only, and is gone.

XLIV.

“ And yet why grieve? Such death and loss are gain
Far more than golden treasure and broad land :
Nor ever could the ancient Roman reign
Alledge examples of a wreath so grand.
These in the temple of Heav’n, a shining train,
Hold palms immortal in their conquering hand :
There each one, I believe, in brilliant light
Shows his fair wounds and gladdens at the sight.

XLV.

“ But thou who amid toils and perils dire
In worldly warfare still art doom’d to stay,
Should’st feel their triumphs in thy heart inspire
A rapture which thy brow should aye display.
And since of Bertold’s son thou dost inquire,
Know that he wanders from the host away :
Nor can I counsel thee to dubious road,
Ere certain news be heard of his abode.”

XLVI.

Some on whose ears these words of converse fall
Feel tow’rd Rinaldo their old love again :
And, “ O, mid Pagan hordes,” one says with gall,
“ The wandering youth is sentenc’d to remain !”
Nor is there one who does not oft recall
His mighty deeds, and tell them to the Dane :
And the long cartel of his acts unroll’d
Is open’d for the stranger to behold.

XLVII.

Now when remembrance of the youth had shed
Grief o’er each heart, and left a tender wound,
Lo many were returning who had sped,
As is the wont, to pillage all around.
Along with these large flocks in droves were led
And herds of cattle from the enemy’s ground,
And corn, although not much, and hay to feed
The appetite of many a hungry steed.

XLVIII.

And these bring with them matters that betide
Some sad mischance, and seem to leave no doubt,
The vest of good Rinaldo burst and dy’d
With blood, and all his armour pierc’d throughout.
A dark and varying rumour (who could hide
Affair like this ?) was soon diffus’d about.
The vulgar, whom the mournful news alarms,
Rush forward and desire to see the arms.

XLIX.

The mighty hauberk, from its massive size
And flashing light, soon as they saw, they knew,
And all the arms mark'd with the bird which tries
Her young i' th' sun, and little trusts their hue :
For first, or sole, in every grand emprise
These ever had been wont to meet their view :
And not without deep pity and angry mood
They saw them broken now, and stain'd with blood.

L.

While murmurs fill the camp on every hand
And various causes of the death are guess'd,
The pious Godfrey summons Aliprand,
Who led the foragers in the recent quest,
A man of liberal mind, of converse bland,
And truthful ever : him he thus address'd :
“ Say how, and from what place these arms are brought,
And hide from me, of good or evil, nought.”

LI.

He answer'd : “ Far from hence as while the day
Twice passes o'er a messenger can go,
Tow'rd Gaza's confines, out of the main way,
Shut in with mountains a small plain lies low ;
And through it from aloft is seen to stray
'Twixt plant and plant a gentle brook and slow :
And tangled bush, and trees opaque in shade,
Present a spot where ambush may be laid.

LII.

“ Here while we search'd if haply we might spy
Some herd depasturing near the water's brim,
We see the corpse of a slain warrior lie
Upon the blood-stain'd grass at the stream's rim.
The arms and tracings caus'd emotion high,
For these were known though now befoul'd and dim.
On drawing near to lay the features bare,
I found the sever'd head no longer there.

LIII.

“ There lack'd too the right hand ; and many a wound
Was scor'd on the grand bust from breast to back ;
And not far off an empty helm was found
With silver eagle and with many a crack.
While for some man to question I look'd round,
A solitary peasant cross'd our track,
Who soon as he perceiv'd us come in sight
Suddenly turn'd himself, and took to flight.

LIV.

“ But when pursued and ta'en, to the demand

We made of him he finally replied,
That yesterday he saw a warrior band

Come from the forest, so he ran to hide :
And one of them had carried in his hand

A head by yellow locks which blood bedy'd :
This, as he gaz'd on it intent, appear'd
To be a youth's head, and without a beard.

LV.

“ And soon the same man wrapt it in a vest,

Or turban'd shawl, which from the saddle hung.
He added, too, that he could well attest

The knights were Christians from their speech and
I made them bare the corpse, and was distress'd [tongue.

So much that from mine eyes e'en tears were wrung ;
And bore the arms with me, and left the care
Of duly burying him to others there.

LVI.

“ But if this grand trunk be what I believe,
Then other tomb and pomp it merits well.”

This spoken, Aliprand here took his leave,
Since he had nothing more assur'd to tell.

The Chief stay'd grave, nor could a sigh not heave,
Sad and uncertain at what thus befell ;

And would identify the maimed bust
By clearer signs, and the homicide unjust.

LVII.

Meanwhile the night arose and 'neath its wings

Had cover'd all the boundless realms of air ;

And sleep, the leisure of the soul, which brings

Release from ills, had sooth'd each sense and care.

Thou, Argillan, alone, pierc'd by the stings

Of sorrow, broodest o'er some grand affair ;

Nor on thy troubled breast, nor eyelids, creep

The blessings of repose or gentle sleep.

LVIII.

This man of ready hand, and daring tongue,

And mind impetuous as the rushing tide,

Born on the banks of Trent, was, e'en when young,

Inur'd to civil strifes of hate and pride :

Then exil'd thence o'er hill and shore he flung

A sea of blood, and robb'd there far and wide,

Until to war in Asian realms he came,

And there had won himself a brighter fame.

LIX.

When dawn appears he shuts his eyes at last,
 Yet o'er his slumber dark emotions sweep ;
 Alecto wraps his heart in stupor fast,
 As grave as that which death brings, and as deep.
 Delusions o'er his inward soul are cast,
 And no repose enjoys he e'en in sleep,
 For the fell Fiend in many a horrid shape
 Comes forth to scare him, nor allows escape.

LX.

She show'd him a large bust, from which the head
 Was shorn : no hand on the right arm remained ;
 The left held up the skull-piece of the dead
 Livid with pallor and with blood bestained.
 The visage sigh'd, and, as it sigh'd, were sped
 Words with which gore and sobs were also strained :
 " Fly, Argillan, lo ! dawn is in the sky ;
 Fly these foul tents, that impious leader fly !

LXI.

" From savage Godfrey, and the deep deceit
 Which slaughter'd me, who shall assure you, friends ?
 The felon is consum'd with envy's heat,
 And to slay you, too, ponders all dark ends.
 But if this hand aspire to noble feat,
 And trust to its own valour for amends,
 Fly not ; no, let the bloodless tyrant first
 Appease my spirit with his blood accurst.

LXII.

" A shadowy minister of steel and ire
 I'll follow thee, and arm thy hand and breast."
 These are her words which, while they thrill, inspire
 His spirit with a strange and madd'ning zest.
 He breaks from sleep, and rolls his eyes on fire
 With rage and venom not to be repress'd ;
 And, arm'd e'en as he is, with haste unites
 Together all of the Italian knights.

LXIII.

Where hang the good Rinaldo's arms, meet place,
 He soon unites them, and in accents proud
 Tells his own fury and th' imagin'd case
 In words like these to irritate the crowd :
 " Shall then a barbarous and tyrannic race,
 Who scorn at reason, break the word they've vow'd,
 Whose thirst for blood and gold is never slack,
 Put bridles in our mouth, yokes on our back ?

LXIV.

“ That which of hard and shameful we have borne
These sev’n years under such unequal weight,
Is such that Italy and Rome with scorn
Will burn for centuries, and burn with hate.
I tell not how Cilicia fell, outworn
By the good Tancred’s arms and skill, of late,
And how the Frank by treason holds it now,
And Fraud usurps the wreath from Valour’s brow.

LXV.

“ I tell not how when need and time demand
The ready hand, firm thought, courageous mind,
Some one of us in front with torch and brand,
Among a thousand dead, they surely find :
But when the palms and booty mid the band
In peace and leisure come to be assign’d,
The realms, the gold, the triumphs and the fame,
Are not for us, but all of these they claim.

LXVI.

“ Time was, perchance, when such things had been thought
Both grave and strange, and deep offence would cause :
I pass them by as small, an action fraught
With horror having made them light as straws.
Rinaldo have they slain, and set at nought
The high divine as well as human laws :
And peals not Heav’n ? And does not Earth entomb
The guilt within its dark and gaping womb ?

LXVII.

They’ve slain Rinaldo, champion most renown’d,
And shield o’ the faith, yet unreveng’d he lies ;
Yes, and they left him on the naked ground
Torn and unburied there before our eyes.
And do ye wish th’ assassin to be found ?
Who cannot pierce, O friends, the thin disguise ?
Who does not know with what malignant aim
Godfrey and Baldwin glance at Latian fame ?

LXVIII.

“ But why seek arguments ? By Heav’n I swear,
By Heav’n which hears us, and which none can cheat,
That at the hour when darkness leaves the air
His sad and wand’ring spirit did I meet.
O what a cruel spectacle was there !
How Godfrey’s plots on us did he repeat !
I saw him, ’twas no dream ; where’er I gaze
I see him now ; before mine eyes he stays.

LXIX.

“ What shall we do, then ? Ought that hand to reign
 For ever o’er us which a crime so base
 Befouls e’en yet ? Or shall we shun the stain,
 And speed to where Euphrates rolls apace ?
 Where it enriches on a fertile plain
 Dense towns and cities for a feeble race ;
 Rather for us : these shall, I hope, be our’s,
 Nor with the Franks will we divide our pow’rs.

LXX.

“ Go, then ; and, if ye thus determine, make
 For high and innocent blood no vengeful claim.
 Though if your valour, fainting now, should wake,
 And sparkle, as it ought, with brighter flame,
 He who devour’d, like a pestiferous snake,
 The pride and flow’r of the Italian name,
 Should yield a goodly lesson by his fall,
 And torturing pains, to other monsters all.

LXXI.

“ I, I am willing, would your valour sway
 Your wills to work its possible behest,
 That by this hand revenge should pass to-day
 Into his impious bosom, treason’s nest.”
 So speaks he stormily ; and drags away
 In his own rage and impulse all the rest.
 “ Arms ! Arms ! ” the madman cried ; and from the young
 And proud ones round, “ Arms ! Arms ! ” in concert rung.

LXXII.

’Mong them Alecto wheels her arm’d right hand,
 And mingles in their breasts poison and fire.
 Strong passion, madness, the accurst demand
 For blood, infuriates and grows higher and higher :
 And see the pest creep onward and expand,
 And quit th’ Italian tents, and roll its ire
 Outside them to the Swiss, and thence its course
 Hies onward till it reach the English force.

LXXIII.

Nor do these different nations merely brood
 Upon the public loss, and that hard case ;
 But ancient causes yield fresh force and food
 To anger which is rais’d on recent base.
 Offences that have slept are now renew’d ;
 They call the Franks an impious tyrannous race ;
 And, in proud threats diffus’d, goes forth the hate
 Which nothing can repress now, nor abate.

LXXIV.

Thus liquid, boiling in the hollow brass
Through too much fire, gurgles and steams the more ;
And kept not in itself at length will pass
The vase's brim, and foam and bubble o'er.
Those few cannot rein in the madden'd mass
Whose minds have been illum'd by truth of yore ;
And Tancred and Camillus are afar,
And William, and the rest supreme in war.

LXXV.

Already the ferocious troops have sprung
Precipitate to arms, confus'd and dense,
Already the seditious trumpet rung
The fiercest war-notes with a sound intense.
Many meanwhile to Bouillon sped, and flung
The warning voice to arm him for defence ;
And Baldwin, ready-arm'd, with hurried stride
Preceded all, and plac'd him at his side.

LXXVI.

Hearing the charge, to Heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And flees to God, his long-accustom'd goal :
“ Lord, thou who knowest how my right hand flies
From civil blood, so hateful to my soul,
For these tear off the murky veil which lies
Athwart their mind, and all their rage control :
And let mine innocence, already known
Above, be to the blind world also shown.”

LXXVII.

He ceas'd, and felt infus'd in him by Heaven
A fresh unwonted warmth his veins among,
Full of high vigour, and bright hope new-given,
Which lit his face, and made him still more strong :
And circled by his own, he goes undriven
'Gainst those who think to' avenge Rinaldo's wrong ;
Nor, though he hear rebellowing through the place
Menace and arms, does he relax his pace.

LXXVIII.

He wears his hauberk, and o'er this assumes
A richer vest than usual ; boldly shown
Are his bare hands and face, which light illumines
Awful as that around the Heavenly throne :
He shakes his golden sceptre ; and presumes
To calm that outbreak with these arms alone.
Such is his aspect ; such his words are found,
Nor like a mortal's voice do they resound :

LXXIX.

“ What foolish threats, what empty clangours greet
 Mine ear? Who moves you to these mad careers?
 Am I thus rev'renc'd and in mode so meet
 Am known here after the long proof of years,
 That any can suspect and charge deceit
 In Godfrey, or approve the charge he hears?
 Perhaps ye deem that I shall speak you fair,
 Adduce you reasons, and put forth a pray'r?

LXXX.

“ Ah! let such insult not be heard by the' earth
 Through which the echoes of my name extend!
 Me shall this sceptre, me my deeds of worth
 Remember'd ever, me the truth defend.
 And now let justice yield, pity come forth,
 Nor o'er the guilty punishment descend.
 Pardon for other merits now receive;
 Your lives to your Rinaldo, too, I give.

LXXXI.

“ Let Argillan, sole cause of guilt, alone
 Wash with his blood the common fault away,
 Who, mov'd by light suspicion of his own,
 Led others on the path of crime astray.”
 Majestic thunder peals in every tone,
 Flashes of honor on his features play,
 Till Argillan confus'd, and beaten down,
 Fears (who can credit it?) a face's frown.

LXXXII.

And those who insolent before, and bold,
 Haughtily roar'd out all indignities,
 And who had hands so ready then to hold
 Sword, spear, and torch, and all which rage supplies,
 List mutely while his proud rebukes are roll'd,
 Nor dare 'twixt fear and shame to raise their eyes;
 And e'en endure their leader to be bound
 Although they all there stand in arms around.

LXXXIII.

The lion thus who shook with awful roar
 His horrent locks at first, savage and proud,
 If he the master see by whom of yore
 His heart's innate ferocity was bow'd,
 Can bear the yoke's ignoble weight once more,
 And dreads the hard command and menace loud;
 Nor mighty mane, huge tusks, nor claws supplied
 With store of force, can stimulate his pride.

LXXXIV.

'Tis said that in the air there stood reveal'd
In savage attitude with threat'ning mien,
A winged warrior who upheld a shield
The pious Bouillon and his foes between,
And in his hand a flashing sword he wheel'd
On which some blood that dropp'd e'en then was seen,
Perchance the blood of towns and kingdoms riven,
Which had provok'd the tardy wrath of Heaven.

LXXXV.

The tumult thus appeas'd, each lays aside
His arms, and many, too, their discontent :
And Godfrey enters his pavilion wide,
On various things and new devices bent :
For he arranges that th' assault be tried
Before the second or third day be spent ;
And goes to' inspect the beams which had been brought,
And into dread machines had now been wrought.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

Soon as the horrid night has wrapp'd the skies,
 Alecto arms the Soldan's breast with ire;
 Whence with his troops, whom Araby supplies,
 He makes the slaughter'd Christian host retire.
 But now the Fiend chas'd by God's angel flies:
 Fresh spirit do the Faithful hence acquire;
 And force the Turk at last away to ride,
 Some gallant knights arriving on their side.

I.

BUT Hell's grand imp, who sees appeas'd each breast
 Of late so turbulent, and its wrath resign'd,
 And could not butt against the Fates, nor wrest
 Aside the counsels of the changeless Mind,
 Set out; and the glad fields were dispossest'd
 Of verdure where she pass'd, and no sun shin'd:
 And, minister of other woes and spite,
 On new adventure she address'd her flight.

II.

Aware that, by the help of her allies,
 The son of Bertold, Tancred, and the most
 Robust and fear'd of th' others in the' emprise,
 Are now far distant from the Syrian coast,
 "Why loiter more? Let Solyman," she cries,
 "Unlook'd-for come, and war against their host.
 Surely, at least I hope, we shall subdue
 A camp discordant, and diminish'd too."

III.

This said, she flew to the' arm'd and wand'ring men
 With whom as leader Solyman abode,
 That Solyman than whom more savage then
 No rebel against God's dominion strode,
 Nor would do still should Earth produce again
 Her giant brood if wrong'd in some new mode.
 King of the Turks was he, and us'd to own
 The city of Nice as his imperial throne.

IV.

His realm stretch'd o'er against the Grecian shore
From Sangaris to where Mæander swells,
Where Mysians, Phrygians, Lydians dwelt of yore,
And Pontus and Bithynia spread their dells.
But when the foreign armament pass'd o'er
To Asia 'gainst the Turks and Infidels,
His lands were warr'd on ; and, compell'd to yield,
Himself was twice defeated in the field.

V.

And having vainly tried again his fate,
And been by force thrust from his native land,
He sought a shelter in th' Egyptian state,
Whose king was a magnanimous host and bland,
Pleas'd that a warrior of renown so great
Offer'd to join in his emprises grand,
For he now meant to bar the Christian host
From gaining conquests on the Syrian coast.

VI.

But ere he openly announc'd his bold
And warlike schemes against them, he was fain
That Solyman, whom he well supplied with gold
For that design, should list the Arab train.
Now while from Asia and each Moorish hold
He rais'd a host, the Turk contriv'd to gain
With little toil the greedy Arabs o'er,
Robbers and hirelings ever from of yore.

VII.

Thus made their chief, he scour'd from all around
Judea, ravaging and gathering prey,
So that he clos'd all passage o'er the ground
Which 'twixt the coast and Frankish army lay :
And still remembering his pride's old wound,
And ruinous fall of his imperial sway,
His fiery thoughts on greater counsels ran ;
Yet was he not assur'd nor fix'd in plan.

VIII.

To him Alecto comes, and wears the mien
Of one who under age's burden bends ;
No blood, much wrinkle, in the face are seen,
And from the lip, not chin, a beard extends ;
Her head wears lengthen'd rolls of linen sheen ;
Beneath the knees her flowing robe descends ;
Her side the scimitar, her shoulders show
The quiver ; in her hand she bears the bow.

IX.

"Still," she exclaims, "we scour these empty plains,
These ever barren and deserted sands,
On which no longer any prey remains,
And never honor'd palm awaits our hands :
Godfrey meanwhile with all his force enchains
The city whose batter'd wall wide open stands,
And we shall mark, if there be more delays,
E'en from this spot, the ruin and the blaze.

X.

"Are captur'd flocks and beeves and hamlets fir'd
Trophies for Solyman to boast of long ?
Is thus thy kingdom to be re-acquir'd ?
Or think'st thou thus to venge thy loss and wrong ?
Dare, dare ! by night, while in his lines retir'd,
Oppress the barbarous tyrant and his throng.
Believe thine old Araspes, whose advice
Enthron'd or exil'd, thou hast held in price.

XI.

"He nor expects, nor fears us, will despise
The Arabs naked and not brave at best ;
Nor will believe a race which robs and flies,
And dares no more, so high will lift its crest.
Yet will thy courage make their courage rise
Against a camp which lies unarm'd at rest."
Thus did she speak, and breath'd into his mind
Her burning rage, and mingled with the wind.

XII.

The warrior cries, lifting his hand to Heaven :
"O thou, who with such fury goad'st my soul,
Nor mortal art, though to thy form be given
Man's face, I follow to the' invited goal.
I come : and will make hills where all is even,
Hills of the slain and wounded ; there shall roll
Rivers of blood. Be thou but with me there,
And guide my weapons through the blinded air."

XIII.

He ceas'd, and quickly gather'd every band,
And cheer'd with speech the slow and vile in mind ;
And with his own hot will, as with a brand,
Inflam'd the camp to follow him behind.
Alecto signals with the trump ; her hand
Itself unfolds the banner to the wind.
So fast does the camp march, or rather run,
That sooner than Fame's flight its course is done.

XIV.

Alecto goes with it ; then quits, and wears

The dress and mien of who has news to bring :
And in the hour at which the world's affairs

'Twixt night and day suspense are balancing,
She enters great Jerusalem, and bears

Through sorrowing crowds high message to the king
Of the grand camp's arrival, its design,
And of the night assault, its hour, and sign.

XV.

But now the shades extend a horrid veil

Which spreads and tints itself with mists of red :
The earth, on which the nightly hoar-frosts fail,

Is bath'd with warm and bloody dews instead.
Malignant wand'ring ghosts are heard to wail,

Monsters and prodigies are rife o'erhead.
Pluto made void th' abyss, and out he pour'd
All his black night in Stygian cavern stor'd.

XVI.

The fiery Soldan through the shade profound

Troops onward tow'rd th' encampment of his foes.
But when the night has mounted half the round

Whence then it falls as swiftly as it rose,
He comes within a mile of where lay bound

The unsuspecting Frank in deep repose.
Here to refresh his troops he made them halt,
And thus he cheer'd them to the fierce assault :

XVII.

" Full of a thousand thefts ye there behold

A camp more famous far than it is brave,
Which into its voracious gulf has roll'd

All Asia's wealth like the absorbing wave.
To you kind chance exposes all this gold,

And never prize with less of peril gave.
Their arms and steeds, with purple trick'd and gem,
Shall be your booty, and no fence to them.

XVIII.

" Nor is this now the host by which at first

The Persian was subdued and Nice was ta'en,
Because in war so long and so dispers'd

The larger portion of it has been slain :
And e'en were it entire, 'tis now immers'd

In deep repose, and down unarm'd has lain.
Soon is he crush'd who is oppress'd by sleep :
From sleep to death 'tis but a little leap.

XIX.

“Up ! up ! advance : I first will ope the way
Into the camp o'er bodies beaten down.
Strike every sword like mine, and in the fray
All thoughts of mercy and of pity drown.
May Christ's detested kingdom fall to-day !
To-day win Asia, win to-day renown !”
Thus did he goad them to the strife at hand ;
Then forward silently mov'd on the band.

XX.

Lo ! on the way the sentinels he descries
In the dim doubtful light that creeps through air,
Nor can he, as he firmly hop'd, surprise
The cautious Chief, and reach him unaware.
The sentinels retire at once with cries,
Perceiving such a host advancing there,
So that the foremost guard, wak'd on their way,
Prepares itself for war as best it may.

XXI.

Th' Arabians make their barbarous tubes resound,
Certain that they can be conceal'd no more.
Dread cries ascend to Heaven, and the ground
By neighing steeds is loudly trampled o'er.
Roar the high hills, the vales ; and thence rebound
The deep abysses, answering to the roar,
And now Alecto lifts the torch of Hell,
Concerted sign, which they o' the mount can spell.

XXII.

The Soldan rushes on, the foremost he,
Upon the guards' unrang'd and startled pow'r
So swift that slower doth the storm-blast flee
From cavern'd mountain in tempestuous hour.
Torrent that hurls away the house and tree,
Thunder that batters down and burns the tow'r,
Earthquake that o'er the world a horror flings,
Pois'd with his fury, are but trifling things.

XXIII.

His weapon never falls except to hit ;
Nor hits it ever without wounding too ;
Nor wounds but that a soul away doth flit :
More would I say, but false would seem the true.
He sure must feign, or from all pain be quit,
Or else not feel when others thrust and hew ;
Although his batter'd helm with bell-like sound
Rings out, and sparkles horribly around.

XXIV.

When he alone has routed on the plain

This first Frank troop, then like a flood whose might
Is swoll'n by a thousand rills, the Arab train

Arrive at running pace to share the fight.

Then fly the Franks away with loosen'd rein,

And victors become mix'd with those in flight :

And with them cross the trench, and all is rife

With ruins, and with horror, and with strife.

XXV.

Lo on the Soldan's helm, horrid and grand,

A snake with neck which stretches and unties ;

It rises on its paws ; its wings expand ;

And in a curve its tail bifurcate plies ;

It seems to dart three tongues, on which are scann'd

Dun gouts of foam ; one hears the hiss arise.

And now that the fight burns, its wondrous frame

Burns too, thus mov'd, and breathes out smoke and flame.

XXVI.

The Soldan seems as dread to those who meet

His awful form in such a light display'd,

As to the voyager seems wild ocean's beat

Amid a thousand flashes in the shade.

Some give at once to flight their trembling feet ;

Others their hands undaunted to the blade :

And fiercer still night blends the wild uproar,

And, hiding risks, increases them the more.

XXVII.

Mid those who show'd the noblest heart there came

Latinus, who was born where Tiber flows :

Fatigue had not subdued his weary frame,

Nor years his strength which still in vigour rose :

Five sons, who were in height almost the same,

Stood at his side whene'er he encounter'd foes,

Pressing with armour ere the season due,

Their tender face and members that still grew.

XXVIII.

Rous'd by their sire's example, on they press'd,

Their wrath inflam'd with gore, their steel bedy'd ;

When : " Hie we where yon felon lifts his crest

So proudly mid the fugitives," he cried ;

" Nor let the slaughter which among the rest

His weapon makes, retard your wonted pride ;

For that, my sons, is but a poor renown

Which some surmounted horror does not crown."

XXIX.

Thus the ferocious lioness leads her young,
From whose unfurnish'd neck no mane yet hangs,
Nor with their years their savage claws have sprung
To the full size, nor their tremendous fangs,
Down with her to the prey, where perils throng,
And teaches them to rush amid the clangs
Of hunters, who disturb their native wood,
And scare the beasts of less courageous mood.

XXX.

The five, incautious, with the father run
On Solyman, assault him ; gird him round ;
And th' aim, the object, and the spirit are one
Which in those six assailing spears are found.
But quitting his good spear the elder son,
Too bold, upon that fierce one makes a bound,
And with the piercing sword attempts in vain
To make him fall beneath his courser slain.

XXXI.

But as a rock exposed to stormy blast
Upon whose base the ocean waves are riven,
Firm in itself endures the billows vast,
The winds, the bolts, and all the wrath of Heaven :
Thus does the fiery Soldan now stand fast
In spite of swords and spears against him driven,
And cleaves the head of the brave youth, who tries
To smite his steed, between the cheek and eyes.

XXXII.

Aramanth puts his arm forth to sustain
With tender care his brother falling prone,
Affection which is all as rash as vain,
And to another's ruin adds his own !
For on that arm which thus supports the slain
The Pagan smites, and both are overthrown,
And fainting one upon the other lies,
Commingle thus their blood and latest sighs.

XXXIII.

Then sever'd he Sabinus' lance which came
Infesting him from far with spiteful thrust,
And spurr'd his steed on him with such an aim
As to beat down and tread him in the dust :
With great reluctance from its youthful frame
Went forth the soul sorrowing that leave it must
The gentle breath of life, and the glad days
Of tender age already crown'd with praise.

XXXIV.

Picus and Laurens yet stood firm on earth ;
These in one natal hour enrich'd their sire,
A pair most like, and hence the sweetest mirth
From oft mistake shone round their household fire.
But if they had been made alike by birth,
Unlike they now are made by foeman dire ;
Ah hard distinction ! for the' one's neck and bust
Are sever'd, the' other through the heart is thrust.

XXXV.

The sire, ah sire no more ! O cruel fate
That robs him of so many at one blow !
In these five dead sees his own death too late,
And all his progeny now lying low.
Nor know I how that old man so elate
And strong could be in such atrocious woe
As still to breathe and fight ; but perhaps the plight
And looks of his dead sons escap'd his sight ;

XXXVI.

And of such agony his eye can read
A portion only through the friendly shade.
Yet cares he nought in combat to succeed,
Unless himself be also lowly laid.
Prodigal of his blood, and full of greed
Most greedy for that other's is he made :
Nor can one well tell in him which desire
Is most intense, to kill or to expire.

XXXVII.

But cries he to his foe : " Is then this hand
So despicable in thy sight, and frail,
That all the force which it can now command
To call thy rage on me can not avail ?"
Then mute, he strikes a blow so hard, so grand,
That crush'd together are both plate and mail,
And on his side it falls and gashes so
That from the wound warm blood begins to flow.

XXXVIII.

The savage at that cry, that blow, has wheel'd
And tow'rd him with his rage and falchion hies,
He opes his mail, and first has op'd his shield,
Round which the seven-times folded leather plies :
And in his bowels is the blade conceal'd.
Wretched Latinus gives a groan and dies ;
And vomits in an alternating flood
Now through the wound, and now the mouth, his blood.

XXXIX.

As in the Apennines a sturdy oak,

Which scorn'd the war of every wintry blast,
If crash'd at last by some tempestuous stroke,

Pulls down the trees around with ruin vast ;
Thus did he sink, and so his fury awoke

That he dragg'd several down with him at last.
That end became so brave a warrior well,
Who scatter'd ruin round him as he fell.

XL.

While thus the Soldan's hateful passions yearn

For human dead, and gain their long demand,
The Arabs also stimulated turn

With deadly force upon the Christian band.
The English Henry dies, and Olifern

The German, O Dragutes, by thy hand.
Gilbert and Philip born upon the Rhine
To savage Ariadene their lives resign.

XLI.

Albazar beats down Ernest with a mace ;

And Engerlan is stabb'd by Algazel.

But who this mode of death, or that, can trace,

And say how many nameless vulgar fell ?

Godfrey was rous'd at once from sleep's embrace,

And has been active since the earliest yell.

Now is he arm'd, and now together brings

Large troops, and now with them away he springs.

XLII.

After the cry, hearing a tumult sound

Which seem'd to grow more dread and to expand,
He knew that sudden onset would be found

To spring from the marauding Arab band,

For 'twas not hid from him that all around

These had for days been scouring o'er the land ;

Although he never deem'd that they would dare,

A crowd so fugitive, to' assail him there.

XLIII.

Now while he hastens, suddenly he hears

" Arms, arms," from an opposing quarter cried.

And horribly at once the heav'nly spheres

Thunder with barbarous yellings far and wide.

This is Clorinda ; to th' assault she cheers

The royal force, Argante at her side,

The Captain turns to Guelph then, whom he names

Lieutenant of his host, and thus exclaims :

XLIV.

“ Listen to yonder shouts of war which start
Anew from the tall city and reach the vale.
There shall we need thy valour, and thine art,
To check that foe where first it shall assail.
Go then, and look to this ; and take a part
Of these with me, already arm'd in mail :
I with the rest, to the' other side will go
Meanwhile to meet the onset of the foe.”

XLV.

This being settled, equal fortune speeds
The two, though different were the paths they chose.
Guelph seeks the hill ; the sov'reign Chief proceeds
To where th' Arabians now scarce meet with foes.
But he, still gathering fresh people, feeds
His forces every instant as he goes ;
So that, already ponderous made, and grand,
He comes where the fierce Pagan stains his brand.

XLVI.

Thus hurrying downward from its native bed,
The humble Po fills not the narrow mound ;
But aye the further from the fount 'tis led,
More proudly from new force does it abound ;
O'er the burst barrier lifts its taurine head,
And spreads its floods triumphant all around,
And thrusts with several horns the sea afar,
And seems to bring not tribute there, but war.

XLVII.

Godfrey where'er he sees his people show
Dismay or flight, runs, threats them with disgrace :
“ What fear,” he cries, “ is this ? whither then go ?
Behold at least who 'tis that gives you chase.
A vile troop chases you which does not know
How to receive, nor give wounds on the face :
And if they saw you turn'd against them now,
Would dread the weapons even of your brow.”

XLVIII.

This said, he pricks his steed, and makes him wheel
To where he had seen the Soldan's murderous wrong.
He dashes through the midst of blood, and steel,
And dust, and risks, and deaths, a grisly throng :
With sword and thrust each path doth he unseal
However clos'd, each rank however strong,
And down on either side ne'er fails to strike
Horsemen and horses, arms and arm'd alike.

XLIX.

With bound on bound o'er heaps of slain, who lie
Confus'd and deep, he speeds on his career.
The Soldan, seeing the fierce onset nigh,
Intrepid neither flies, nor e'en will veer ;
But speeds against him, and uplifting high
His steel to smite him down, approaches near.
Oh what two cavaliers in mortal fight
Does fortune from the world's extremes unite !

L.

Fury with valour in a ring how small
Contests here now for Asia's grand domain !
Who can relate how swiftly their swords fall,
How terrible the combat they maintain ?
I pass o'er things whose horror would appal,
Things done while night asserts her gloomy reign,
But worthy of the sun's most brilliant rays,
And that all mortals should be brought to gaze.

LI.

The spirits of the host of Jesu swell,
Led by so brave a guide, and on they bound ;
And a dense troop of those who' in arms excel
Press on the murd'rous Turk, and fence him round.
Nor do the faithful more than the infidel,
Nor these more than the first, bestain the ground ;
But both alike, subduing and subdued,
Deal death around, and perish in that feud.

LII.

As, equal in their might, with equal rage
The North and South wind meet in battle proud ;
And neither yields on sea or sky the stage,
But dashes wave on wave, and cloud on cloud :
So neither side of those who here engage
In desp'rate strife are beaten back or bow'd.
Shield rings on shield, and helms from helms rebound,
And swords from swords, with a tremendous sound.

LIII.

Nor less severe the contest which befell
Elsewhere, nor was the throng of war less dense.
A myriad clouds and more of Spirits of Hell
Have fill'd throughout th' aerial fields immense,
And made the Pagan force so proudly swell
That none e'er dreams of quitting his defence :
Fir'd is Argante by th' infernal torch,
But feels his own flame still more fiercely scorch.

LIV.

The guards he too had routed on his side,
And o'er the rampart at a bound had sped :
He fill'd with mangled limbs the trenches wide,
Levell'd the way, and made th' assault less dread ;
So that the others follow'd him, and dy'd
The foremost tents with an ensanguin'd red.
With him Clorinda vied, or little space
Was left behind, scorning the second place.

LV.

Already had the Franks fled, when in mode
Most opportune came Guelph up and his band,
And, making those who ran reverse their road,
Sustain'd the Pagan's rage with his good hand.
Thus did they fight, and equally blood flow'd
From either side in streams upon the sand.
Meanwhile from His grand seat the King of Heaven
Beheld that war so savage, and so even.

LVI.

There sat He whence, both good and just, He sways
All worlds, and frames them by His voice alone,
Above the low bounds of earth's narrow maze
At heights to sense and reason all unknown,
And shone with three lights blent into one blaze
Upon eternity's majestic throne.
Nature and Fate are at His feet submiss,
And Motion also, and what measures this,

LVII.

And Place, and she who spoils and sweeps from sight
Like vapour, or like dust, earth's every prize,
Gold, glory, empire, as to Heav'n seems right,
Nor, Goddess, ever heeds our human sighs.
Here He so wraps himself in His own light
That e'en the worthiest veil their dazzled eyes :
Him numberless immortal spirits surround,
Equal unequally in their joy profound.

LVIII.

The heav'nly palace echoes to their song
Attun'd in grand concert by joyous quire.
He summons Michael, who in armour strong
Of lucid adamant flames forth like fire ;
And says: "Perceiv'st thou not how Hell's dark throng
Against my faithful cherish'd flock conspire
In arms rebellious, and from lowest deep
To vex the world on soaring pinion sweep ?

LIX.

“Go ; tell them, thou, no more henceforth to mell
With war, which warriors only should sustain ;
Nor to disturb and poison with their spell
The kingdom of the quick and Heav’n’s domain.
Let them return to the deep glooms of Hell,
Their worthy dwelling, and to their just pain :
Torment themselves there and the souls below.
So I command, and I have fix’d it so.”

LX.

He ceas’d. The leader of the winged host
Bow’d down with rev’rence at th’ Almighty’s feet.
Then for the flight his golden vans are toss’d
Fleet so that thought itself is not so fleet.
The spheres of fire and light are quickly cross’d
Where Blest ones have their fix’d and glorious seat.
Then the pure crystal, then the starry sphere
Which rolls with an inverted course, is near.

LXI.

Thence from the left, diverse in visual ray
And in effect, wheel Jove’s and Saturn’s ball,
And the’ others which can ill be said to stray,
If angel virtue’ inform and move them all.
Then from the glad bright fields of endless day
He issues, whence the rains and thunders fall,
To where the world feeds on itself, self torn,
And in its own wars dies and is re-born.

LXII.

He comes and shakes with his eternal wings
The thick-strewn darkness and the gloomy dread :
The night is gilded by the light which springs
All sparkling from around his heav’nly head.
Thus oft upon the clouds the bright sun flings
The lovely colours after rain is shed :
Thus down to the great mother’s breast is seen
A star to fall, cleaving the air serene.

LXIII.

Arriv’d where th’ impious troop of Hell prepare
To make e’en more the Pagan fury rise ;
Pois’d on his vigorous wings, he stops in air,
And shakes his spear, and thus to them he cries :
“Well must ye know with what horrific glare
The thunder of the world’s Creator flies,
O ye who, mid contempt and bitterest ill
Of misery extreme, are haughty still.

LXIV.

“ ’Tis fix’d in Heav’n that Sion shall unchain
Her gates, her walls bow, to the Cross’s might.
Why war then upon Fate? and the disdain
And wrath of Heav’n why will ye thus invite?
Hence, ye accursed, to your own domain,
Domain of torment and of endless night,
And on that spot, still doom’d to be your cell,
Wage all your wars, and all your triumphs tell.

LXV.

“ Be cruel there ; there on the guilty lay
Your malice, and let all your pow’r appear,
Mid endless cries, and gnashing teeth, and bray
Of steel, and shaken chains that rend the ear.”
He spake, and whom he saw reluctant stay,
Them push’d and smote he with his fatal spear.
They from the lovely realms of light were driven,
And groaning quat the golden stars of Heaven.

LXVI.

And downward to th’ abyss their wings they fann’d
To’ exasperate in the damn’d their wonted woe.
There crosses not the sea a flight so grand
Of birds in search of suns with warmer glow :
Nor Autumn e’er sees fall upon the land
So many dry leaves when the chill winds blow.
Reliev’d from these, the world soon puts away
Its gloomy aspect, and again is gay.

LXVII.

But yet Argante’s rage and thirst for gore
Burn not the less in his disdainful breast,
Although Alecto breathe in it no more,
Nor now the whips of Hell his side molest.
He wheels his never-sparing falchion o’er
The Franks where most entangled and compress’d ;
Mows down the feeble and the strong, and treads
At once on proudest and on humblest heads.

LXVIII.

Not distant is Clorinda, and she fells
No fewer, strewing limbs along her track ;
Through the heart’s middle, where the life-blood dwells,
She stabs Berlinger’s breast ; and that attack
So vigorous is, and so exactly tells, [back.
That her sword comes out bloodstain’d through the
She strikes Albino then where first we draw
Our food in, and cleaves Gallus on the jaw.

LXIX.

She cuts off Gernier's hand which dar'd invade
Her first, and falls now scatt'ring sanguine rain.
The hand, half-living, grasps e'en yet the blade,
And glides with trembling fingers o'er the plain :
Such is a serpent's tail, which oft when laid
Apart attempts to join its trunk again.
Thus maim'd she leaves him ; and then hastes to wheel
Against Achilles, and lets fall the steel ;

LXX.

And 'twixt the nape and neck the blow she lays,
And cuts the nerves through, and the throat complete.
The head falls rolling downward and then strays,
Befouling all the face with dust unmeet,
Before the body has fall'n : the body stays,
Marvel of mis'ry, pois'd upon the seat.
But loosen'd from the rein the steed is quick
To shake it off with many a wheel and kick.

LXXI.

While thus the heroine with still conquering aim
Open'd and scourg'd the squadrons of the West,
Gildippe on the other hand became
No less among her Saracens a pest.
Of the same sex, their courage is the same,
And equal valour all their deeds attest :
Yet could they not each other prove, since Fate
Reserv'd them for a foe of greater weight.

LXXII.

Here one, there the' other vainly push'd and tried
To open the dense crowds and pass them by.
But generous Guelph then his good falchion plied
Against Clorinda, and approaching nigh
Let fall a stroke upon her lovely side
And somewhat ting'd the steel : a fell reply
She gave to her assailant with a thrust
That struck 'twixt rib and rib his pow'rful bust.

LXXIII.

Then Guelph renew'd his blow, and struck her nought ;
For Palestine Osmida chanc'd to pass,
And thus the wound not meant for him was caught
Upon his forehead, and clove through the brass.
But many of those troops whom Guelph had brought
And guided, throng'd now round him in a mass ;
To the other side, too, gathering crowds were sent,
So that the battle was confus'd and blent.

LXXIV.

Meanwhile Aurora's fair face was display'd
Empurpled from the balcony of Heaven :
And Argillan while here the tumult bray'd
Had found device to get his fetters riven ;
And hastily in uncertain arms array'd
Such as, or good or worthless, chance had given,
Came forth to sweep away his recent blame
With recent services and recent fame.

LXXV.

As the wild steed which from the royal stall,
Where he stood ready for the joust or ring,
Escapes and through large path, no more a thrall,
Speeds to the herd, the mead, or wonted spring ;
His dancing hairs o'er neck and shoulder fall,
His proud and lofty neck is quivering,
His feet sound, and his nostrils seem to blaze,
Filling the meadows with sonorous neighs :

LXXVI.

Such Argillan comes forth ; his fierce looks glow,
With courage is his lofty forehead fraught,
His leaps are nimble, his feet so swiftly go
That vainly on the dust their trace is sought.
He lifts his voice when he has reach'd the foe
Like one who can dare all, and cares for nought :
" O vile dregs of the world, dull Arab horde,
How is't your courage has so highly soar'd ?

LXXVII.

" Ye shrink from weight of helm and shield, how small
Soe'er, nor arm the breast and back aright ;
But timorous and naked ye let fall
Your blows on air, and safety find in flight.
Nocturnal are your deeds and studies all,
Grand as they are ; and ye have aid from night :
Now that it flies, what can be your resource ?
Ye now need arms, and more unshrinking force."

LXXVIII.

And his good sword, while yet these accents rung,
On Algazel so fiercely down he swept,
That it cut through the jaws, and clove the tongue
Which had begun to answer, and still leapt.
O'er the poor wretch a sudden darkness hung,
And through his bones an icy chillness crept :
He fell, and full of rage seiz'd with his teeth
In dying the detested earth beneath.

LXXIX.

And then in various method Saladine
And Agricalt and Muleass he slew :
And near them smote Aldiazel on the chine
With but one blow that clave him through and through.
He deeply pierc'd the breast of Ariadine
Fell'd him, and mock'd him with rough language too,
Who rais'd his heavy eyes and thus replied,
E'en while expiring, to those words of pride :

LXXX.

" Thou shalt not long, whoe'er thou art, remain
To vaunt thee of this death, a victor high.
Like fate awaits thee ; thou too shalt be slain
By stronger hand, and at my side shalt lie."
He smil'd in scorn, and cried : " Let Heav'n explain
My fate hereafter ; meantime do thou die,
Food for the birds and dogs." Then with his heel
He press'd him, and drew forth both life and steel.

LXXXI.

A page of Solyman's was mingled there
Among those arm'd with lances and with bows ;
Upon whose lovely chin not yet the hair
First scatter'd in life's vernal hours arose.
Like pearls and dew-drops glist'ning on his fair
And moisten'd cheek warm perspiration shows :
To his neglected locks the dust adds grace ;
And stern disdain is sweet in such a face.

LXXXII.

His steed is such that snows upon the steep
Of Apennine new fall'n are not so white :
Whirlwind or flame can never wheel nor leap
So rapidly as it is prompt and light.
He sways a Moorish lance with graceful sweep :
The sabre at his side is short and bright ;
And with a barbarous pomp array'd, behold,
He shines in tissue wov'n of purple and gold.

LXXXIII.

While thus the boy in whose young bosom bound
The first fresh hopes of glory in all their force,
Disturbs the squadrons here and there around,
And there is none who can restrain his course ;
Cool Argillan observes, while o'er the ground
The stripling wheels, the time to spear his horse,
And having found this, slays it by surprise,
And o'er him stands almost ere he can rise.

LXXXIV.

And to that suppliant face to which in vain
Pity's protecting armour had been lent,
He address'd his ruthless hand with cruel bane,
And injur'd Nature's fairest ornament.
The steel seem'd rife with sense, and more humane
Than man was, turn'd round flat in its descent.
But what avails it if with a new burst
Of rage he struck just where he err'd at first ?

LXXXV.

The Soldan, who from thence not distant far
Was now engag'd with Godfrey blade to blade,
Left off the strife, and turn'd his steed of war,
Soon as the page's peril he survey'd :
And with the sword he brake through every bar,
And came to venge him, but too late to aid :
For there his murder'd Lesbin, ah ! what woe !
Like a sweet flow'r cut off, was lying low.

LXXXVI.

His languid eyes a look so gentle wore,
And o'er his back the neck so drooping lay,
So fair his paleness, and through death and gore
So sweetly on his mien shone piety's ray,
That the heart soften'd which was stone before,
And in the midst of rage tears found their way.
Weepest thou, Soldan ? thou who could'st descry
Thy kingdom ravag'd with unmoisten'd eye ?

LXXXVII.

But when he saw the blood so much deplor'd
Still reek on the foe's weapon, he repress'd
His pity, and his boiling wrath outpour'd,
And stagnant were the tears within his breast.
He ran on Argillan and rais'd his sword,
Clove through the opposing shield, and then the crest,
And then the head and throat ; and blow so dire
Was indeed worthy of the Soldan's ire.

LXXXVIII.

Nor yet content he leapt from off his steed,
And warr'd e'en on the corpse there as it lay ;
Like the fierce mastiff that will seize with greed
The stone which struck and hurt him in the fray.
O comfort in such vast woe vain indeed,
To be ferocious to th' insensate clay !
Meanwhile the Frankish leader on his foes
Spent not in vain his anger and his blows.

LXXXIX.

There are a thousand Turks there who infold
Their limbs in mail, and wear the helm and shield ;
Untam'd of limb in toil, or heat, or cold,
Ardent in spirit, skilful in the field :
And these had been the soldiers from of old
Of Solyman ; and when he was conceal'd
In Arab deserts, in reverse still true,
They follow'd him his hapless wand'rings through.

XC.

These drawn together, ceas'd not to make head
Against the Frank attacks however keen.
On these did Godfrey rush, and smite the dread
Corcutes' face, and on the flank Rostene.
From Selim's shoulders he unloos'd the head,
Cut off the right and left arm of Rossene :
Nor these alone, but more he wounded still
In other modes, and many did he kill.

XCI.

While thus he smote the Saracens, and drew
Upon himself in turn full many a scar,
And in no part did that barbarian crew
Abate in hope, or quail to Fortune's star ;
Another cloud of dust, lo ! comes in view,
Which holds within its bosom bolts of war :
Lo ! unforeseen issues a flash of arms
Which fills the Pagan camp with deep alarms.

XCII.

There are full fifty warriors who unfold
On silver pure the conquering purple cross.
Nor could it with a hundred mouths be told,
A hundred tongues, and iron lungs and voice.
What numbers the fierce squadron as it roll'd
Beat down in its first charge with death or loss.
Falls the weak Arab, and the Turk, unknown
To yield, resisting, fighting, is o'erthrown.

XCIII.

Horror, and cruelty, and fear, and hate
Hurry around ; and death is seen to stray
Throughout in every varied form elate ;
And on a lake of blood the billows play.
The king had led already through a gate
Part of his force, assur'd now of the day.
And from on high there view'd the plain below,
And that still doubtful charge against the foe.

XCIV.

But seeing his main army press'd so sore,
He sounds the trump to call them from defeat,
And sends off many a message to implore
Argante and Clorinda to retreat.
The savage pair obey his hest no more,
Drunken with blood, and blind and mad with heat ;
Yet yield at last, and strive to re-unite
Their scatter'd host, and to restrain its flight.

XCV.

But who can rule the vulgar, and command
Baseness and fear? The flight has now begun.
One quits his shield, one eases his right hand ;
Steel is a hindrance, and defence is none.
A vale 'twixt where the camp and city stand
Sinks from the westward tow'rd the midday sun :
Hither they hurry, and a gloomy pall
Of dust is roll'd up with them tow'rd the wall.

XCVI.

While thus precipitate they sought the' incline,
Dread was the slaughter which the Christians made.
But when in mounting they drew near in fine
To where the barbarous king might give them aid,
Guelph at such odds would not expose his line
On that steep Alpine path to loss and raid.
He stays his people, and within the bars,
The king draws his, fair remnant of sad wars.

XCVII.

What earthly force can do, the Soldan brave
Meanwhile has done, and more is now denied.
He is all blood and sweat, and pantings, grave
And frequent, hurt his breast, and shake his side.
His languid arm the shield can barely wave ;
Slowly his sword moves, and in wheels less wide ;
It bruises, and not cuts, and, grown obtuse,
The weapon has now lost a weapon's use.

XCVIII.

Aware of this, he seem'd in the' act to stand
Of one who weigh'd two schemes ; and to debate
If he should perish, and with his own hand
Rob others of the fame from deed so great ;
Or else, surviving his defeated band,
Prolong his life to a more distant date.
“ Let Fate,” did he exclaim at last, “ succeed,
And be this flight of mine its crowning meed.

XCIX.

“ Let the foe view my back, and raise a song
At our unmerited exile again,
If they but see me newly arm'd ere long
Disturb their peace and never-stable reign.
I yield not, no ; the memory of my wrong
Shall last for ever, so shall my disdain.
I will arise, e'en when but dust below
And naked spirit, a still more cruel foe.”

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

The Soldan sinks reluctant to repose
 Through length of toil and night's obscuring wing;
 And while his heart, in sleep e'en, feels its woes,
 Ismene appears and brings him to the king.
 Armida's art the Frankish knights disclose
 To the Frank Chief, and of their doubts the string;
 And Peter tells him in prophetic strain
 What honors on Rinaldo Heav'n will rain.

I.

WHILE he was speaking yet, a courser stray'd
 Close to his path with wand'ring step and slow :
 On the loose rein his hand was quickly laid,
 And up he sprang, though tir'd and press'd with woe.
 Fall'n is the crest once horribly display'd,
 Leaving the helm dishonor'd now and low ;
 His upper vest is torn, and shows no trace
 Of all its pomp superb and regal grace.

II.

As comes the wolf who from the fold has sprung
 Chas'd off, and tow'rd the wood is forc'd to draw,
 Who though he have indeed already flung
 Abundance down his deep and ravenous maw,
 Greedy for blood e'en yet holds out his tongue,
 And sucks it from his unclean lips and jaw ;
 Such after that red slaughter forth he went,
 His craving hunger not e'en yet content.

III.

And as his fortune is, he scapes at last
 The cloud of whistling shafts that fly around,
 And all the swords uprais'd, and jav'lins cast,
 And instruments of death that so abound :
 And now unknown is hurrying onward fast
 O'er the most lonely and deserted ground :
 And in himself revolving what were best,
 Is toss'd on stormy thoughts which never rest.

IV.

At last resolves he to go where th' array
 Of Egypt's king is gathering up its might,
 And join with him in arms, and thus essay
 Once more the fortune of another fight.
 This being fix'd, he suffers no delay
 To intervene, and takes the road aright,
 For well he knows the ways, nor needs a guide,
 Tow'rd ancient Gaza by the ocean side.

V.

Nor though he feel his body tir'd and frail,
 And of his many wounds the smart be sore,
 Reposes he for this, nor doffs his mail ;
 But all the day in travelling passes o'er.
 Then when the deep shades make each object fail
 In vividness, and darken more and more,
 Dismounts he, binds his wounds, and as may suit
 His lessen'd strength, shakes a tall palm for fruit ;

VI.

And, feeding upon this, on the bare field
 Seeks to accommodate his travail'd side,
 And, with his head laid on th' obdurate shield,
 To calm his weary thoughts, a restless tide.
 But now the pain from his deep wounds unheal'd
 Grows worse and worse as on the moments glide,
 And gnawn, too, is his breast and his heart torn
 By those internal vultures, grief and scorn.

VII.

At last when night has now become so deep
 That all the world around in silence lies,
 Subdued by toils he has begun to steep
 In Lethe his deep cares and miseries,
 Composing in a brief and languid sleep
 His batter'd members and his drooping eyes.
 And while he slumbers yet, a voice severe
 Thunders in words like these upon his ear :

VIII.

“ Solyman, Solyman, shake off thy slow
 And ling'ring sleep, which happier time may crave,
 Since under the hard yoke of foreign foe
 The country where thou reign'dst is yet a slave.
 In this land sleep'st thou ? dost thou not, then, know
 It holds thy followers' bones without a grave ?
 Where there exist such traces of thy wrong,
 Thus idly canst thou slumber all night long ? ”

IX.

The Soldan, wak'ning, lifts his eyes with pain,

And sees a man of reverend mien and grey,

With crooked staff to guide and to sustain

His aged feet upon their devious way.

"And who art thou," he asks him with disdain,

"Who com'st, unwelcome phantasm, thus to fray
The travellers from short sleep? And what can be
Either my shame or my revenge to thee?"

X.

The old man answers: "I am one to whom

Thy newly form'd design is partly known,

And come to thee as taking in thy doom

More int'rest than thou deem'dst would e'er be shown.

Nor biting speech do I in vain assume,

For raillery is virtue's whetting-stone;

In good part take it, Sire, that by my word

Thy ready valour is thus whipp'd and spur'd.

XI.

"Now since thy steps, if well I understand,

Will needs be turn'd tow'rd Egypt's mighty king,

I augur that thou'lt traverse a rough land

Uselessly if to that design thou cling:

Since though thou go not, still the Saracen band

Will soon be gather'd, and will soon take wing:

Nor is there room for thee to'employ and show

On such a stage thy valour 'gainst our foe.

XII.

"But if thou follow me, I'll hold me bound

To place thee safe when day is at its height,

Inside that wall which the Frank arms surround,

Without one sword opposing thee in fight.

Hard contest in which toils and arms abound

Shall here afford thee glory and delight.

Thou shalt defend the land till shall arrive

Th' Egyptian host to make the war revive."

XIII.

The fiery Turk admires, while thus address'd,

The eyes and voice of the' old man at his side;

And from his own face and ferocious breast

Puts quite away his anger and his pride.

"Father," he cries, "I am prompt, at thy request,

And swift to follow thee: be thou my guide.

That counsel ever will seem best to me

In which the most of toil and risk may be."

XIV.

The old man lauds his words, and, since the dews
Have made his many wounds acutely sore,
Pours in them juice of his, and thus renews
The waning strength, and heals each bloody score.
And since the roses which Aurora strews
Are being by Apollo gilded o'er,
" 'Tis time to move," he said : " the sun unmasks
The paths, and calls forth others to their tasks."

XV.

A car which stood close by at his command
He and the fierce Nicene ascend with speed.
He slacks the reins and with a master hand
Strikes with alternate lashes either steed.
They hurry so that on the plain of sand
No trace of wheel or foot is left to read.
Behold them smoke and pant now in their flight,
And foaming cover all the bits with white.

XVI.

I will tell marvels : the' air around unseen
Is press'd into a cloud as by a weight,
And girds the car, and makes for it a screen,
And yet no cloud appears, or small or great ;
Nor ever stone, launch'd forth by huge machine,
Through fold so close and dense could penetrate.
The pair can from its hollow breast descry
The mists around, and o'er them the bright sky.

XVII.

Th' astonish'd knight has of his eyebrows made
Two arcs, and knits his forehead while he eyes
The cloud and car o'er every let convey'd
With such velocity that he deems it flies.
The other who perceives his mind o'erweigh'd
With stupor since he alters not his guise,
Breaks through that silence, and recalls his senses ;
Whence he arouses him, and thus commences :

XVIII.

" O thou, whoe'er thou art, who 'gainst all use
Compellest nature to works strange and high,
And rovest through the chambers most recluse
Of human bosoms with thy searching eye,
If thou art able, by the skill abstruse
Infus'd from Heav'n, things distant to descry,
Tell me, I pray, what wreck or what repose
Heav'n has decreed to Asia's mighty throes.

XIX.

“But tell me first thy name, and with what lore
Thou’rt wont to do unwonted things like these ;
For if my deep astonishment be not o’er,
How can thy other words be heard, or please ?”
The old man smil’d, and said : “Of this thy store
Of questions, one part I can solve with ease.
I am Ismene, and, as the Syrians tell,
A wizard, since in unknown arts I excel.

XX.

“But to reveal the future, and lay bare
For thine inspection fate’s eternal scroll,
Is a desire too bold, too high a pray’r ;
So much is yielded not to man’s control.
Let each below with strength and sense prepare
To’ advance through loss and peril tow’rd the goal ;
Since oft it happens that the brave and wise
Frame for themselves their own bright destinies.

XXI.

“Do thou prepare against their sword and flame
Thy matchless right hand which with ease can rend
Asunder the Frank empire’s tott’ring frame,
Much more can fortify, much more defend
This place at which the fierce besiegers aim.
Dare, suffer, trust ; I hope a joyful end.
Yet will I tell, because it may delight,
What looms as through a mist upon my sight.

XXII.

“I see, or seem to see, ere the great star
Eternal shall have many lustres run,
A man who shall make Asia fam’d afar,
And fertile Egypt’s kingdom shall have won.
To speak of useful arts succeeding war,
And myriad virtues dimly seen, I shun ;
Let this alone suffice thee, that his arm
Shall not shake Christendom with mere alarm :

XXIII.

“But from its base that empire which they hold
In the last conflict shall uprooted be,
And their afflicted remnant shall be roll’d
Into small space, defended but by sea.
This man shall own thy blood.” The wizard old
Here ceas’d to speak, and then responded he :
“O blest whose lot shall be such praise as this !”
And part he envies, part enjoys the bliss.

XXIV.

He then subjoin'd : " Let Fortune still befall
Or good or ill, as Heav'n shall rule her mood,
Since over me she hath no pow'r at all,
And ne'er shall see me if not unsubdued.
She must be able from their course to call
The moon and stars ere me she shall detrude
One step from the right path." He said no more,
But with a fiery courage sparkled o'er.

XXV.

As on they went, they reason'd on this wise
Until they saw the tents arising near.
Before them what a cruel sight there lies,
And in how many shapes doth death appear !
Turbid and gloomy grew the Soldan's eyes,
And all his features were with sorrow drear.
Ah ! with what scorn perceiv'd he on the ground
His banner which had flung such terror round !

XXVI.

He saw the glad Franks run and often tread
On breast and face of many a well-known friend ;
And haughtily despoil th' unburied dead
Of arms and vests ; while others troop'd to ' attend,
With solemn pomp in long procession spread,
Their lov'd ones' corpses to the mournful end.
Others put flames beneath, and on one pyre
Arabs and Turks were all consum'd with fire.

XXVII.

He deeply sigh'd, and forth his sword he drew,
Leapt from the car, and was on running bent,
But the' old magician with a loud halloo
Recall'd him, and restrain'd his mad intent :
And having made him mount the car anew,
Drove onward tow'rd the steepest hill's ascent.
Thus went they for a space until their road
Lost sight of the Franks' military abode.

XXVIII.

Then quitted they the car, which disappear'd
Suddenly, and on foot they took their way
In secret still within that vapour weird,
Descending leftward where a valley lay,
Until they came where tall Mount Sion rear'd
His shoulders tow'rd the sinking orb of day.
Here stopt the wizard, and then drawing nigh
The beetling rock, scann'd it with curious eye.

XXIX.

A hollow grot made many an age ago
Expanded into the stone's harden'd mass ;
But from disuse the thorns had learn'd to grow
Over the lurking entrance. and the grass.
Ismene remov'd the stops, and, curv'd and low,
Adjusted him to thread the narrow pass :
One hand preceded and explor'd the cave,
The other to conduct the prince he gave.

XXX.

Then said the Soldan : " Whither, pray, may lead
This stealthy path of thine which I must thread ?
Perchance, hadst thou but to such course agreed,
My sword had op'd a better in its stead."
" Disdain not," he replied, " O full of heed,
With fearless foot this murky path to tread,
Since the great Herod often press'd the same,
He who in arms has yet such brilliant fame.

XXXI.

" When he would bridle in his subjects' pow'r,
The king I mention hollow'd out this cave ;
And could on foot pass through it from that tow'r
Antonia (to which his great friend gave
His name) invisible at any hour,
Into the grand and ancient temple's nave ;
And thence in secret quit the city's wall,
And move troops out and in unknown to all.

XXXII.

" But now this lone and gloomy way is known
Only to me, hidd'n from all other eyes.
Through this we'll go to where around the throne
In council sit the most renown'd and wise ;
For more of terror has the monarch shown,
Than perhaps he should do now that ills arise.
Thou com'st then at great need ; list, and be mute ;
Then utter daring words when time shall suit."

XXXIII.

Thus spake he, and on this the Moorish knight
Stopt with his bulky frame the cavernous rent,
And through the path which never knew the light
Still follow'd him whose guiding aid was lent.
He stoop'd ere ent'ring ; but that cave in height
And breadth enlarg'd the further that they went.
So that they mounted up with ease, and then
Soon reach'd almost the midst of the dark den.

XXXIV.

And here Ismene unclos'd a narrow door,
And they went up an unfrequented stair,
On which through lofty vent there seem'd to pour
A dim uncertain light from upper air.
At last they reach'd a subterranean floor,
And clomb thence to a hall in day's broad glare.
With sceptre here, and diadem on brow,
The sad king with sad lords was seated now.

XXXV.

The fiery Turk look'd round, and from inside
The hollow cloud view'd all, himself unshown,
And heard the monarch with abated pride
Begin thus from his decorated throne :
"The day now pass'd, O friends in danger tried,
Has been disastrous to our pow'r, I own,
And, fallen from our hope erewhile so high,
On Egypt's aid alone can we rely.

XXXVI.

"But ye must needs perceive mid perils that call
For instant help how distant is that aid.
Hence have I summon'd you together all
That each one's counsel may be plainly said."
He ceas'd ; and a low murmur round the hall
Sounds like the breeze within a leafy glade.
But with a face where spirit and joy redound,
Argante rising calms the murmuring sound.

XXXVII.

"Magnanimous monarch," such was the reply
Of the untam'd and savage cavalier,
"Why tempt us, and ask that which all descry,
And needs no voice of ours to make it clear?
Yet, list ; upon ourselves let us rely,
And if in truth no harm comes Virtue near,
Arm we ourselves with her : her aid intreat,
Nor more than she approves let life be sweet.

XXXVIII.

"Nor speak I thus as though despairing quite
Of Egypt's aid, pledg'd firmly, and soon due ;
Since it can neither lawful be nor right
To doubt if my king's promises be true.
I say it but because I would excite
That nobler spirit in some whom here I view,
Which ready for all fates, howe'er forlorn,
Hopes vict'ry still, and looks on death with scorn."

XXXIX.

So spake Argante, generously keen,
As one who had no doubtful thought to hide.
Then rises with authoritative mien
Orcano, one to loftiest house allied,
Who once of some renown in arms had been,
But since united to a youthful bride,
And blest with sons, had lost his martial fire
In the sweet ties of husband and of sire.

XL.

This man exclaim'd : " I do not, Sire, accuse
The heat of this magnificent discourse,
Since from a courage, which will still refuse
To stop within the heart, it had its source :
Hence if the good Circassian's tongue may use
While speaking truth to thee too much of force,
Yet he discovers, we must all concede,
The self same force in every gallant deed.

XLI.

" But it is thy part whom a long array
Of years and of events have made so wise,
The bit of thy good counsels there to lay
Where he transgresses in too ardent guise ;
The hope of succour still far off to weigh
'Gainst peril near us, yea, before our eyes,
And thy new works, and wall impair'd with a
Against the enemy's arms and martial rage.

XLII.

" We are, if what I think ye deign to hear,
Within a city strong by art and site ;
But on the other side are made, 'tis clear,
Vast engines and contrivances of might.
I know not what will be ; I hope and fear
The most uncertain issues of the fight :
And dread that if the siege in stricter mood
Enclose us, we shall fail at last in food.

XLIII.

" Since all the corn and oxen which were pour'd
Yesterday for thy use within the wall,
While they but thought of making red the sword
In yonder camp, and mere good chance 'twas all,
If the siege last would ill feed with its hoard,
Small for great want, this ample capital ;
And the siege needs must last although th' array
Of Egypt join us on th' intended day.

XLIV.

"But if it fail, what then? Nay, I agree
That 'twill forestall thy hope and its own word;
I see not vict'ry therefore, Sire, nor see
Freedom upon these straiten'd walls conferr'd.
The combat with that Godfrey, O king, will be,
And with those chiefs, and that same warlike herd,
Who've routed and dispers'd so oft the Persian,
Arab, Turk, Syrian, since their first incursion.

XLV.

"And what they are, thou who, though brave and true,
So oft hast giv'n them ground, Argante, know'st;
Thou who so oft hast turn'd thy back to view,
Confiding in thy speedy feet almost.
Clorinda also knows it, and I too;
And these, for none can more than others boast.
Nor blame I any one, since I believe
We all did all our valour could achieve.

XLVI.

"And I will speak it, though with threats elate
He talk of death, and hear truth with disdain:
I see the foe by inevitable fate
Borne on (I judge from signs that are not vain):
Nor can embattled wall, nor nation great,
So stop them that at last they shall not reign.
Bear witness, Heav'n, I say this from the zeal
And love for king and country which I feel.

XLVII.

"The king of Tripoli could (O, how wise!)
Win from the Christians peace, and realm no less!
But the unyielding Soldan either lies
Now dead, or servile chains his limbs oppress,
Or else in exile far he fears or flies,
Retaining life to feel its last distress;
And yet by yielding part he still might hold
A part preserv'd by gifts and annual gold."

XLVIII.

So spake he, and his words were made to fall
Obliquely, and uncertainly to tend;
Since to ask peace, and other person call
Liege lord, he dar'd not plainly recommend.
But Solyman could scarce restrain his gall,
And, hidden, hear this language to the end;
When said the wizard: "Thee then does it please,
O Sire, to let him use such words as these?"

XLIX.

“For my part,” he replied, “unwillingly
I hide me, and with rage and scorn am stung.”
Instantly, ere his word had well pass’d by,
The veil of cloud, which had around them hung,
Parted and clear’d into the open sky ;
And o’er him the bright light of day was flung,
And in the midst magnanimous he shone
With haughty mien, and spake in sudden tone.

L.

“I whom ye reason of here present stand,
Deem not the Soldan ever fears or flies,
And offer me to prove with this right hand
That he there is a coward and he lies.
I who made ample streams of blood expand,
And on the plain mountains of dead to rise,
Clos’d in a wall of foes, with none to give
The slightest aid at last, I fugitive ?

LI.

“But if this man, or other like him, dare,
Unfaithful to his country and his creed,
Breathe but one word of vile submission e’er,
I slay him here, good king, if thou’rt agreed.
The lambs and wolves shall seek one common lair,
And doves and serpents in one nest shall breed,
Ere any land receive us and the Franks
Without discordant wills between our ranks.”

LII.

While thus he spake, he held his fierce right hand
Threat’ningly on the sabre at his side.
At that harangue, that front with horror scann’d,
Each one continued mute and stupified.
Then with less troubled mien, and manner bland,
He turn’d himself toward the king, and cried :
“Hope on, high Sire, for succour now is near
Not trifling ; Solyman is with thee here.”

LIII.

Aladine, who had tow’rd him ris’n before,
Replied : “O how I joy, beloved friend,
To see thee near me ! now I feel no more
My loss in slain, and fear’d a far worse end.
Thou canst make firm my seat, and soon restore
Thine own late fall’n, if Heav’n shall not forefend.”
Then stretch’d he, when the words had ceas’d to sound,
His arms toward his neck and clasp’d it round.

LIV.

The greeting o'er, the king concedes the throne
Of his own royalty to the great Nicene :
Then on the left assumes a seat bestrown
With gems, and places at his side Ismene.
And while he parleys with him, and is shown
The manner of their coming to this scene,
The lofty maid advances first to meet
The Soldan ; him, too, then the others greet.

LV.

Among the rest Ormusses also came,
Who led his Arab troops o'er covert ground,
And while the battle breath'd its fiercest flame,
Through unfrequented track so stole around,
That, night and silence favouring his aim,
He brought them safe within the city bound,
And had with grain and plunder'd herds convey'd
To the' hunger-stricken host effectual aid.

LVI.

Amid them sole the proud Circassian stays
Quite mute there, with a stern disdainful face,
Like the huge lion when his length he lays,
And rolls his eyes, yet does not move an ace.
Orcano tow'rd the Soldan dares not raise
His eyes, but thoughtful holds them down a space.
Thus here the tyrant of the Holy Land,
The Turkish king, and knights, in council stand.

LVII.

But Godfrey had pursued o'er hill and dale
His vict'ry, and the vanquish'd, and his way ;
And paid meanwhile the last rites which avail
His fallen warriors, with devout array ;
And bade the rest be girded to assail
The city walls upon the second day ;
And with more ample and terrific face
Of battle threat th' immur'd barbarian race.

LVIII.

And he, now learning that the troop which came
To aid him 'gainst the infidels erewhile
Is of his dearest friends, and is the same
Which follow'd late that guide so full of guile,
And Tancred with them, who by the false dame
Armida had been kept in prison vile,
In presence of the Hermit, and some few
O' th' wiser, calls them to an interview.

LIX.

And says to them : " I pray that some one tell
The course of your short errors now redress'd ;
And how ye after had the power so well
To give us aid when we were much distress'd."
The visage of each blushing warrior fell,
For trifling fault gnaws bitterly each breast.
At last the British king's illustrious son,
Lifting his eyes, brake silence and begun :

LX.

" We whom the urn had with no lot supplied
Set out each silently as foot could fall,
Led, I confess, by Love, that treach'rous guide,
And listing to a guileful Syren's call ;
Through strange and crooked paths she made us ride,
Each jarring with the rest and jealous all.
Now words, and glances now, (alas ! too late
I know it) nourish'd both our love and hate.

LXI.

" At last we reach'd the spot on which of yore
From Heav'n in ample flakes came down the flame,
And took revenge for nature outrag'd sore
On those who were so bold in works of shame.
That which was kindly fertile land before,
Now heated and bituminous waters claim,
And a dead lake, which, where it twists and wends,
Compresses the' air, and with its smell offends.

LXII.

" This is the pool on which no weight when thrown
E'er sinks to the bottom, whatsoe'er its mass,
But man floats on it, and hard steel, and stone,
Like fir or other trees of lightest class.
A castle rests in it, one bridge alone
Narrow and short admitting aught to pass.
We enter'd in, nor know I by what art
Beauty and gladness reign in every part.

LXIII.

" The air is soft, sky calm ; the trees and meads
Are joyous ; the sweet waters brightly gleam ;
Where mid the loveliest myrtle groves proceeds
A fountain, and diffuses a small stream :
A gentle murmur from the leaves and reeds
Rains on th' embosom'd lawn the quiet dream ;
Birds sing : I speak not of the marble and gold
Of which the art and work can scarce be told.

LXIV.

“ Upon the grass where falls the deepest shade,
And with the sound of limpid waters near,
A table proud with sculptur'd urns is laid,
And rich with viands the most choice and dear.
Whate'er each season yields is here survey'd,
Whate'er earth gives, or depths of ocean rear,
Whate'er art teaches : and five score at least
Of fair and ready damsels serve the feast.

LXV.

“ She with a sweet speech, and a smile of grace,
Mix'd for us wicked food with deadly aim,
Now while each drank there, seated on the dais,
Lengthen'd oblivion with a lengthen'd flame,
She rose, and saying, ‘ I soon resume my place,’
Back with a mien less kind and calm she came :
In one hand mov'd a rod ; a book was shown
In the' other, and she read in a low tone.

LXVI.

“ The sorc'ress reads, and I perceive my thought
And will, my life and frame too, changing slow :
Strange virtue ! with new pleasure am I fraught,
I leap into the waves and dive below.
I know not how each leg within is wrought,
And how both arms into the body grow ;
I shorten and contract, and scales began
To clothe my skin, and I was fish, not man.

LXVII.

“ Thus also were transmuted all the rest,
And glided with me in that silver stream.
As to my state then, I am now impress'd
As with a foolish, vain, and turbid dream.
At last she will'd each shape should be redress'd,
But mid our wonder and our fear supreme
We all were mute, when, with a sterner air,
She thus exclaims, and fills our hearts with care :

LXVIII.

“ ‘ Behold my pow'r is known to you,’ she cries,
‘ And how I hold o'er you imperial sway.
Hang on my will then ; who resists it, lies
In prison cut off for ever from the day ;
Some become birds ; others take root and rise
Out of earth's breast as tree or flow'ry spray ;
Some melt to founts ; some harden into stone
On others' front the shaggy hair is strown.

LXIX.

“ ‘Ye lightly can avoid my sharp disdain
When it shall please you to obey my word :
Be Pagans then, and to support our reign
’Gainst impious Bouillon let your swords be stirr’d.’
We all refus’d, and shudder’d at the stain
Of pact so foul : Rambald alone concurr’d.
We, since defence avail’d not, in a hole
Were pinion’d whither daylight never stole.

LXX.

“ To the same castle Tancred then was train’d
By chance, and he was made a prisoner too.
But the false witch held us not long enchain’d ;
And, if the news which I have heard be true,
A legate from Damascus’ lord obtain’d
To take with him from the’ impious one our crew,
And led us chain’d and unarm’d in a string
’Twixt arm’d men as a gift to Egypt’s king.

LXXI.

“ Thus on we went, and as it was decreed
And mov’d by Him who reigns o’er earth and sky,
The good Rinaldo who with lofty deed,
And recent, ever lifts his glory on high,
Haps on us, and assaults the knights who lead
Our captive troop with wonted chivalry :
He slays and conquers them, and makes us don
Those arms of theirs which were at first our own.

LXXII.

“ I saw him ; so did these, and he applied
His hand to ours ; we heard his voice resound.
The rumour which is here so loud has lied ;
His life is safe, his body whole and sound :
And this is the third day that with a guide,
Some pilgrim old, he left us, being bound
To Antioch ; and the arms which he had worn
He first put off as being stain’d and torn.”

LXXIII.

Thus spake he ; and meanwhile the Hermit’s eyes
Are both rais’d up to Heaven for a space :
His hue and features change : and lo ! there plies
Round them a sacred light, and holy grace !
Full of his God, and rapt with zeal, he hies
Up to th’ angelic minds and takes his place.
The future opes before him, and sublime
He penetrates the roll of years and time.

LXXIV.

And then, with tongue unloos'd, did he attest
The fate of others in a louder style,
All turn'd to mark his features, and address'd
Themselves to hear his thundering voice the while.
"Rinaldo lives," he cries, "and all the rest
Are arts and falsehoods of a woman's guile :
He lives and Heav'n reserves his tender days,
Not come to ripeness, for maturer bays.

LXXV.

"These are but presages and childish woes
By which he is now in Asia felt and nam'd.
Lo ! I see clearly as time onward flows
The impious Cæsar met by him, and tam'd ;
And both the Church and Rome find sweet repose
Under the bright wings of his eagle fam'd,
Which shall redeem them from the wild beast's claw :
And worthy sons from him their birth shall draw.

LXXVI.

"Sons of such sons, and who from these shall spring,
A memorable example hence will gain,
And against rebels and each unjust king
Learn to defend the mitre and the fane.
To crush the proud, to raise the suffering,
Defend the guiltless, quell the impious train,
Shall be their arts. Thus soaring to the sky
Beyond the sun shall Este's eagle fly.

LXXVII.

"And justly, if it gaze at truth and light,
'Twill minister to Peter bolts that kill.
It must unfold, where'er for Christ men fight,
Its dauntless and triumphant plumage still :
Since God assign'd this as its lofty right
And native custom, by His sov'reign will.
Hence 'tis ordain'd that it shall be re-led
To this grand enterprise from which it fled."

LXXVIII.

Wise Peter with these words dispels the fear
For good Rinaldo which prevail'd around.
Godfrey alone amid the plausive cheer
Continues mute, immers'd in thought profound.
Meanwhile upsprings the night, and o'er the sphere
Of earth her ebon-colour'd veil is wound.
The rest retire and yield their limbs to sleep :
But o'er his thoughts no slumber yet may creep.

CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT.

Down before God the Christian army kneels
 Imploring; all then to th' assault repair.
 The batter'd wall in lofty ruin reels.
 Clorinda gallantly defends it there,
 And wounds the Captain; whom an angel heals,
 Descending from the skies with med'cine rare.
 Again he seeks the field and wins the fight;
 But finds his vict'ries broken off by night.

I.

BUT now the Captain of the Christian race,
 With every thought bent on th' assault so near,
 Was ranging all the war-machines in place,
 When the monk Peter came, and where no ear
 Could catch their converse through the severing space,
 Thus reason'd, venerable and severe :
 "Thou mov'st, O Captain, earthly arms ; but thence
 It is not fitting that thou should'st commence.

II.

"Begin from Heav'n itself thine arduous way ;
 And first in public solemn pray'rs address
 The host of Angels and of Saints, that they,
 All potent, may implore for us success.
 Let the priests lead in holy rob'd array,
 And suppliant notes in pious hymns express :
 And let the vulgar learn devotion true
 From their illustrious chiefs, and go with you.

III.

So spake to him that rigid saintly guide,
 And the good Bouillon hail'd th' advice as wise.
 "Servant of Christ, I shall rejoice," he cried
 "To follow what thy welcome words advise.
 While then I draw the leaders to my side,
 Find thou the people's Pastors in like guise,
 William and Ademar ; and this divine
 And pious pomp be then their care and thine."

IV.

Next morn the two grand priests by the' Eremite
Were with the other lesser ones inroll'd
Where they were wont to offer solemn rite
Within the trench on consecrated mould.
Here the' others wore habiliments of white,
And the two Pastors robes encrisp'd with gold,
Which parting o'er the spotless linen fair
Clasp'd at the bosom ; and they crown'd their hair.

V.

Peter precedes ; and to the gales that blow
Unfurls the sign rever'd in Heav'n's domain ;
Then comes the choir with solemn step and slow
Dividing into two its lengthen'd train.
With suppliant song, and with the face bent low,
Alternate chanted they a double strain.
And closing both the ranks which stretch'd afar,
Came side by side William and Ademar.

VI.

Next follow'd Bouillon, and, as custom bade,
Being Captain, not a comrade at his side.
Then came the chiefs in pairs ; and well-array'd
The camp arm'd for defence was next descried.
Proceeding thus th' united people made
Its exit from the trenches : and no pride
Of trumpet rang, nor other savage tone,
But notes of love and lowliness alone.

VII.

Thee, Father ; Thee, Son, equal to the Sire,
And Thee who loving breath'st from both united,
And Thee they' invoke to grant them their desire,
Mother of God and man, thou Virgin plighted.
O Pow'rs, and you who move the flaming quire
Of Heav'n in triplicated order dighted,
O Saint, and thee, who washedst at the stream
The chaste humanity of the brow supreme,

VIII.

They' invoke ; and thee, the rock on whom repose
The Church's firm foundations as a base,
Where now thy worthy new successor throws
Wide ope the gates of pardon and of grace ;
And the' others sent by Jesus to disclose
News of his conqu'ring death in every place,
And those who follow'd to confirm the truth,
And seal'd it with their blood shed without ruth :

IX.

Those too whose pen or speech were wont to tell
The long lost path to Heav'n as warning guides,
And Jesus' faithful handmaid, lov'd so well,
Who chose that noblest life where peace abides ;
And virgins cloister'd in the modest cell,
Who yield themselves to God as holy brides ;
And those magnanimous at the rack and stake,
Whose courage kings and nations could not shake.

X.

Thus the meek host with songs, now loud, now low,
Stretching in ample curves, and length'ning, came,
And bent tow'rd Olivet its movement slow,
A mount which from the olive takes its name,
A mount whose holy fame all nation's know,
Which rises 'gainst the high walls' eastward aim,
Cut off from these by the deep vale alone
Of Joshaphat which 'twixt the two lies prone.

XI.

There wends the army with melodious pace,
And the deep valleys ring with thrilling sound,
And the high hills, and caverns at their base ;
And echoes from a thousand points rebound :
And hidd'n among the leaves one seems to trace
A woodland choir, and in the hollow ground,
So frequently repeated with acclaim
Is heard now Christ's, now Mary's mighty name.

XII.

Meanwhile the Pagans with amazement strong
Mark'd as they mutely stood upon the wall
Those tardy windings, and that humble song,
Th' unwonted poms, and rites unknown to all.
The wretched infidels, when the sight from long
Observance of it had begun to pall,
Yell'd loudly ; and with blasphemies and spite
The torrents roar'd, the vale, and mountain height.

XIII.

But yet the people of Jesus never spared
Continually to chant the holy strain ;
Nor turn'd they at those cries, nor further cared
More than for flocks of birds that shriek in vain ;
Nor, though there fell some arrows, were they scared,
Since these could not disturb their peaceful train
From flight so far : hence until all was done,
They carried on the sacred notes begun.

XIV.

Then on the summit of the hill they lay
The altar, with the solemn supper spread ;
And on both sides bright as the beams of day
Flames from a lamp of brilliant gold are shed.
Here William dons a different array
Enrich'd with gold ; and, thoughtful, bends his head :
And then proceeds his sounding voice to raise,
Himself accuses, gives God thanks, and prays.

XV.

The foremost round him humbly list'ning stand,
The furthest fix on him at least their eyes.
But when he had gone through the myst'ries grand
Of the pure sacrifice, "Depart," he cries.
And, lifting up his sacerdotal hand
In front, he blesses all their companies.
The pious squadrons now retreating pour
Along the self-same paths they trod before.

XVI.

The trenches being reach'd, and ranks dispers'd,
Back to his home the pious Godfrey went ;
And crowds escorted him far as they durst,
E'en to the very limits of his tent.
Here turning he dismiss'd the others first,
But kept with him the leaders, whom he meant
To grace at table ; and to front him chose
That seated be the aged Count Toulouse.

XVII.

And when the natural wish for food was driven
Aside and importuning thirst repress'd,
Said to the chiefs the grand Chief : "When in Heaven
Day dawns, let all be to th' assault address'd.
That will be battle's day, and toil's ; be given
This one to preparation and to rest :
Go therefore each to his repose, and then
Prepare himself and all his mailed men."

XVIII.

These took their leave, and then the heralds made
By sound of trumpet proclamation wide,
That every warrior should be well array'd
And prompt for arms when dawn was next espied.
Part of the day was thus in rest outlaid,
Part was to action and to thought applied,
Until the calm night friendly to repose
Once more brought all their labours to a close.

XIX.

The dawn was doubtful yet, and immature
The birth of day was in the orient still ;
Nor was the hard plough cleaving yet the moor ;
Nor was the shepherd come back to the hill ;
Within the boughs each bird remain'd secure ;
Nor hound nor horn yet made the woodland thrill ;
When first the morning trump began to sound
To arms ; to arms the echoing skies rebound.

XX.

To arms ! to arms ! one sound pervades the mass,
A hundred squadrons taking up the cry.
Brave Godfrey rises nor his own cuirass
Takes he, nor will his wonted greaves apply ;
He dons another, and thus arm'd may pass
For soldier of the lightest infantry ;
And has put on already th' easy load,
When the good Raymond reaches his abode.

XXI.

Seeing the Chief thus arm'd, he guess'd ere long
The purpose, which his silence could not veil.
"Where is," he cried, "thy breastplate heavy and strong,
And where, Sire, is thine other iron mail ?
Why thus in part unarm'd ? Indeed 'tis wrong
That thou should'st go with a defence so frail.
Now from these signs in thee I judge thine aim
Is but to reach a humble goal of fame.

XXII.

"What seekest thou ? the private palm bestow'd
For scaling ramparts ? These let others mount,
And lives less great and useful, which are ow'd
For risks like these, expose to battle's brunt.
Do thou resume, Sire, thine accustom'd load,
And of thyself have care on our account.
Thy life, the soul and safety of our host,
Be not, O Heav'n, for want of caution lost."

XXIII.

He ceas'd ; the other answer'd : "Understand
That when in Claremont the great Urban drew
This sword around me, and his mighty hand
Bound me to knighthood's laws devout and true,
I made a vow to Heav'n, not of the grand
Conspicuous service from a captain due,
But to employ here, whensoever the hour,
A private warrior's utmost arms and pow'r.

XXIV.

“ When then I shall have drawn up in array
The nations all, and mov'd them 'gainst the foe,
And been enabled fully to defray
All duties which as Prince supreme I owe,
'Tis reason, nor wilt thou, I think, gainsay,
That to assault the walls I also go,
And keep the promise which to Heav'n I gave :
Me may that Heav'n in mercy guard and save.”

XXV.

Thus he concluded, and each Frankish knight
Follow'd that mode ; the younger Bouillons too :
Also the other chiefs in part were dight
In lesser arms, foot soldiers to the view.
Meanwhile the Pagans now had mann'd the height
There where the wall incurv'd itself and drew
Toward the west from the cold northern wain,
A site less safe as being on the plain :

XXVI.

Since elsewhere may the city safely cast
All fear aside, and each assault defy.
Here the bad tyrant has not only amass'd
The braver folk and listed infantry,
But children and old men are call'd at last
To labour, since their all is on that die :
And these go carrying for the stouter hearts
Sulphur, bitumen, lime, and stones, and darts.

XXVII.

And with machines and arms they've fill'd before
All of that wall which on the plain is bas'd :
And here like a grim giant, keen for gore,
The Soldan rises upward from the waist ;
Argante threat'ning there is tow'ring o'er
The battlements, and may from far be trac'd :
And on the angular tow'r that woos the sky
Clorinda shines conspicuously high.

XXVIII.

And at her back the quiver, which expands
With a huge load of pointed shafts, depends.
She holds the bow already in her hands,
The arrow is on the cord, the weapon bends :
And, keen to strike, the lovely archer stands
Waiting for whatsoever foe ascends.
Thus was the Delian virgin deem'd of old
To shoot from where the loftier clouds were roll'd.

XXIX.

Down lower on foot the greyhair'd monarch plies
From gate to gate, and what upon the wall
He first had order'd, scans with cautious eyes,
And cheers and comforts the defenders all :
This part with troops he strengthens, there supplies
More arms, and cares for aught that may befall.
But the afflicted matrons seek the fane
To' implore their false and impious God again :

XXX.

“ Break the Frank robber's spear, O Lord, and maim
His weapons with thy hand so just and great ;
And him who thus has scorn'd thy mighty name
Beat down and scatter under the tall gate.”
Thus spake they ; and Hell heard not their acclaim
Among the cries of misery and hate.
Now while the city thus prepares and prays,
His host and arms the pious Chief displays.

XXXI.

Forth from the camp his infantry in detail
With caution and the finest art he brings ;
And 'gainst the wall he wishes to assail
Obliquely parts them into two broad wings :
Midmost he puts his instruments of bale,
Horrid balistæ and gigantic slings,
From which against th' embattled heights are thrown
Like thunderbolts the lance now, now the stone.

XXXII.

And as a guard he puts the horse i' the rear
Of the' infantry, and sends the scouts around :
Then gives the battle signal loud and clear ;
And the' archers and the slingers so abound,
Such arms, too, fly from his mechanic gear,
That on the ramparts thinner ranks are found.
Some lie there slain, and others hurry down :
Already has the wall a scantier crown.

XXXIII.

The Frankish nation rushes o'er the field
With the most rapid and impetuous tread :
Part of them join together shield to shield,
And make with these a cov'ring for the head ;
Part under the machines remain conceal'd,
Thus shelter'd from the hail of stones so dread,
And when the fosse is reach'd, with heap on heap
They labour to fill up the void and deep.

XXXIV.

The fosse was not of marshy mud compos'd,
(The site forbade) nor there did water flow ;
And hence though broad and deep 'twas quickly clos'd
By stones, trees, clods; whate'er the hand can throw.
Meanwhile the rash Alcasto first expos'd
His head, and rais'd a ladder from below ;
Nor stony hail, nor rain of heated pitch,
Restrain'd him, and he fix'd it o'er the ditch.

XXXV.

The Swiss, upmounting, and defying fate,
Has finish'd half of his aerial way,
A mark for myriad darts, which ne'er abate
His efforts nor can make his footsteps stay ;
When a stone, round, and of enormous weight,
Swift as if huge bombard had made it play,
Strikes on his helm, and hurls him down below :
And the Circassian 'twas who had launch'd the blow.

XXXVI.

Not mortal, but so grave the stroke and fall,
That stunn'd he lies, and not a limb can rear.
Argante then, with loud and savage call :
"The first is fall'n, who second will appear ?
Why not come openly to' assail the wall,
Ye skulking warriors, since I hide not here ?
Nought shall avail your strangely cover'd pens ;
But ye shall die there like wild beasts in dens."

XXXVII.

He spake, yet for his speaking those conceal'd
Cease not the more, nor those in bristling bower,
But join'd and crowded, each beneath his shield,
Sustain the shafts and weights from wall and tower.
Already to the wall the ram has wheel'd
Its huge machines and beams of sumless power,
Whose ram-like head is arm'd with iron plates,
And butting terrifies the walls and gates.

XXXVIII.

Meanwhile a hundred hands with all their might
Roll a huge mass prepar'd aloft before,
Which where the tortoise is most dense and tight
Falls down and seems a mountain toppling o'er :
And th' union of the shields being sever'd quite,
It breaks of helmets and of skulls a store ;
And all the ground about the spot remains
Scatter'd and red with arms, blood, bones, and brains.

XXXIX.

No longer now do the assailants keep
Behind the shelter of each tall machine,
But to the open risk abroad they sweep
From perils blind, and make their valour seen.
Some fix the ladders, and climb up the steep,
Some batter the foundation, rivals keen ;
The wall rocks, and its sides in ruin crack,
Now wearied by the Franks' renew'd attack :

XL.

And would have fallen at the horrid blows
Redoubled by the ram which swung from far ;
But from the battlements the enemy shows
A brave defence with all the arts of war ;
And lets down bales of wool to interpose
Where'er the mighty beam is stretch'd to jar ;
The soft and pliant bulk receives the blow
Upon itself, and makes it weak and slow.

XLI.

While in the mural combat foe with foe
Had fought with gallantry that knew no dread,
Seven times Clorinda bent her fatal bow,
And sev'n times loos'd it, and a shaft was sped ;
And all the arrows which flew down below
Bedy'd their steel and feathers with the red,
Not of base blood, but such as princes claim ;
That proud one scorning an ignoble aim.

XLII.

The first knight whom she wounded was the heir
And youthful scion of the English king.
Scarce had he drawn his head from shelter'd lair,
When sprang the fatal arrow from the string,
Nor did an iron gauntlet make it spare
His right hand, but through all it drove its sting :
So that disabled he must needs retire
Gnashing his teeth, but less from pain than ire.

XLIII.

The Count d'Amboise upon the fosse's side,
And on the ladder then Clothaire the Frank,
The first transfix'd from breast to shoulder died,
And this pierc'd through from one to the' other flank.
And while the Flemish lord his strength applied
To push the ram forth, in his left arm sank
A shaft which slack'd his pace ; and he design'd
To drag it forth, but left the steel behind.

XLIV.

While Ademar incautious turn'd to view
Far off the savage fight, the fatal cane
Arriving straight against his forehead flew :
He stretch'd his right hand to the trifling pain,
When lo ! there came a second shaft anew
Upon his hand and pinn'd it to the brain ;
On which he fell, and of his sacred blood
Pour'd o'er those woman's arms an ample flood.

XLV.

While Palamede, who scorning all retreat,
Had nigh the summit rear'd his dauntless head,
Was guiding up the lofty steps his feet,
Tow'rd his right brow the seventh arrow sped,
And traversing quite through the hollow seat
And nerves of the' eye, came out behind all red
E'en through the nape : he toppled o'er and died
Beneath the rock which he had thus defied.

XLVI.

So shot she. Godfrey with redoubled might
Renews his fierce assault in the mean time.
Beside a gateway he has plac'd aright
Of all his huge machines the most sublime.
This is a tow'r of wood whose emulous height
Attains to that to which the ramparts climb,
A tow'r which charg'd with men, and arm'd with steel,
Comes dragg'd along upon the creaking wheel.

XLVII.

The rolling mass comes hurling from afar
Lances and shafts, and nearer now doth glide,
And strives, as ship with ship is wont in war,
To reach th' opposing walls and become tied.
But he who guards them and th' attempt would mar,
Thrusts at its front, and at its either side,
And backward pushes it with spears, and smites
With stones the wheels now, now th' embattled heights.

XLVIII.

From this side and from that the dart and stone
So flew that Heav'n was darken'd by the mass :
There strove two clouds in air, and weapons thrown
Fell back to whence they had essay'd to pass.
As, hurtled from their branch, the leaves are strown
By raindrops harden'd into icy glass,
And e'en the fruit though yet unripen'd falls ;
So fell the Saracens from off the walls ;

XLIX.

Since the harm lights on them with keener spite
Because in less of steel their limbs they fold.
Part of the living also take to flight,
Astounded at the thund'ring mass uproll'd.
But he who once was Nice's tyrant hight
Remains, and keeps the few there who are bold :
And fierce Argante in that perilous hour,
Snatching a beam, runs to oppose the tow'r,

L.

And thrusts and keeps it back far as avail
His arms for strength, and the huge pine is long.
The sov'reign virgin also arm'd in mail
Descends to share the perils with that throng.
The Franks meanwhile cut from the pendent bale
Its each sustaining cord off, and each thong,
With lengthen'd scythes; and hence, these falling down,
The wall is left expos'd to battle's frown.

LI.

And thus the tow'r above, and ram below,
Beat it with blows as swift as they are vast ;
Whence pierc'd and broken it begins to show
The secret and internal ways at last.
The Captain wends, nor has he far to go,
Near to the tremulous wall now crumbling fast,
Enclos'd completely in his larger shield
With which he seldom wont to take the field,

LII.

And cautiously directing hence his sight,
Marks Solyman come down toward the plain,
And place him at the perilous pass aright
To guard the ruins of the mural chain :
And still Clorinda and th' Egyptian knight,
To fend the higher road, aloft remain.
Thus gaz'd he and already felt his breast
All glowing with a new and gen'rous zest.

LIII.

Whence turning said he to the good Sigier,
Who bare his bow for him and other shield :
"O faithful squire of mine, give to me here
This load so much less troublesome to wield ;
For I shall try to mount without a peer
Yon doubtful pass, by ruins well nigh seal'd :
And from our valour time it is indeed
That some illustrious action should proceed."

LIV.

His shield being chang'd, these accents yet were new,
When tow'rd him in its flight an arrow came,
And on his leg alighting pierc'd it through
Amid the nerves most ready to inflame.
Men said, Clorinda, 'twas thy hand that drew
Th' unerring bow, and thine is all the fame :
If this day still thy Pagan race be free
From chains or death, it owes the boon to thee.

LV.

But the most gallant Chief, as though no pain
Resulted from a wound whence death impends,
Slacks not his foot from its career amain,
But mounts the ruins, and invites his friends.
Yet soon perceives he that he tasks in vain
The limb now render'd useless for such ends,
And that he more inflames it by this course ;
And hence at last he quits th' assault perforce.

LVI.

And calling Guelph to him with beck of hand,
He saith to him : " I go away forespent ;
Do thou meantime assume the chief command,
To fill the void I leave while at my tent.
By one brief hour my absence will be spann'd ;
I hasten, and return." This said, he went ;
And could not, though he mounted palfrey light,
Pass to the rampart and escape all sight.

LVII.

The Captain thus departing, there departs
The Frankish fortune too, and cedes the field.
More vigor has the foe, his hope upstarts
Afresh, and more his valour is reveal'd.
That reckless courage in the Faithful hearts
Engender'd by success begins to yield :
Each sword already is more slow to wound,
And e'en the trumpets give a languid sound.

LVIII.

And 'twixt the battlements soon re-appears
The crowd who had been scatter'd in despair.
And marking where that gallant virgin rears
Her form, true patriot zeal arms all the fair.
Behold them run and mount on guard with spear,
With gown succinct and loosely scatter'd hair,
And launch the jav'lin, and no longer dread
To' expose for the lov'd walls the breast and head.

LIX.

And that which fills the Franks with more of dread
And lessens it in those who man the height,
Is that the pow'rful Guelph falls as one dead,
And this occurs in either people's sight.
To him mid thousands is his fortune sped,
And a stone finds him after lengthen'd flight.
At the same time a missile from the walls
Hits Raymond likewise, and he also falls.

LX.

And Eustace, bent on winning glory's goal,
Was roughly pierc'd then on the fosse's bank.
Nor did the foe strike one blow of the whole
In that sad hour so luckless to the Frank
(Though many struck) which did not from the soul
Disjoin some body, or which fell quite blank.
And the Circassian, eager to rejoice
And fierce in such success, uplifts his voice :

LXI.

"This is not Antioch, nor is this night
Which Christian frauds have often found their friend,
Ye see the people astir, the sun's own light,
Another form of war, and other end.
Is then your zeal for honor now so slight,
And booty, that so soon ye cease to bend
Your footsteps hither, and weary turn again
From brief assault, O Frankish maids, not men?"

LXII.

Thus reasons he and makes his fury swell
To such a torrent by that wordy fray,
That the broad city which he guards so well
Seems field too narrow for his might's display :
And forth he bounds to where the huge wall fell,
And where its fissure leaves an open way ;
And fills the gap up, and meantime he cries
To Solyman, whom near him he espies :

LXIII.

"Lo, Solyman, the place, and lo the hour
Which on our valour shall at last decide.
Why yield? What fear'st thou? Let in yonder stour
To him who woos it most, the palm betide."
Thus spake he, and then each one from the tow'r
Went forth precipitate with emulous stride,
One lash'd by rage, and one by honor driven,
And stung by the fierce invitation given.

LXIV.

Unlook'd for on th' opposing ranks they flew,
And all their rivalry was here reveal'd :
And such a vast amount of men they slew,
And scatter'd were so many a helm and shield,
And ladders broken, and machines cut through,
That these seem'd like a mountain on the field ;
And, mingled in one mighty ruin, pil'd
Another wall for that which had been spoil'd.

LXV.

They who before were hot aspirants all
For mural crowns, and fill'd with martial fire,
Not only wish not now to pass the wall,
But e'en from self-defence seem to retire ;
And yield to the fresh onslaught, and let fall
The tow'rs a prey to the two warriors' ire,
Tow'rs which in other war can ne'er be us'd,
With such a fury are they strick'n and bruis'd.

LXVI.

Rush the two Pagans in that hot debate
Further and further on with all their pow'r ;
Call to the citizens for fire, and straight
Carry two flaming pines toward the tow'r.
Such went to issue from Tartarean gate
And overturn the world in evil hour,
The ministers of Pluto, sisters dire,
Shaking their snaky locks and torch of fire.

LXVII.

But now th' unconquer'd Tancred who elsewhere
Cheers to th' assault the troops whom he commands,
Soon as he sees th' incredible efforts there,
The double flame, and two great piny brands,
Breaks off his words that he may quick repair
To curb the fury of the Paynim bands :
And proves his valour in such dreadful guise
That he who won and chas'd, now losing flies.

LXVIII.

Thus in this quarter was the battle plied
As varying fortune varied the event.
Meanwhile the wounded Chief contrives to ride
Far as the trench, and gains his ample tent,
With good Sigier, with Baldwin at his side,
And a thick crowd of friends together blent.
He strives with too much haste, or little craft,
To draw the arrow forth, and breaks the shaft,

LXIX.

And bids that the most nigh and speedy way
To work a cure upon him shall be ta'en ;
That in the hollow wound the steel shall play,
And largely carve the flesh, and cut the vein.
“Restore me to the war, so that with day
It close not ere I seek my post again.”
He speaks and offers, as he grasps the ash
Of a huge lance, the hurt limb to the gash.

LXX.

And ancient Erotimus, born where flows
The Padine stream, now comes to tend the wound ;
He of each herb and noble water knows
The virtues, and what use in each is found.
Dear to the Muses also, but he chose
The lesser glory of arts which make no sound :
To save from death frail bodies was his aim ;
Yet could he make immortal too a name.

LXXI.

The Chieftain, firmly plac'd and self-possess'd,
Rebukes the plaint of his attendant band.
The leech in robe succinct and with the vest
Unfolded from his arm, all light and bland,
Now tries in vain with potent herbs to wrest
The barb away, and now with skilful hand ;
Attempts it with the fingers, and has brought
The grasping steel to aid, yet prospers nought.

LXXII.

Fortune in no way seconds his great art,
And never seems to smile on his intent.
And now the wounded hero feels the smart
So dreadful that his life is well nigh spent.
But here his guardian angel, mov'd at heart
By his unmerited pain, from Ida rent
Some dittany, an herb with purple flower
Which has in its young leaves a lofty power.

LXXIII.

And Nature well instructs the mountain goat
In all the virtue which is thus conceal'd,
Whene'er 'tis struck and in its shaggy coat
There stays affix'd the missile wing'd and steel'd.
This has the angel brought, though far remote
Its dwelling, ere a moment's time has wheel'd,
And mid the healing waters, prompt for use
As soothing lotions, pours unseen the juice ;

LXXIV.

And liquids cull'd where Lydian fountains flow,
And odorous all-heal, there he mingles too.
The old man sprinkles then the wound, and lo !
The barb of its own self comes forth to view,
The bleeding is self-staunch'd, and the sharp woe
Now quits the leg, and strength returns anew.
Then Erotimus cries : " No master art,
Nor this my mortal hand, has cur'd thy smart.

LXXV.

" A higher pow'r has wrought : a spirit, for thee
Become physician, has fled down from far ;
For marks of a celestial hand I see.
Take arms, why loiter ? and return to war."
Greedy for battle, Godfrey wraps his knee
In purple to secure it from all jar,
And brandishes his mighty lance, and grasps
His shield thrown down there, and his helm he clasps.

LXXVI.

He issues from the trench, and tow'rd the wall,
Where shaken, turns, with thousands in his train.
Heav'n o'er them darken'd with a dusty pall,
Earth under trembled as they struck the plain ;
The foes perceiv'd him from their station tall
Approach from far, and froz'n was every vein,
And a cold tremor ran through every bone :
He thrice uprais'd to Heav'n his martial tone.

LXXVII.

His people know that haughty voice, that cry,
Which has so often cheer'd them to the fight ;
And now resuming the attack, they hie
Once more to battle where 'tis at its height.
The Pagan pair, though all untaught to fly,
Have drawn into the breach, with all their might
Defending, obstinate, the cloven pass
From Tancred and his followers' serried mass.

LXXVIII.

Disdainful all, and threat'ning, to this post
Came wrapt in arms the General of France,
And singling fierce Argante from the host
Hurl'd at him first his thund'ring iron lance.
No mural instrument of war could boast
To make its bolt with more of force advance.
Along the air thunder'd the knotty spear :
Argante rais'd his shield, and knew no fear.

LXXIX.

Quite through the shield the piercing weapon pass'd,
Nor could the hard cuirass its force sustain ;
For it burst through all fences, and at last
It drank the Saracen blood, and show'd the stain.
But the Circassian pluck'd it, though fix'd fast,
Out of his arm and veins, nor felt the pain ;
And hurl'd it at the Chief, saying: "What thou'st thrown
I send thee back ; from me receive thine own."

LXXX.

Now on attack, and now on vengeance bent,
The spear through the known path flew and re-flew ;
But yet it struck not him 'gainst whom 'twas sent,
Who stoop'd, and from the stroke his head withdrew.
It caught the good Sigier whose throat was rent
And by the' obdurate iron cloven through ;
Nor did he quit the realms of light with grief,
Thus dying for his own beloved Chief.

LXXXI.

Just then, too, was the Norman knight struck sore
By a huge rock hurl'd from the Soldan's hand ;
He twisted at the blow, trembled all o'er,
And like a wheeling top fell on the sand.
Then Godfrey could restrain his rage no more
At these affronts so great, and grasp'd his brand ;
And on the pile of ruins mounted high,
And thenceforth carried on the war from nigh.

LXXXII.

And wondrous things he would have there display'd,
And deadly strifes the muse had had to sing ;
But night came forth and all the wide world laid
Beneath the gloomy horrors of her wing,
And slowly interpos'd her peaceful shade
Mid wretched mortals whom such passions sting.
So Godfrey ceas'd and call'd his host away,
And thus was clos'd the sanguinary day.

LXXXIII.

But ere the pious Bouillon quat the ground
He had the sick and faint borne off with care ;
Nor left the wreck of his machines around
A booty for his enemies to share.
But safe, so happ'd it, the grand tow'r was found
Which struck the enemy with such despair :
Though in some places its gigantic form
Was torn and batter'd by the horrid storm.

LXXXIV.

Forward it came, escap'd from perilous plight,
Arriving at a place secure at last.
But as a ship which takes full sail its flight
Over the billowy sea and scorns the blast,
Then on the sands, when port is just in sight,
Or on the treach'rous rocks, is rudely cast ;
Or as a courser passes the rough road,
And trips and falls when near his sweet abode :

LXXXV.

Thus fell the tow'r, and thus upon that side
Which had sustain'd the blows of stone and spear,
Broke two weak wheels, so that unfit to glide
It ceas'd to move, all ruin'd in its gear :
But they who led it all their force applied
To underprop it, and stood with it here
Until the ready smiths should come around,
And cure the damage of its every wound.

LXXXVI.

Thus Godfrey order'd who desir'd its aid
Ere the new sun should mount the Eastern steep ;
And, occupying every path, he laid
His guards in order round the soaring heap.
But to the city soon there was convey'd
The sound of iron tools and voices deep,
And myriad torches near were seen to shine,
Whence all that happ'd they knew, or could divine.

CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.

Whence, where, and when, she first had op'd her eyes
 Clorinda hears now from her guardian squire :
 Then secretly with fierce Argante hies
 Toward the foe and sets the tow'r on fire.
 At last with Tancred combating, she dies ;
 But e'en in death new life does she respire,
 The life from baptism ; and he meanwhile
 Fills with his sighs the air, with tears the soil.

I.

'Tis night, and neither people yet has ta'en
 Refreshing sleep, though both with toil distress'd :
 But here the Franks awake on guard remain,
 Bent on mechanic labour without rest ;
 And there the Pagans render strong again
 Their every fence, where tottering and depress'd,
 And the rent wall they busily repair :
 And of the wounded there is common care.

II.

The wounds were tended now, and of the roll
 Of nightly labours some had reach'd their close,
 And others slacken'd as the shadows stole
 More dark and still, inviting to repose.
 Yet had the daring maid not calm'd her soul
 Still thirsty for the prize which fame bestows.
 Where others ceas'd from toil, fresh toil she sought,
 And, with Argante at her side, thus thought :

III.

“ The Soldan and Argante both have shown
 To-day such feats as eye had never seen,
 Who sallied forth mid countless hosts alone
 And batter'd down each Christian war-machine :
 While I, and this is all the praise I own,
 Us'd distant arms aloft behind a screen,
 An archer not unhappy I confess.
 Must this then be a woman's whole success ?

IV.

" Ah ! better far 'twere to wing shaft and spear
At the wild beasts in forest or in dell,
Than show myself to be a maiden here
Where valour shines, and cavaliers excel !
Why do I not resume my woman's gear,
For me most meet, and shut me up in cell ?"
Such are her thoughts ; she ponders, and she burns
With grand resolve, and to the warrior turns :

V.

" Long time, Sire, has my mind felt strange desires
And restless impulses which make it yearn
For height of daring ; these or God inspires,
Or we in our own will a God discern.
Behold, outside the hostile trench, yon fires :
Thither I go with steel and torch to burn
The tow'r there. Thus much would I fain achieve ;
The rest to Heav'n's good Providence I leave.

VI.

" But if it hap that fate shall interfere
With my return from a disastrous quest,
To thee do I confide my maidens dear,
And him who loves me with paternal zest.
Do thou to Egypt pass them o'er, and cheer
The weary old man and the dames distress'd.
Do it for love of Heav'n, Sire, for their age
And sex alike thy pity should engage."

VII.

Argante was struck dumb, and felt the spur
Of glory pricking in his bosom proud.
" Shalt thou go thither, then, and leave me here,"
He cried, " neglected mid the vulgar crowd ?
And from a part secure shall I prefer
To watch the burning spark and smoky cloud ?
No, no ; if erst in arms thy comrade true,
So will I be in glory and death too.

VIII.

" I too, like thee, can spurn at death, and bliss
I also deem it to spend life for fame."
" That gen'rous sally of thine," she said, " must this
To all the world eternally proclaim.
Me, a mere maid, the city would not miss
In its distress, whene'er my last hour came ;
But if, O Heaven forbid it ! thou should'st fall,
Who will survive then to defend the wall ?"

IX.

The knight responded : " Vainly dost thou plead
A false excuse against my settled will :
Thy footsteps will I follow if thou lead,
But if refus'd, I will precede them still."
They sought the king then, being thus agreed,
Who welcom'd them mid peers of worth and skill :
Clorinda then began : " Hear what, O Sire,
We wish to tell, and grant us our desire.

X.

" Argante, and the vaunt will not be vain,
Here undertakes to burn yon tall machine.
I shall be with him : and we but refrain
Till weariness bring slumber more serene."
The monarch rais'd his hands, and joyful rain
Descending on his furrow'd cheek was seen :
And, "Prais'd be Thou," he cries, " who still hast shown
Thy servants grace, and still preserv'st my throne.

XI.

" Nor will it fall for many long long days
If souls thus brave in its defence are found.
But what can I bestow of gift or praise
To equal your deserts, O pair renown'd ?
Let fame applaud you in immortal lays,
And fill the wide world with its echoing sound :
The work is its own meed, yet add beside
No trifling portion of my kingdom wide."

XII.

This said, the hoary king hasted to strain
Now this, now that one, in embraces kind.
The Soldan who was by, nor strove to rein
The generous rivalry which fill'd his mind,
Exclaim'd : " This sword, too, is not girt in vain ;
It shall be with you, or not far behind."
" Ah !" said Clorinda, " shall we all essay
This one emprise ? If thou go'st, who will stay ?"

XIII.

Thus spake she to him, and refusal proud
Argante would have given with angry mien ;
But here the king, utt'ring these words aloud
And kindly to the Soldan, stept between :
" O warrior grand, thy deeds have still avow'd
Thee equal to thyself, wherever seen ;
Whom front of peril has not e'er inspir'd
With terror, nor has battle ever tir'd.

XIV.

"I know that issuing forth thou would'st display
Deeds worthy thee : yet 'twere unwisely shar'd
That all should go, nor one within should stay
Of you with whom none else can be compar'd.
Nor would I suffer these to take their way,
For well their blood is worthy to be spar'd,
Were such a work less useful, or I thought
That by another force it could be wrought.

XV.

"But since such numbers near the lofty tow'r
On every side of it keep guard complete,
That of a few they will defy the pow'r,
And to go forth with many is unmeet ;
E'en let the pair who seek this perilous hour,
And often with such risks have dar'd compete,
Go forth and prosper, for their worth is such
That that of thousands does not sum so much.

XVI.

"Do thou, as to thy kingly rank is due,
Beside the portals with the rest attend,
And when, as I hope firmly, thou shalt view
These back return, and the red flames ascend,
If the opposing squadron shall pursue,
Repel it, and them rescue and defend."
Thus spake the one king, and the other stood
Calm'd by his words, yet in no joyful mood.

XVII.

Ismene then added : "Ye who thus will go,
I pray you let one short hour intervene,
Until I shall compound a ball below
To fasten on and burn the huge machine.
Perchance too then some portion of the foe
Who guard it may repose in sleep serene."
This was agreed : and in his own retreat
Each waits the fitting hour for the grand feat.

XVIII.

Clorinda laid aside her robes inwrought
With silver, her rich mail, and glitt'ring crest,
And put on others not adorn'd in aught,
Rusty and black, sad omen and unblest !
Because when she was thus disguis'd she thought
She could approach the hostile squadron best.
Arsetes was at hand, eunuch of worth,
Who had nurs'd her from her cradle and her birth ;

XIX.

And, dragging after her by day and night
His aged limbs, he follow'd now behind.
He saw the arms exchang'd, and guess'd aright
The grand risk of the work which she design'd ;
And sorely griev'd ; and by his hair grown white
In serving her, and by the memory kind
Of all his duties, earnestly he pray'd
That she would quit th' attempt ; nor mov'd the maid.

XX.

At last he said : " Since then in its own ill
Thy froward mind so hardens that no more
My wearied years, nor my affectionate will,
Nor pray'rs can move it, nor the tears I pour,
I further will explain, and give thee skill
Of things of thine which were obscure before :
Then follow my advice, or thy desire."
As he went on, her brows were lifted higher.

XXI.

" There reign'd o'er Ethiopia, and may reign
E'en now, Senapus with a prosperous sway,
Who keeps the laws of Him in Jewry slain,
And his black people follow the same way.
A Pagan slave there I, and mid the train
Of maids a feminine part had I to play.
For I was minister to the royal bride,
To whom, though dusky, charms were not denied.

XXII.

" Her husband doats on her, so that love's flame
And the' ice of jealousy in him are even.
By small degrees with still advancing aim
His foolish zeal to such a height is driven,
That now from all men he would shut the dame ;
Would hide her from so many eyes of Heaven.
She, sage and meek, regards as her reward
And pleasure all things which can please her lord.

XXIII.

" Her room was painted with a piteous tale
Of two religious figures, much renown'd.
A virgin, with complexion finely pale
And vermeil cheek, is near a dragon bound :
A knight with lance has pierc'd the monster's mail ;
The beast in its own blood lies on the ground.
Here frequently she kneels, and open lays
Her silent trespasses, and weeps and prays.

XXIV.

"Pregnant meanwhile, when the due time has pass'd
She bears a babe, 'twas thou, 'extremely fair,
Disturb'd, and at th' unwonted hues aghast,
She feels as though a miracle were there.
But knowing the king's furious mood, at last
Resolves to hide the birth from him with care ;
Since from thy spotless white he would infer
A faith that was not without spot in her.

XXV.

"A black child was just born, as it befell,
And this she thinks to show him 'stead of thee.
And since the tow'r which was her prisoning cell
Was dwelt in only by her maids and me,
She gives me, who had serv'd and lov'd her well,
Thy tender form though unbaptiz'd thou be.
Nor could she give thee baptism at the time,
Such was the usage of that southern clime.

XXVI.

"She held thee forth to me with weeping eyes,
And bade me rear thee in a distant place.
Who can describe her grief, and in what guise
She sobb'd and linger'd o'er the last embrace ?
She bath'd thy cheeks with tears, and her deep sighs
And passionate complaints held equal pace.
At last she rais'd her eyes, and said : ' O Thou,
All-seeing, who art in my heart e'en now ;

XXVII.

" ' If pure this heart, and if my members rest
Intact yet, and my bed no stain defile,
I pray not for myself, who have confess'd
A thousand faults, and in Thy sight am vile :
O save the innocent babe whose mother's breast
Denies it milk, and let it live long while
Resembling me in chastity alone ;
Elsewhere th' example of its fate be shown.

XXVIII.

" ' Thou, heav'nly warrior, who redeem'dst the maid
From that tremendous reptile's impious bite,
If on thine altar I have ever laid
Gold or sweet incense or the taper's light,
Pray for her so that to thy saving aid,
Thine handmaid, she may haste in every plight.'
She ceas'd ; her heart grew faint and stopt its race,
And pallid death was painted on her face.

XXIX.

“ With tears I took thee and in pannier small
Convey'd thee forth conceal'd in leaves and flow'rs.
I hid thee, and let no suspicion fall
On aught e'en in my most unguarded hours.
Unknown I went, and through the forest tall
Proceeding mid the dark o'ershading bow'rs,
I saw a tiger coming tow'rd me straight
With anger in its eyes and threatful hate.

XXX.

“ I leapt into a tree, and on the ground
Abandon'd thee, so sudden was my dread.
The horrid beast arriv'd, and turning round
Its haughty front, to thee its looks were sped.
Subdued and soften'd quite, no more it frown'd,
And in its gestures peace and love were read.
Then slowly it drew near, and with its tongue
Caress'd thee ; and thou smil'dst, and up were flung

XXXI.

“ Thine arms to clasp it ; and thy tiny hand
About the savage jaw securely play'd.
It offer'd thee the teat with gesture bland
As nurses use ; thou took'st the proffer'd aid.
Meanwhile did I look on, as one who scann'd
New frightful marvels, timid and dismay'd.
When the beast saw thee with the milky food
Full sated, it withdrew and sought the wood.

XXXII.

“ And then descending I resum'd my load,
And turn'd to whither first my steps were steer'd ;
And in a village taking my abode,
There had thee in complete seclusion rear'd.
I stay'd there till the sun so largely strode
Along his orb that sixteen months were clear'd.
Thou with thy tongue still milky could'st repeat
But stamm'ring sounds, and totter on thy feet.

XXXIII.

“ But since at last my years, no longer green,
Were verging tow'rd old age in their descent,
Rich and contented with what gold the queen
So royally gave me when from her I went,
I long'd to bring me from that foreign scene
And wand'ring life to where my youth was spent ;
To live in the dear spot mid friends of old,
And temper at my own hearth winter's cold.

XXXIV.

"I started and tow'rd Egypt whence I sprang,
Taking thee with me, I pursued my way ;
And near a torrent heard a robbers' clang
On this side, while on that the river lay.
What should I do? 'Twould cost a bitter pang
To leave thee, and I wish'd to 'scape away.
I plung'd into the stream ; one hand was free
To smite the wave, the other held up thee.

XXXV.

"The stream is rapid, and with eddying sweep
In the mid-tide the rolling waters flow ;
Arriv'd where these are whirling most and deep,
They spin me round and drag me down below.
I loose thee then ; but still the waters keep
Thy limbs afloat, and fav'ring breezes blow ;
And leave thee safe on the soft sand upcast.
I, tir'd and panting, join thee there at last.

XXXVI.

"I take thee up with rapture, and at night,
When all things in deep silence had been laid,
I saw the vision of a threat'ning knight
Who plac'd upon my brows his naked blade.
'I bid thee,' said the dark imperious sprite,
'Do that which at the first its mother bade :
Baptize the infant ; for it is the joy
Of Heav'n, and care of it is my employ :

XXXVII.

"'I guard it still ; I made the beasts display
Such tenderness, and gave the waves their lore.
Woe to thee if this dream thou disobey
Which is Heav'n's message ;' and it said no more.
I woke and rose, and when the earliest ray
Was born in heav'n, went onward as before.
But deeming my faith true, and the dream vain,
I thought not of thy baptism again,

XXXVIII.

"Nor of thy mother's pray'rs ; hence thou wert rear'd
A Pagan ; and the truth did I withhold.
Thou grew'st, and soon thy feats in arms appear'd
Strange for thy sex, and beyond nature bold.
Thou gainedst fame and lands ; and how have veer'd
Thy fortunes since, I need not here unfold,
Nor tell how as a slave, and father too,
Through warring ranks thy steps I still pursue.

XXXIX.

"Last dawn while all my senses seem'd to lie
 Oppress'd with sleep, and in a deathlike state,
 The self-same phantom came, but in its eye
 More anger gleam'd, its voice was more elate.
 'Lo, felon,' it exclaim'd, 'the hour is nigh
 Which bids Clorinda change both life and fate :
 She shall be mine in spite of thee : thy head
 Shall bear the woe !' and then through air it fled.

XL.

"Hear me, belov'd one, then ; Heav'n's threats declare
 That strange events are nearing thee with speed.
 I know not : perhaps it may not calmly bear
 That any should impugn a parent's creed ;
 Perhaps the creed is true. O grant my pray'r,
 Put off these arms, this spirit too bold indeed."
 He stopt, and moan'd ; she mus'd and grew afraid
 For a like dream too on her heart had weigh'd.

XLI.

At last, making her face serene, she cries :
 "I will retain that faith which now seems true,
 Which with my nurse's milk thou mad'st me prize,
 And doubts on which thou now appear'st to strew.
 Nor will I quit these arms nor this emprise
 Through fear, which noble heart could never do,
 No, not if death, with the most savage mien
 That ever scar'd a mortal, stood between."

XLII.

She cheers him then, and since the time requires
 That now her act shall carry out her word,
 She quits and joins that warrior who desires
 To share the risk to which she has been stirr'd.
 Ismene comes too, and valour which requires
 No stimulus, by him is lash'd and spurr'd :
 He gives to each a ball, a sulphurous mass,
 And also lights conceal'd in hollow brass.

XLIII.

At night they issue softly, and down hill
 United go with frequent steps and wide,
 Until they reach near where, obscure and still,
 The huge machine uprears its lofty side.
 Their spirits become inflam'd, their bosoms fill
 And overflow with military pride :
 Fierce rage invites them on to blood and fire ;
 The guards cry out then, and the sign require.

XLIV.

Still mutely they advance, and hence the guard
Exclaim, To arms ! to arms ! with echoing sound.
But now the generous pair no more retard
Their course, nor hide them on the broken ground.
Just as a thunderbolt or huge bombard
Flashes at once and cracks with dread rebound,
They move and they arrive, they smite the troop,
Open, and pierce it, all in one fell swoop.

XLV.

And in the end though many a weapon gleams,
And blows resound, success must crown the two.
They bar'd their cover'd lights, and soon the streams
Of sparks upon the fiery fuel flew,
Which roll'd them on and strew'd them o'er the beams.
Who could tell how the flames crept on and grew
From side to side ? what clouds of smoke were driven
Across the pure and starry face of Heaven ?

XLVI.

See globes of flame, obscure and mix'd, rise higher
And higher amid the wheels of vapour dun.
The wind blows and gives vigour to the fire,
Whose scatter'd parts are gather'd into one.
The great light strikes with consternation dire
The Frankish host, and all to arm them run.
That huge and dreaded mass yields to the blaze,
And one brief hour beats down the toil of days.

XLVII.

Two Christian squadrons tow'rd the burning frame
Meanwhile have hied them, guided by the light.
Argante threatens : " I will quench that flame
With your heart's blood," and fronts them for the fight.
Yet drawing tow'rd Clorinda's side, he came
Retreating slowly to the mountain's height.
Like torrent swell'n by lengthen'd rain, the throng
Still grows, and treads on them, and mounts along.

XLVIII.

The golden gate is open, and at hand
The king waits 'mid his troops with ready glee,
To welcome back the warriors from their grand
Adventure when accomplish'd it shall be.
The two leap to the threshold, the Frank band
Surging behind them onward like a sea ;
These Solyman repels and routs : the gate
Then closes, but Clorinda is too late.

XLIX.

She only was shut out, since when they drew
The bars across the gate, she just had sped
Far forward and with heat and fury flew
To punish Arimon who had struck her head.
She punish'd him ; and nought Argante knew
How far away the maiden had been led ;
For battle, and the press, and the dense air,
Depriv'd his eyes of sense, his heart of care.

L.

But when her heat of mind had been subdued
In hostile blood, and she was now more wise,
She saw the gate clos'd, and herself now mew'd
By foes all round, and death before her eyes.
Yet finding no discovery had ensued,
New arts to save herself did she devise ;
Feign'd to be one of them, and calmly turn'd
Among th' unknown ; nor was the truth discern'd.

LI.

Then as a wolf, after some dark misdeed,
Steals silent to the wood, besmear'd with gore,
Help'd by the tumult she withdrew with heed,
And hidden by the darken'd air still more.
Tancred alone perceiv'd her form recede.
He had arriv'd there a short time before,
And coming up when she slew Arimon,
Beheld her, mark'd her, after her is gone.

LII.

In arms he fain would prove her ; for a knight
She seems on whom his skill may well be tried.
She circling goes around the rocky height
To seek some other gate through which to glide.
He follows quick, and though his steps are light,
So clanks his armour, ere he gains her side,
That, turn'd, she cries : " Why spendest thou thy breath ?
What bringest thou ? " He answers : " War, or death."

LIII.

" Take war and death," she said, " for I refuse
Nought which thou seekest ; " firmly then she stay'd.
Tancred at once dismounts him when he views
His foe on foot : and each then grasps the blade,
And sharpens pride, and ev'ry moment strews
Fresh fuel upon wrath ; and they invade
Each other with a fury not less dire
Than that of bulls inflam'd with jealous ire.

LIV.

Such memorable deeds were acted best
On pompous stage, in brilliant sun were scann'd.
O night, who in thy deep and darkling breast,
And in oblivion, shutt'st a feat so grand,
Thence let me drag it, and, while none molest,
To future times unfold it and remand.
O may their fame live, and mid their renown
Shine forth the memory of thy shadowy brown !

LV.

Never to shun, to parry, to retreat
Attempt they, and their skill plays here no part :
They give not blows, now earnest, now a cheat ;
Darkness and rage remove the use of art,
Hark ! with how dread a clang their sabres meet !
The foot refuses from its print to start ;
Ever the foot is firm, and quick the hand,
Nor ever cuts or thrusts in vain the brand.

LVI.

Injury goads anger to revenge, and, bas'd
On this, revenge works injury anew ;
Whence evermore to strike, ever to haste,
Fresh stimulus is giv'n, and fresh cause too.
The combat grows more blended, more enlac'd,
Each moment ; from the blades no strokes ensue :
They use the hilts, and madden'd in the fight,
Butt with the helm and shield with all their might.

LVII.

Thrice does the cavalier hug tight the maid
In his strong arms ; and thrice does she uncloze
With nimble skill that most tenacious braid,
Braid of no lover, but of savage foes.
Again they assail each other with the blade,
And tinge with many a wound, till each one goes,
Weary and panting, somewhat back at last,
To breathe a little after toil so vast.

LVIII.

One keenly looks at the' other, and they throw
On the sword hilt their bloodless body's weight.
The rays of the last star already grow
More faint as dawn lights up the Eastern gate.
Tancred perceives his enemy's life-blood flow
More copiously, and his own wounds not great :
Then joys and triumphs ! Ah ! how vain and frail
Our mind, swell'd high by fortune's every gale !

LIX.

Why joy'st thou, wretched one? Alas! what woes
Thy triumphs are! how sad thy vaunt will be!
Thine eyes will pay, if life shall not now close,
For each drop of that blood a tearful sea.
Thus mute and gazing, in a forc'd repose
Those bloody warriors for a time agree.
Tancred at last broke silence, and exclaim'd,
That he might learn how the' other knight was nam'd:

LX.

"'Tis our misfortune truly which displays
Such valour where but silence can accrue.
Yet since our evil fate denies us praise
And witness worthy of the deeds we do,
I pray thee, if a pray'r in battle weighs,
To tell thy name and thy condition too,
That I may know, slaying, or slain no less,
Who graces thus my death or my success."

LXI.

The fierce one answer'd: "Thou canst ne'er be told
That which it is my constant use to hide;
But whatsoever I may be, behold
One of the two who fir'd yon tow'r of pride."
Then Tancred's anger broke forth uncontroll'd:
And, "Lucklessly thou speakest it," he cried:
"Thy speech and silence equally, thou strange
Discourteous knight, allure me to revenge."

LXII.

Their rage revives, and to the stern debate
Transports them, although weak. O savage fight,
Where art is lost, and strength succumbs to fate,
Where in their places fury reigns outright!
O what a bloody and a spacious gate
Each weapon opens, wheresoe'er it light,
In the' arms and in the flesh! and if there rest
Life even yet, rage knits it to the breast.

LXIII.

E'en as th' Egean, when the north wind's stound
Has ceas'd, which roll'd and shook its tide before,
Calms not, but keeps the motion and the sound
Of gloomy wave yet vast and surging o'er:
So these, although from many a bloody wound
That strength which once had nerv'd them is no more,
Hold their first impulse still, and onward go
Sustain'd by this, yet adding blow to blow.

LXIV.

But lo the fatal hour, no more delay'd,
Demands Clorinda for her final rest.
He thrusts at her fair form his pointed blade,
Which, greedy to drink blood, sinks in her breast ;
And fills the robe, which with its golden braid
Smoothly and lightly on her bosom press'd,
With tepid streams. At once the maiden feels
Death present, and her languid footstep reels.

LXV.

He follows up his victory, and more nigh
Presses upon her, giving his rage scope.
She while she falls utters with mournful cry
These words as for the last time her lips ope,
Words which appear from a new spirit to fly,
The spirit of faith, of charity, of hope :
Virtue infus'd by God, who if amiss
Her creed in life, in death would have her His :

LXVI.

" Friend, thou hast won : I pardon thee, do thou
Pardon too, not these limbs which fear no pain,
But my poor soul : O pray for it, and now
Grant me the rite which washes off all stain."
Something more sweet than language can avow,
And sad, is echoing in that languid strain,
Which creeps into his heart, puts rage to sleep,
And draws and e'en compels his eyes to weep.

LXVII.

Not far off in the mountain's breast he spied
A little brook leap down with murmuring tone :
Thither he ran, thence fill'd his helm, and hied
Back to his pious task with many a moan.
He felt his hand shake as he put aside
The cov'ring, and laid bare the front unknown.
He saw, he knew her ; and stay'd silent quite
And motionless. Ah knowledge ! and ah sight !

LXVIII.

Yet dies he not ; but in that point of woe
Gathers each force and guards his heart anew ;
And keeping down his grief, turns to bestow
With water life on whom with steel he slew.
While from his lips the sacred accents flow
She smiles and alters to a rapturous hue :
And bright and joyous, as the pulses cease
Appears to say : " Heav'n opes, I go in peace."

LXIX.

Sweet pallor now spread o'er her features fair ;
Thus violets blent with lilies look : she lay
With eyes fix'd upon Heav'n, and Heav'n aware,
And sun, in pity bent on her their ray.
And lifting tow'rd the knight her hand now bare
And cold, instead of words which found no way,
Gave him the pledge of peace. And thus the maid
Passes away, and seems in slumber laid.

LXX.

When he perceiv'd the gentle spirit flown,
He lost the vigor gather'd for a space,
And yielded him completely to his moan
Which ran already wide of reason's trace,
And wrung his heart, and, life being almost gone,
Imbued with death his senses and his face.
Now languishes the living like the dead,
In silence, posture, hue, and gory bed.

LXXI.

And sure his lone and scornful soul had tried
To force through its frail tenement a door,
And follow the fair spirit which, untied,
Had spread its wings for flight but just before :
But hither a Frank squadron chanc'd to ride
In search of water, or some other store ;
And with the maid away the knight they bear
Scarce living in himself, and dead in her :

LXXII.

And since the chief while yet afar describes
The Christian warrior by his crest and mail ?
Hence he runs thither, and at once espies
The lovely slain ; and grieves at the strange tale :
And will not leave the beauteous corpse a prize
For ravenous wolves, although her creed might fail ;
But has them both upon men's shoulders sent,
Himself accompanying, to Prince Tancred's tent.

LXXIII.

The wounded warrior in that motion slow
And gentle has not yet his senses won ;
But feebly groans, and hence his bearers know
That all his vital passage is not done :
But th' other body stirless, as they go,
And silent, shows well that the spirit is gone.
Thus are the two borne onward on that bier,
And plac'd in chambers separate, but yet near.

LXXIV.

The pitying squires around the prostrate knight
 Already minister mid hopes and fears ;
 His languid eyes already own the light,
 He feels the healing hand, the words he hears.
 But doubtful still of its returning might,
 Astonish'd and suspense his mind appears.
 Stupid he looks around him, and at last
 Sorrowing and hoarse, says, conscious of the past :

LXXV.

“ Do I then live and breathe ? and still behold
 The hateful beams of this ill-omen'd day ?
 A day which witnesses my crimes untold,
 And chides me for my faults, a long array.
 Ah timid hand and slow ! why art not bold,
 Thou who art skill'd to strike in every way,
 Thou minister of death with horror rife,
 To cut the thread of this detested life ?

LXXVI.

“ Pierce through this breast, and cruelly let fall
 Thy sword where all my heart's blood it may drain :
 But thou, p'rhaps, us'd to actions which appal,
 May deem it pity thus to end my pain.
 Then I shall live 'mong those whom men recall,
 Sad prodigy of love hapless and vain,
 Sad prodigy whose impious guilt can claim
 Its right reward but in a life of shame.

LXXVII.

“ I shall live on in torment and in care,
 My righteous furies dogging me behind ;
 Shall dread the lone and gloomy shades of air,
 Which will recall my primal fault to mind ;
 And shall detest the sun because it there
 First told me my misfortunes as it shin'd :
 I e'en shall fear myself, and, though I fly
 Myself for ever, have myself still nigh.

LXXVIII.

“ But where, O hapless me, O where repose
 The remnants of that frame so fair and chaste ?
 That which escap'd the fury of my blows
 The fury of wild beasts e'en now may waste.
 Alas ! too noble prey ! too sweet for those,
 Too dear, and ah ! too precious a repast !
 Luckless ! 'gainst whom the shades and woods have
 Me first, and afterwards the wolfish herd. [stirr'd

LXXIX.

“ Yet will I seek you out, and by my side,
Belov'd remains, ye shall for ever be.
But if your lovely members have supplied
Food for the wild beasts in their savagery,
Then the same mouth for mine shall open wide,
And the same gulf which holds them close o'er me.
Happy the tomb, and deem'd an honor high,
Where'er it be, if but with these I lie.”

LXXX.

Thus speaks that wretched one, and then he hears
They have the fair corpse here for which he sighs.
His gloomy aspect in a moment clears [and flies ;
Like clouds through which the lightning cleaves
And from the couch of his repose he rears
His limbs, a mass infirm and slow to rise ;
And, dragging with great pain his weary frame,
Thither with vacillating steps he came.

LXXXI.

But when, arriv'd, he saw the cruel wound,
Work of his own hand, in that bosom dear,
And face with hue like what at night is found
In skies which are serene, and yet not clear ;
He shook so, he had sunk upon the ground,
If faithful succour had not been so near.
Then said he : “ O thou face, which canst make sweet
E'en death, but not the doom which I must meet ;

LXXXII.

“ O fair right hand, which gently didst apply
To mine the pledge of friendship and of grace,
What do I find thee now ? and what come I ?
And ye, fair members, can I fail to trace
These sad and deadly marks, which raise a cry
Against my passions tiger-like and base ?
O eyes as pitiless as the hand that strook ;
It made the wounds, and ye can bear to look.

LXXXIII.

“ Look ye unmoisten'd ? Let my blood then plash,
Since tears rebel thus against sorrow's pow'r.”
Here breaks he off his words, and mov'd by rash
And desp'rate wish to hasten his last hour,
Tears bandages and wounds, and from each gash
Thus exacerbated he rains a show'r :
And had destroy'd himself but this sharp grieving
By dragging him from self preserv'd him living.

LXXXIV.

Plac'd on the bed, home to its vital shroud
And odious duties came the flitting soul.
But babbling fame tells evermore aloud
His agonizing pain, and hapless dole :
It draws the pious Godfrey, and a crowd
Of anxious friends, the worthiest of the whole :
But neither grave advice, nor gentle pray'r,
Avail to soothe his soul's obdurate care.

LXXXV.

As when a gentle limb is wounded sore,
A touch provokes it and augments the pain,
So in such ill their sweet persuasive lore
But makes his medicin'd heart feel greater bane.
But holy Peter, who regards him more
Than the good shepherd does the lamb half slain,
Rebukes in gravest words his vain excess,
And wisely counsels him in this distress.

LXXXVI.

" O Tancred, Tancred, from thyself so riven,
So false to thine own reason's just decree,
Who makes thee deaf? what cloud of darkness driven
Athwart thine eyes causes thee not to see?
This misery is the messenger of Heaven :
Seest thou not it, nor hear'st its warning plea?
Which cries and calls thee back, and bids thee stray
No more from the lost track, and points the way?

LXXXVII.

" Thy former services it seems to claim,
Those worthy of a Christian cavalier,
Which thou hast left, what an exchange of shame !
To make thyself a godless maiden's fere.
A happy sorrow, and a wrath whose aim
Is mercy, lash thee for thy mad career
With gentle rod, and make thee fainting choose
Thyself to heal thee ; and dost thou refuse ?

LXXXVIII.

" Dost thou refuse, ungrateful one, to own
God's saving gift, and 'gainst Him vent thine ire?
Wretch, whither runn'st thou, heeding thus alone
Thine own unbridled and insane desire ?
Thou'rt there e'en now, and falling hang'st and prone
O'er the dread gulf, and seest thou not the fire ?
Behold, I pray ; collect thyself ; put by
That grief which will compel thee twice to die."

LXXXIX.

He ceas'd ; and fear of death with endless pains
Made Tancred wish that other death the less.
His heart admits their comforts, and he reins
Th' internal impulse of intense distress ;
Yet still he groans at intervals, and strains
Of lamentation cannot all repress,
Now talking to himself, now to the soul
Unloos'd and list'ning from its starry goal.

XC.

Her when day dawns, her at the hour of rest
He calls with weary voice, prays and deplores ;
So the poor nightingale, who finds her nest
Robb'd of its young by heartless peasant, pours
Her thrilling sorrows, lonely and distress'd,
All the night long, and fills the woods and shores.
At last he closes, when the stars grow faint,
His eyes awhile, and sleep creeps o'er his plaint.

XCI.

And cinctur'd lo ! with starry vest appears
In a deep dream the friend for whom he sighs :
More lovely far, but heav'nly splendour cheers
And decks her form, nor wraps it in disguise :
And wiping from his mournful cheek the tears
With a sweet air of pity, thus she cries :
" How fair I am become, how joyful, see,
Dear faithful one ; and calm thy grief in me.

XCII.

" Such am I, thanks to thee : 'twas thou didst rend
My spirit through error from its mortal shrine :
Thou, pitying, mad'st me worthy to ascend
Into God's bosom mid His saints divine.
Here blest I joy in love ; and in the end
Here hope I that thy soul will meet with mine,
Where at the mighty sun in endless light
Its charms, and mine, shall fill thy ravish'd sight.

XCIII.

" Unless thou envy thyself Heav'n, and reel
From the true path through vain imagining ;
Then live, and know, I love thee, nor conceal
Love great as one may bear created thing."
Thus speaking, she became inflam'd with zeal,
And from her eyes unwonted fires took wing ;
Then to the depths of her own rays she drew,
And vanish'd ; and on him shed peace anew.

XCIV.

Consol'd he wakens, and without a moan
Submits him to the learned leeches round.
Meanwhile the much lov'd limbs from which had flown
That noble life, consigns he to the ground ;
And if the tomb were not of richest stone,
And choicest, and engrav'd by hand renown'd,
The stone and he who shap'd it into grace
Were what was yielded by the time and place.

XCV.

Hither with noble pomp and a long line
Of torches lit, he had her body borne ;
And, as a trophy, hung on a bare pine
Above the grave the arms which she had worn.
But soon as his bruis'd members could resign
Their needed rest upon the following morn,
Full of deep rev'rence, and with pitying moans,
He visited her urn'd and honor'd bones.

XCVI.

Reaching the tomb in which most dolorous bower
Heav'n bade henceforth his living spirit abide,
Cold, pallid, mute, and scarcely with the power
To move him, on the stones his eyes were tied ;
At length discharging a long tearful shower,
He burst into a faint alas ! and cried :
" O stone so lov'd, which memory so endears,
Who hast my fires within, without my tears !

XCVII.

" Not death but living ashes find in thee
A dwelling place, where Love now lies at rest.
I feel from thee his wonted torch, ah me !
Less sweet but not less glowing in my breast.
O take my sighs, these kisses take, and see
How all are bath'd with moisture unsuppress'd,
And these present thou, since I'm not allow'd,
To the belov'd remains within thy shroud.

XCVIII.

" Present them thou, for if her spirit e'er
Shall on its own fair spoils bend down its eyes,
She will not scorn thy pity, nor my pray'r,
Since hate and rage are banish'd from the skies.
My fault she pardons, and mid such despair
My heart upon this hope alone relies.
She knows the hand sinn'd only, and grants that I,
Who liv'd to love her, loving her may die.

XCIX.

“And loving will I die : O happy day
Whene’er it be ; but happier far, Heav’n knows,
If e’en as now around thy pile I stray,
Within thy bosom I may then repose.
O may our souls in Heav’n united stay,
And may one tomb our ashes here enclose :
Let death at last have that which life had not.
O could I hope for this, how proud my lot !”

C.

Meanwhile, confus’dly, whisperings of the bale
Thus wrought through all the leaguer’d region glide ;
Then ’tis assur’d, and publish’d, and the tale
Roves through the startled city on every side,
Commingled with loud cries and women’s wail,
As if ’twere ta’en in war, and ruin wide
Told all were lost, and fire and impious foe
Sack’d the tall temples, and the homes below.

CI.

But all eyes seek Arsetes in whose mien
And tones the deepest misery is confess’d.
He does not like the rest dissolve his teen
In tears, for ’tis too hard to be express’d,
But sprinkles and befouls with dust unclean
His silver locks, and rends his face and breast.
Now while he thus is gaz’d at by the crowd,
Forth comes Argante, and thus speaks aloud :

CII.

“Much wish’d I when I first perceiv’d the maid
Shut out through her returning back too late,
To follow her at once as honor bade,
And speedily I ran to share her fate.
What did I not ? said not ? or how not pray’d
The king that he would make them ope the gate :
Me praying and contending all in vain
His will kept back which here supreme must reign.

CIII.

“Ah, had I then gone ; either I had led
Safe back the championess from perilous maze ;
Or else, where she has made the pavement red
Had clos’d with memorable end my days.
But what more could I ? gods and men have sped,
Through differing counsels, upon different ways.
She died as fate appointed ; and the debt
Now due from me I never shall forget.”

CIV.

“ Hear thou, Jerusalem, what I promise : hear,
O Heav’n ; and let thy bolts where’er I hide
Fall on my head, if here I fail. I swear
Revenge upon the Frankish homicide,
Whose death from me, repaying her’s, is near ;
Nor ever shall this weapon quit my side
Until it pass through Tancred’s heart, and throw
His branded carcase to the wolf and crow.”

CV.

Thus did he vent him, and the popular gale
Follow’d his latest words with plausive tones :
And all, as seeming even now to hail
The wish’d revenge, temper their tears and moans.
O foolish oath ! how soon effects prevail
Reverse to those which hope so fondly owns,
And he must fall in equal combat slain
By him whom now he makes subdued and ta’en !

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

Hell's habitants in woodman's shape and hues
 Roam through the wood (Ismene so works by spell).
 The guilty troop with mocks and fears abuse
 Such Franks as thither come the trees to fell.
 Th' unconquer'd Tancred comes, and soon subdues
 That error's fierce deceit, subduing Hell,
 When pity him subdues, and fear restrains;
 And from the skies the fields have sweetest rains.

I.

SCARCE had the wall's dread foe, the huge machine,
 Sunk into ashes, ere in thoughtful mood,
 To make the city more secure, Ismene
 Begins on many a new device to brood,
 And hence contrives he that the Frank shall glean
 No more material from the neighb'ring wood;
 So that 'gainst Sion, batter'd now and maim'd,
 No other tow'r can possibly be fram'd.

II.

Not far from where the Christian tents are spread
 Soars the tall forest in a lonely vale,
 Most tangled with huge trees antique and dread,
 Which scatter'd all about it shades of bale.
 E'en when the sun's rays are most brightly shed,
 The light is here uncertain, sad, and pale;
 Such as in cloudy skies looms on the sight
 When night succeeds to day, or day to night.

III.

But when the sun is gone, soon night and cloud
 Darkness and horror blend together here,
 Which seem to equal those of hell, and shroud
 The eyes in blindness, fill the heart with fear.
 Shepherd nor herdman guides the fleecy crowd
 Nor drove for food, for shade, here all the year:
 Nor travellers unless lost approach its waste;
 But point it out afar, and pass in haste.

IV.

Here do the witches gather, and her mate
 Comes with each one of them in night's obscure,
 Comes on the clouds ; some like a dragon great,
 And others like a hideous goat impure.
 Infamous council, whom the treach'rous bait
 Of seeming good can evermore allure
 To celebrate with pomps unclean and vain
 The impious nuptials, and the feast profane.

V.

Thus 'twas believ'd ; nor habitant was known
 Ever to pluck from the drear wood a spray ;
 But the Franks ventur'd there, since it alone
 Supplied them tall machines for siege array.
 Now hither came the Mage, when deep was grown
 The silence of the night, more fit than day,
 (The night which follow'd next) and form'd his round
 Of magic, and scor'd signs upon the ground.

VI.

On one foot bar'd, into the circular trace
 He stept, and the most pow'rful spells he tried.
 Three times he turn'd then to the east his face,
 Three times to where the solar rays subside ;
 Three times he wav'd the rod which wont to chase
 Dead bodies from the tomb, and make them glide ;
 Three times with shoeless foot he shook the earth ;
 Then with a dreadful cry his speech came forth :

VII.

" Hear, hear, O ye who from the stars were cast
 Precipitate by the pealing thunder's blow ;
 Both ye who move the tempest and the blast,
 Erratic tenants of air, and ye below
 This earth, who minister in prison vast
 To lost and wicked souls eternal woe ;
 Hell's people, I invoke here all your quire ;
 And thee too, lord of th' impious realms of fire.

VIII.

" Guard well this forest, and at my behest
 These trees of which I know the number true.
 As body is of soul th' abode and vest,
 So let each plant become to one of you :
 That Franks may fly it, or at least arrest
 Their blows at once, nor brave your rage anew."
 He spake, and horrid notes he added then
 Which none but impious tongue can tell again.

IX.

At this harangue the torches which adorn

The calm of night are all discolour'd o'er ;
The moon is troubled and inwraps her horn

In curling clouds, and is beheld no more.

His cries are then renew'd in wrathful scorn :

“ Ye spirits invok'd, heed ye not yet my lore ?

Why such delay ? Perchance ye wait the thrill

Of sounds more potent or more secret still.

X.

“ Though long unpractis'd, I have yet retain'd

The cruel arts' most efficacious aid ;

And know to utter with a tongue bloodstain'd

That grand name at which all things are dismay'd,

Which never Dis was deaf to, nor disdain'd,

And Pluto's self has carefully obey'd. [thought,

Why thus ? why thus” Yet more was in his

But here he was aware the spell had wrought.

XI.

Unnumber'd infinite spirits come, nor lack

Those who in upper air abide and stray,

Nor those who issuing from the foul and black

Foundations of the earth emerge to day ;

All slow and by th' injunction still held back

Which hinder'd them from using arm'd array ;

And yet their coming hither now allows,

To tarry in the trunks and mid the boughs.

XII.

The Sorcerer, having thus achiev'd aright

His dark design, hies to the king with glee :

“ Away with doubt, Sire ; let thy heart be light,

For safe henceforth thy regal seat shall be ;

Nor shall the Frankish host renew the might

Of their immense machines as they decree.”

Thus speaks he to him ; and then, part by part,

Tells the successes of the magic art.

XIII.

He then subjoin'd : “ There will besides ensue

A thing I like not less than what is done.

Soon in the heav'nly Lion shall we view

Mars reaching his conjunction with the sun :

And neither gales nor clouds of rain or dew

Will temper their fierce flames when once begun ;

Since all the symptoms which the skies give out

Predict a singular and disastrous drought.

XIV.

“Hence heat will come, such as is barely found
With the burnt Nasamon and Garamant ;
To us less grave since in our city abound
Water and shade so fresh, nor are we scant
Of comforts ; but the Franks on arid ground
Beneath it hardly will endure to pant ;
And, first subdued by Heav’n, will fall a prey
With ease then to th’ Egyptian’s arm’d array.

XV.

“Thou seated shalt be victor, and no more,
I deem, should’st tempt thy fortune in the plain.
But if the proud Circassian who is sore
At all repose, and views it with disdain,
Shall haste and importune thee as before,
Find thou some mode his fury to restrain :
For little time shall lapse ere Heav’n bestow
Peace upon thee, and war upon the foe.”

XVI.

This heard, the king assumes a cheerful air,
His fears of the foe’s pow’r being all effac’d.
The walls in part had undergone repair
Where shaken by the ram’s impetuous haste :
Yet for all this he slacken’d not his care
To right whate’er was broken or displac’d.
Hither in crowds burghers and bondmen swarm
To labour, and the quick work waxes warm.

XVII.

In the meantime the pious Bouillon will’d
To batter not the pow’rful city in vain,
Until his greater mass he could re-build,
And some few more machines make sound again :
But to the wood sent sappers who were skill’d
To choose out timbers of right shape and grain.
These at the dawn betook them to the wood ;
But when they saw it, again dismay’d they stood.

XVIII.

As a young child dares not unclothe its eyes
Where some unwonted sight may meet its gaze ;
Or as it dreads when night obscures the skies
The spectres which its own quick fancies raise :
So shrink they without having a surmise
Of what it is that strikes them with amaze ;
Unless ’tis fear that cheats them till each thinks
He sees worse shapes than Gorgon there, or Sphynx.

XIX.

The crowd return ; and timidly they stand
And vary and confound so fact and tale,
That they are ridicul'd on ev'ry hand,
And none believe the things at which they quail.
The Chief then sends a brave and pow'rful band
Of well selected warriors to the vale,
To' escort the others and to give them heart
In executing their appointed part.

XX.

These drawing nigh to where the spirits of ill
In sylvan horror had ta'en up their rest,
No sooner view'd the dark shades than a chill,
Colder than ice could gender, shook their breast.
And yet they went on further, keeping still
Under a bold face villain fear suppress'd ;
And they advanc'd so far that little space
Now sever'd them from that enchanted place.

XXI.

A sudden sound comes from the forest hoar
As 'twere the rumble of an earthquake there,
The south wind seems to murmur from some shore,
And waves to moan on rocks as in despair :
Hark to the serpent's hiss, the lion's roar,
The wolf's long howl, the growling of the bear ;
Hark to the trump, and thunder's dreadful stound :
Such various sounds are utter'd in one sound.

XXII.

Then grow the cheeks of every warrior pale,
And by a thousand signs they show dismay :
Nor discipline nor reason can prevail
To make them venture on, or even stay ;
Since from the hidden force at which they quail
But meagre and unfit defence have they.
At last they fly, and one of the troop seeks
The pious Bouillon, and, excusing, speaks :

XXIII.

“ No one of us will venture, Sire, I own,
To cut the wood which so secur'd one sees
That I believe and swear it, Pluto's throne
And pow'r must be translated to those trees.
Thrice must his heart be girt with more than stone
Who can regard them, and with fear not freeze :
Nor sense has he who ventures in th' abyss
To hear how thunder blends with roar and hiss.”

XXIV.

Thus did he speak. Alcasto, mid the crowd
 By chance was present, when all this was told ;
 One stupidly and fiercely rash, who avow'd
 Contempt for men and death ; and from of old
 Had fear'd no beast however fierce and loud,
 Nor monster formidable to the bold,
 Nor earthquake, nor wild wind, nor thunder hurl'd,
 Nor aught beside most violent in the world.

XXV.

He shook his head, and smil'd as thus he spake :
 "I dare do what to this man dreadful seems :
 Alone to cut that wood I undertake
 Which is become a nest of turbid dreams.
 Me shall no horrible phantasma shake,
 Nor roar of forest, nor of birds the screams :
 Although amid that dark and frightful dell
 Be shown to me the passage down to Hell."

XXVI.

So vaunts he to the Chief with wonted heat,
 And, leave obtain'd, sets out to brave the worst ;
 And views the wood, and near its dark retreat,
 Lists to the echoing roar thence newly burst :
 Nor therefore turns he back his daring feet,
 But is secure and scornful as at first :
 And has already trodd'n the soil thus barr'd :
 But flames, or seeming flames, his path retard.

XXVII.

The grand fire grows, and like to walls on high
 Its turbid and smoke-rolling flames extend,
 And gird that forest, seeming to defy
 All who attempt to fell the trees, or rend.
 The larger flames to the spectator's eye
 Like haughty castellated tow'rs ascend :
 And all the rocky heights of this new Hell
 With warlike instruments are furnish'd well.

XXVIII.

What countless monsters, arm'd to guard them, rise
 O'er the tall ramparts ! with what dreadful face !
 Some of them gaze on him with twisted eyes,
 Some clash their arms, and threat with sword and
 He flies at last ; yet still he slowly flies, [mace.
 Like lion who withdraws him in the chase,
 But still 'tis flight, and fear too shakes his breast,
 A passion which till then was ne'er confess'd.

XXIX.

While there, he knew not that it had struck root,
But when far off, he well perceiv'd the smart,
And stunn'd and angry felt the tooth acute
Of deep repentance gnawing at his heart.
And burning now with sorrowing shame, and mute,
Turn'd in astonishment his steps apart,
For to lift up that face, of late so proud,
He dar'd not in the light, and mid the crowd.

XXX.

Summon'd by Godfrey, he delays, and draws
From every thing excuse, however lame ;
Yet goes, though slowly ; and his lips he gnaws,
Or reasons like a dreamer without aim.
The Captain read the failure of his cause,
Defeat, and flight, in that unwonted shame.
Then said he : " What is this ? Must we imply
Illusions here, or nature's portents high ?

XXXI.

" But if there be in whom high thoughts arise
And noble wish to seek yon dark abode,
Let him go forth and undertake th' emprise,
And bring back news at least in surer mode."
He spake, and tow'rd the wood where horror lies
The noblest of his warriors took the road
Upon the three succeeding days ; and yet
There was not one who shrank not at its threat.

XXXII.

Meanwhile Prince Tancred had gone forth to' inhume
His much lov'd friend in solitary vale :
And though his face were faint, and without bloom,
And he ill fit to carry helm or mail,
Yet when he hears the need, and sees the gloom,
Neither the risk nor toil can make him quail ;
For from his lively heart such strength flows o'er
Into his frame, that it too has good store.

XXXIII.

Forth, self-collected, went the valorous knight,
Silent and cautious, to the risk unknown ;
And of the wood endur'd the dreadful sight,
The crash of thunder, and the earthquake tone,
Nor was dismay'd ; and in his heart but slight
Commotion felt, and that was quickly flown.
Onward he pass'd, and lo ! in that wild wood
The city of fire at once before him stood.

XXXIV.

He stops, and somewhat doubtful makes a pause,
 Thus thinking: "Here 'gainst what can weapons
 Shall I go throw me into monsters' jaws, [aim?
 Or the deep throat of this devouring flame?
 Let none spare life whene'er a noble cause,
 Bas'd on the common good, that life shall claim;
 But let not brave man squander breath away;
 And this does he who spends it in this fray.

XXXV.

"Yet what will the' host say if I come in vain?
 What other wood to fell have they in view?
 Neither will Godfrey let this pass remain
 Untried still: if, then, others should win through?
 Perchance the flames which here so widely reign
 Will in effect be milder than in hue:
 But let what will ensue." And thus declaring
 He leapt within: O memorable daring!

XXXVI.

Nor seem'd he underneath his arms to feel
 Or heat, or warmth, as from a fire intense.
 But if the flames were spectral, or were real,
 Could not so soon be judg'd of by the sense:
 Because almost ere touch'd they seem'd to wheel
 At once from sight; and clouds obscurely dense
 Came wafting night and storm; and the storm too
 And shadows in a little time withdrew.

XXXVII.

Tancred, astounded but intrepid, stays;
 And when he sees that all is in repose,
 Secure upon the soil profane he lays
 His foot, and spies whate'er the woods disclose.
 Nor more perceives he visions to amaze,
 Nor finds he aught to stop him or oppose,
 Save that the plants all thick and tangled rise
 To clog his footsteps, and to veil his eyes.

XXXVIII.

At last he views a large and circular space
 Whose surface not a plant appears to mark,
 Save that there soars up from the centre as base,
 Like some tall pyramid, a cypress dark.
 Thither he hies, and as he looks can trace
 Odd characters imprinted on the bark,
 Like those which in mysterious Egypt's clime
 Were us'd for writing in the olden time.

XXXIX.

Amid the marks unknown some he has read

In Syria's tongue of which he had knowledge meet :

" O thou who in the cloisters of the dead

Hast dar'd, audacious knight, to place thy feet,

Ah, if not pitiless as valiant, tread

Disturbingly no more this lone retreat.

Pardon the souls for ever robb'd of light :

The living ought not with the dead to fight."

XL.

Thus speaks the motto. All intent is he

To strip the hidden sense of its disguise.

But through the leaves and sprays of every tree

The wind meanwhile continually plies,

And draws from them a sound which seems to be

The sad concert of human sobs and sighs,

And pours into his heart what scarce I know

Of pity, and of terror, and of woe.

XLI.

Yet draws he forth his sword, and with huge might

Strikes the tall tree. O marvel to be said!

The bark when cut sends blood forth to the light,

And makes the earth around it vermeil red.

He shudders, and yet once more does he smite

Resolv'd to see the end, however dread ;

Then, as if issuing from a tomb he hears,

A dubious sound of mingled moans and tears,

XLII.

Which, soon distinct, exclaims : " Alas ! too far

Thou wound'st me, Tancered ! Add not to my load.

Me from that body thou didst erst unbar

Which with and through me liv'd, my sweet abode :

This wretched trunk why also wilt thou mar

Where fate has fix'd me in so hard a mode ?

Cruel, dost thou desire to wound thy foes

E'en after death, where their remains repose ?

XLIII.

" I was Clorinda : nor do I alone,

Lock'd in these rough and rigid branches, dwell ;

But each beside, as Frank or Pagan known,

Who underneath the lofty ramparts fell,

Into such body, or such grave, is thrown,

I know not which, by new and wondrous spell.

Endued with sense is every trunk and bough,

If wood thou cut, a murderer art thou."

XLIV.

As the sick man who in a vision spies
A dragon or chimæra girt with fire,
Though he suspects, and partly too describes,
That 'tis an image, and not truth's attire ;
Yet longs to fly, such fears in him arise
At the' apparition horrible and dire :
So the poor lover deems those false deceits
Not wholly true ; yet fears them, and retreats.

XLV.

By various passions is his heart so sway'd
That it grows cold and trembles at the sight,
And in that strong commotion his good blade
Falls from his hand, and lack in him is fright.
His senses go : he seems to view the maid .
Wounded and moaning o'er her piteous plight :
Nor can endure to gaze at that red stain,
Nor hear those groans from one oppress'd with pain.

XLVI.

And thus no shape of terror could appal
That heart which e'en in front of death was bold ;
But him, whom only Love could e'er enthrall,
False image cheated, and vain tears control'd.
By furious blast the sword which he let fall
Meanwhile from out the wood was swept and roll'd ;
So that he quat subdued ; and on the road
Re-found his weapon, and resum'd the load.

XLVII.

Yet he return'd not, nor presum'd to try
The search of that mysterious cause anew :
And after he had join'd the Chieftain high,
Compos'd his mind, and gain'd the balance due,
"Sire," he began, "the messenger am I
Of things deem'd false, and which can scarce be true.
All which they told us of those sounds of dread,
And sights of horror, was correctly said.

XLVIII.

"Across my path a wondrous fire there came
But unsubstantial, in an instant near,
Which rose up, and dilating seem'd to frame
A wall defended by strange shapes of fear :
Yet pass'd I, for I was not scorched by flame,
And none oppos'd my path with sword or spear :
Tempest and darkness next ensued ; and day
With peaceful skies return'd with short delay.

XLIX.

“ I say too that in every tree is found
A human spirit that feels and reasons well.
By proof I know it : I have heard the sound
Which echoes in my heart yet like a knell.
The trunks gush out with blood at every wound,
As if soft flesh were underneath their shell.
I could not, no, me vanquish'd I avow,
I could not strip the bark, nor rend a bough.”

L.

This spoken, in the Captain's heart there flow
Billows of stormy thought which bring distress.
He ponders if himself shall thither go
To' essay th' enchantment, for it seem'd no less ;
Or shall provide him other beams that grow
More distant, but are easier of access.
But from the depths of thought in which he stays
The Hermit calls him forth, and after says :

LI.

“ Abandon the bold project ; other hands
Must rend the plants from yonder sylvan dale.
Now, now the fated ship on the lone sands
Abuts its prow, and furls its golden sail.
Now from the shore, loos'd from unworthy bands,
Th' expected warrior hurries with the gale.
The hour prescrib'd by fate approaches nigh
When Sion shall be ta'en, its host shall fly.”

LII.

Thus did he speak while all his features burn'd,
And rang his voice with more than mortal tone.
And to new thoughts the pious Godfrey turn'd,
Not willing to be stirless like a drone.
But in the heav'nly Cancer now discern'd
The sun brought heat such as had not been known,
By which his troops were vex'd, his plans were marr'd,
And all fatigue was made intensely hard.

LIII.

Of each benignant lamp the skies are bare,
And every cruel star triumphant glows,
Whence influences rain that stamp the air
With traces fierce and fell. Now widening grows
The baneful heat, and, ever slow to spare,
More deadly falls on these parts and on those.
More hurtful night succeeds to hurtful day,
And day is worse when night has pass'd away.

LIV.

The sun comes forth besprinkled and enchain'd
With sanguinary vapour every morn,
So that to all is legibly explain'd
The mournful presage of a day forlorn :
Nor sets he save with spots of red bestain'd
That threaten equal harm at his return.
Exasperating all the ills pass'd o'er
With certain fear of future woes in store.

LV.

While from above his baleful rays prevail,
Whithersoever wanders mortal eye,
It sees the flow'rs fall off, the leaves grow pale,
The thirsty herbage languishingly lie,
The earth gape widely, and the waters fail ;
All subject to the anger of the sky ;
And barren clouds thin scatter'd o'er the air
Appear to some like flames to curl and glare.

LVI.

Like a black furnace do the Heav'ns expand,
Nor aught is seen to gladden e'en the eyes.
Mute in its cave remains the zephyr bland,
And all the prattling of the breezes dies :
There only blows from off the Moorish sand
A wind that from hot torches seems to rise,
And with its ponderous blast is felt to wreak
From time to time its spite on breast and cheek.

LVII.

The shades of eve no better cheer inspire
But with the borrow'd sun's heat seem replete ;
And Night inweaves her veil with beams of fire,
With comets, and all tissues that give heat.
Nor, sad and thirsty earth, to thy desire
Will th' avaricious moon her dewdrops mete ;
And herbs and flow'rs on mountain and on plain
Long for their vital humours all in vain.

LVIII.

From nights unquiet, gentle sleep exil'd
Fled far, and wretched mortals had no skill
To win it back, for 'twould not be beguil'd.
But yet the thirst was the most grievous ill,
Because Judæa's tyrant had defil'd
With juice and poisons that torment and kill
More than e'en Acheron or the Stygian flood,
Each stream, and turn'd it to a livid mud.

LIX.

And the small Siloa which had giv'n the Frank
With glee its pure and glittering wealth before,
In tepid wavelets o'er its channel shrank
Almost to naught, and scarce refresh'd him more.
Yet not the Po when wrestling with his bank
Had seem'd to bring down a sufficient store,
Nor Ganges, nor e'en Nile when, wax'd too grand
For his seven homes, he floods green Egypt's land.

LX.

If any e'er, embow'r'd in beeches tall,
Had mark'd the liquid silver sleep below,
Or view'd the living water headlong fall
Down rocks, or stray through grass with motion slow,
These to his fond desire would he recall
And minister material to his woe :
Because their cold soft image dried his frame,
Boil'd in his thoughts, and heated them to flame.

LXI.

The limbs of warriors once robustly bold,
Whose might nor roughest travel could abate,
Nor iron load around their members roll'd,
Nor steel intended to conclude their fate,
Lo ! burnt with heat, and listless, on the mould
They now lie, to themselves an useless weight ;
And hidden fire dwells in their veins, and gnaws
The structure slowly but without a pause.

LXII.

The steed, once fiery, droops, and with disdain
Regards the herbs on which he lov'd to feed :
His feeble foot now totters, and his mane
So proud before hangs down like wither'd weed :
No memory of his palms does he retain,
Nor more to glory's thrilling call give heed :
He seems to hate and spurn the conquer'd spoils,
And trappings rich, as weights that swell his toils.

LXIII.

The faithful dog droops, and forgets all care
Of the lov'd home, nor e'en his lord will greet ;
Stretch'd out he lies there, and exhales new air,
Evermore panting from th' internal heat.
Though Nature's end in breathing be to bear
Excess of warmth out of the heart's retreat,
Now springs but small or no refreshment thence,
That which is breath'd so heavy is and dense.

LXIV.

Thus the earth languish'd ; and in such a state
 Did wretched mortals vex'd with sickness lie ;
 And the good faithful folk, grown desperate
 Of vict'ry, fear'd the last of evils nigh ;
 And in these words was heard now to dilate
 On every side the universal cry :
 "What more can Godfrey hope ? to what give heed,
 Since all his camp hies on to death with speed ?"

LXV.

Ah ! with what force expects he to see min'd,
 Or scal'd, the tall defences of our foes ?
 Whence win machines ? Is he the sole one blind
 To the deep wrath which Heav'n so plainly shows ?
 That it has now become to us unkind
 A thousand signs and prodigies disclose ;
 And Heav'n so burns that the Indian e'en requires,
 And Ethiop, less refreshment from its fires.

LXVI.

"Does this man deem that it should nothing weigh
 Though we may fall, a poor neglected train,
 Despis'd and useless souls, to death a prey,
 Provided he secure a scepter'd reign ?
 Is then the lot of him who holds the sway
 Supreme so blest that he will still retain
 Thus greedily the prize at every cost,
 Though all his subject people shall be lost ?

LXVII.

"See the kind forethought, the warm heart of one
 Surnam'd 'the pious' by the general cry :
 To care not how his people are undone,
 If but his empty fame still soar on high ;
 And while for us no brooks nor fountains run,
 To bring from Jordan e'en his own supply ;
 And, with a few plac'd at the cheerful board,
 Sip Cretan wine in pure fresh water pour'd !"

LXVIII.

Thus did the Franks cry. But the Grecian chief,
 Weary of marching with their flag so long,
 Said : "Why die here, and, hopeless of relief,
 Expose my gallant squadron to such wrong ?
 If Godfrey be so madly blind, the grief
 And loss on him be, and his Frankish throng :
 Why hurts he us ?" And without leave procur'd
 He quits when all is silent and obscur'd.

LXIX.

Th' example moves when day reveals it more,
And some resolve to follow it ; and they
Who with Clothaire and Ademar came o'er
And the' other chiefs who now are bones and clay,
Since the allegiance which to these they swore
Is loos'd by that which sweeps all ties away,
Already treat of flight ; already some
Move off by stealth when the dark shadows come.

LXX.

All this does Godfrey hear and see with grief ;
And has the sharpest remedies at hand ;
But shuns and hates them ; and with that belief
Which could make mountains move and rivers stand,
Devoutly prays the world's great Sov'reign Chief
To make the fountains of His grace expand.
He clasps his hands, and lifts his words and eyes
Sparkling with zealous fervour to the skies :

LXXI.

" Father and Lord, if ever Thou didst show'r
Upon Thy host in deserts the sweet dew,
If e'er to mortal hand Thou gavest pow'r
To burst the stones, and from the mount cleft through
Draw living streams, repeat Thou at this hour
Such acts for these ; and if their merits be few
O let Thy grace their scanty measure fill,
And aid these who are nam'd Thy warriors still."

LXXII.

Not laggingly such pray'rs as these arise,
Sprung from just meek desire, but, prompt and fast
As e'en the feather'd birds, they mount the skies,
And up to the high throne of God have pass'd.
Th' eternal Sire receives them, and His eyes
With pity on His faithful troops are cast.
And of their risks and their fatigues so grave
Repents He, and exclaims in tones that save :

LXXIII.

" Till now, misfortunes perilous and intense
Upon the cherish'd host have wreak'd their spite ;
'Gainst it with arms and arts that cheat the sense
Hell and the world in bristling bands unite.
Let a new order of affairs commence,
For them revolving prosperous and bright.
Let rain drop ; and return Rinaldo now,
And Egypt's host arrive to crown his brow."

LXXIV.

He, speaking, mov'd His head ; wide Heav'n around
Shook with its stars, the fix'd and those that stray ;
Shook, too, the reverent air, and seas profound,
The mountains and abysses hid from day.
Upon the left thunder was heard to sound,
Was seen at the same time the lightning's ray :
Accompanying the flashes and the thunder
The people rais'd a shout of joy and wonder.

LXXV.

Lo sudden clouds and not from earth on high
Drawn up by virtue of the solar ball,
But swiftly falling downward from the sky,
Which opens and unlocks its portals all :
Lo night unlook'd for makes the day soon die
Wrapt all around in an extended pall :
Impetuous rain comes ; and the brook is fed
So largely that it issues from its bed.

LXXVI.

As when in summer time there falls a store
Of welcome rain from Heav'n after long lack,
A troop of babbling ducks on the dry shore
Glad wait its coming with hoarse murm'ring quack,
And spread their wings to the cool show'r, nor pour
Reluctantly the moisture o'er their back,
And where 'tis gather'd in more copious pool,
They dive and make their thirsty passion cool :

LXXVII.

Thus these with loud salutes their joy attest
At the boon rain which Heav'n in pity gave ;
Each is delighted even o'er his vest
To sprinkle it, and all his hair to lave.
Some drink in glasses, some in helms, with zest ;
Some hold the hand immers'd in the fresh wave ;
Some wet the face and some the temples o'er ;
Some prudent fill the vase for future store.

LXXVIII.

Nor cheerful only is the human race,
And sweet relief from all its woes obtains ;
But earth, so late in sad and languid case,
And clov'n with fissures throughout all its plains,
Gathers the rain in, and renews its face,
And draws it to its most internal veins,
And ministers the moisture's nourishing powers
Unsparingly to plants and herbs and flowers.

LXXIX.

Such the sick maid, when vital balms appease
Th' internal fever vexing her of late,
And, chasing off the cause of that disease
To which her members had been food and bait,
Cheer and restore, and make her beauty please
As much as in its fresh and palmy state ;
So that forgetting all her sorrows dire,
She dons her garlands and her glad attire.

LXXX.

Now stops the rain ; the sun relumes his light ;
But darts a temperate and kindly ray
Full of all vigor, such as cheers the sight
'Twixt April's end and coming in of May.
O gentle faith ! who worships God aright
Can chase from air each mortal harm away ;
Change all the seasons' order and their state,
Subdue the rancour of the stars and fate.

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Guelph for the good Rinaldo's pardon prays
 According to what Hugo's ghost had shown ;
 The pray'r so forcibly with Godfrey weighs
 That to Heav'n's pleasure he conforms his own.
 Then taught by Peter, who the path pourtrays,
 Two messengers seek where the knight has flown :
 To these a sage at last the skill imparts
 To conquer artfully Armida's arts.

I.

FORTH issued from the soft and freshen'd breast
 Of her great mother now the Night obscure,
 Wafting along light breezes from the West
 And a large cloud of dewdrops rich and pure,
 And, shaking the moist border of her vest,
 Sprinkled them o'er the flow'rs on lawn and moor.
 And zephyrs, moving softly now and then
 Their wings of down, allur'd the sleep of men.

II.

And these had bound in sweet oblivion's ties
 The varying thoughts which day is wont to raise :
 But wakeful amid light that never dies
 Th' Almighty sat to govern the world's maze,
 And on the Frankish Leader from the skies
 Look'd down with favorable and joyous gaze ;
 Then sent to him a quiet dream to be
 The revelation of His high decree.

III.

Near to the golden gates whence comes the sun
 A gate of crystal in the East is plac'd,
 Whose wont is ere the former are undone
 For burst of day to be flung back in haste.
 Through this go forth the dreams which God speeds on
 Propitious to the mind that's pure and chaste ;
 From this now that which down to Godfrey springs
 In flight distends tow'rd him its golden wings.

IV.

To none did nightly vision e'er supply
Such winning images of love and grace,
As this to him which open'd to his eye
The secret of the Heav'n and stars in space ;
Whence e'en as in a glass he could descry
That which is in them truly face to face :
He seem'd translated to a fair serene
Where myriad fires of gold adorn'd the scene.

V.

While in this lofty place he stay'd to' admire
The lights, the movements, and the' harmonious frame,
Lo, girt with rays of splendour, girt with fire,
A cavalier to meet him slowly came ;
And with a sound to which the sweetest lyre [claim :
On earth had seem'd but hoarse, was heard to' ex-
" Am I not welcome, Godfrey ? wilt thou spend
No word on Hugo ? know'st thou not thy friend ?"

VI.

And he replied to him : " That aspect new
Which seems with sunbeams wonderfully crown'd,
So from my mind its ancient lore withdrew
That scarce e'en now that lore again is found."
Then with a sweet affectionate zeal he threw
His arms three times that knightly neck around ;
And three times, girt in vain, did the' image fly
Like a light dream, or vapour wandering by.

VII.

It smil'd and said : " I am not as thou'rt prone
To think me, girt still with an earthly vest :
Thou seest but simple form, bare spirit alone,
In the' heav'nly city citizen and guest.
This is God's temple: here the seats are strown [rest."
Of His true knights ; 'mong whom shalt thou have
" When," cried he, " shall this be ? This mortal gear
Loose now, if it prevent my resting here."

VIII.

Responded Hugo : " Soon shalt thou regain
The glorious home of this triumphant band :
But thou must first in war pour out like rain
Both blood and sweat on yonder earthly strand.
By thee, too, from the Pagans must be ta'en
Ere then the empire of the Holy Land,
In which thou shalt a Christian kingdom found,
Where afterward thy brother must be crown'd.

IX.

“ But that thou more may'st quicken thy desires
For Heav'n above, look now where it reveals
Those lucid dwellings, and those living fires,
Which the' everlasting Mind informs and wheels ;
And hark ! the saintly syrens tune their lyres ;
O how the diapason sweetly peals !”
Then said he, pointing where the earth stood clear ;
“ Look down on what is lock'd in that last sphere.

X.

“ How vile the cause which is down yonder found
Reward and spur to human enterprise !
In what a puny ring your pride is bound !
In what a naked solitude it lies !
The sea imprisons it like an isle around :
And what ye name the ocean from its size
Has nought which to that title can respond,
But is a low marsh and a shallow pond.”

XI.

So spake the one ; the other with a bland
Contemptuous gaze look'd down on the low sphere ;
For a mere point he saw seas, rivers, land,
Which seem so perfectly distinguish'd here :
And wonder'd how we foolish men could stand
O'er shadows fix'd, o'er fumes which disappear ;
Could seek for slavish pow'r, and fame but dumb,
Nor mark how Heav'n invites and calls us home.

XII.

Whence he replied : “ Since God then deems it meet
That in this earthly prison I shall abide,
Tell me, I pray, the road of least deceit
Among the errors of yon world of pride.”
“ That is the true way,” said he, “ which thy feet
Have press'd till now ; thence turn not thou aside.
All that I need advise thee to have done
Is to recall from exile Bertold's son ;

XIII.

“ Since if a lofty Providence chose thee
Chief Captain for an enterprise so grand,
He was appointed by the same decree
Supreme executor of thy command.
This is the first part ; his was fix'd to be
The second : thou art head, and he the hand
Of yonder camp ; to bear his office proud
None else has pow'r, and thou art not allow'd.

XIV.

“He only can successfully attack

The wood defended by yon sorceries ;
From him thy camp, which seems unfit through lack
Of people for adventure of such size,
And almost is compell'd to turn its back,

Will gain more force for a new enterprise ;
He will surmount the walls, although increas'd
In strength, and rout the pow'rful host of the' East.”

XV.

He ceas'd, and Godfrey said : “O if the knight

Were but return'd, how sweet were my content !
Ye, who perceive each thought withdrawn from light,
Know if I love him, or untruth invent.

But tell me whither, and with what aim, 'tis right

The messenger who seeks him should be sent.

Shall I beseech him, or command ? Declare

How such an action can be right and fair ?”

XVI.

The other then replied : “Th' eternal King

Who honors thee so highly every way,
Would have those whom He plac'd beneath thy wing
Still honor thee, and reverence, and obey :

Then ask not, for perchance to ask the thing

Were scarce consistent with th' imperial sway ;
But yield when ask'd, and stoop to pardon soon
Whenever others' pray'rs entreat the boon.

XVII.

“Guelph shall intreat thee (him shall God inspire)

To' absolve the fiery youth from that sad wrong
Which he fell into through excess of ire ;

So that he shall re-seek the camp ere long,
And his own fame. And though he now desire

But ease afar, and list but to love's song,
Yet doubt not that ere many days proceed
He shall return in time for the grand need.

XVIII.

“Since Peter on whom Heaven has bestow'd

The lofty knowledge of its high intent,
Will know how to direct to the right road

For certain news of him those who are sent :
Which last too will be taught the arts and mode

To set him free and lead him to thy tent.
Thus Heav'n shall bring thine every wand'ring fere
At last beneath the holy banners here.

XIX.

"Now will I close my words with one brief sign,
To which thou'lt listen as to boon of grace :
His blood shall be commingled soon with thine,
And thence shall spring a bright and glorious race."
It ceas'd, and vanish'd like a vapour fine,
Or filmy cloud which melts and leaves no trace ;
And sleep, deserting him, left on his breast
Mix'd feelings of amaze and joy impress'd.

XX.

The pious Bouillon opens then his eyes,
And sees the day born and increasing fast ;
Whence he dismisses slumber and applies
The armour to his limbs, a burden vast.
And soon into his tent of ample size
For wonted sojourn all the chiefs have pass'd
To sit in council, what is wrought elsewhere
Being usually before resolv'd on there.

XXI.

And here the noble Guelph whose bosom glow'd
With the new thought infus'd into his mind,
Beginning first the converse, in this mode
Address'd the Chief : "O clement Prince and kind,
I come for pardon which will be bestow'd
On fault still new (to this I am not blind) :
Whence the request which I would fain procure
May hasty seem, perchance, and immature.

XXII.

"But thinking that such pardon is desir'd
From pious Godfrey for so brave a knight ;
And that I, too, who have so far aspir'd,
Am not an intercessor vile or light ;
I deem the boon will quickly be acquir'd
Which will fill every heart here with delight.
Ah ! grant he may return and shed his blood
To' amend his error for the public good.

XXIII.

"And who has, if not he, the spirit so great
As to dare fell the plants which scare us all ?
Who will go forth against the risks of fate
With breast more constant, whatsoe'er befall ?
Thou shalt behold him batter down the gate
And dreadly shake, and foremost mount, the wall.
Ah ! render to thy camp him we require,
Him who is all its hope, and its desire.

XXIV.

“To me a nephew, to thyself restore
One brave and prompt to execute thine aim ;
Nor suffer him to bask on pleasure's shore,
But render to him back again his fame.
Let him attend thy conquering flag once more :
Yield him the witness which his virtues claim :
Let him do worthy deeds which all may see,
And hail a master and a chief in thee.”

XXV.

Thus pray'd he, and a favorable cry
Follow'd upon the pray'r from all the rest ;
Whence Godfrey then, as though he would apply
His mind to theme ne'er mooted in his breast,
Exclaim'd : “How can I possibly deny
What all of you desire thus and request ?
Let rigour yield, and reason and law be found
In that which is the choice of all around.

XXVI.

“Rinaldo may return : let him restrain
Henceforth more wisely th' impulse of his ire ;
And answer with his deeds to the' hopes which reign
Respecting him, and to the camp's desire.
But thine 'tis, Guelph, to call him back again ;
His steps, I deem, will tarry not, nor tire.
Choose thou the messenger and point the road
Thou think'st will lead to the brave youth's abode.

XXVII.

Then rose, and said the knight from Danish land :
“I ask to be the messenger who goes :
In order to present this honor'd brand
I dread no length of way, no let from foes.”
This man is most robust of heart and hand,
Whence gladly with his offer Guelph doth close :
Him wills he to be one, and the' other who hies
Be Ubald, a man wary skill'd and wise.

XXVIII.

Ubald had seen and search'd out in his youth
All various customs, various lands and sights,
Travelling to realms where heat reigns without ruth
From the most frozen climes where winter bites,
And, as one trafficking for sense and truth,
Had learn'd their tongues, and usances, and rites ;
Then in mature age was receiv'd by Guelph
Among his friends, and cherish'd as himself.

XXIX.

To these was giv'n the honor to recall
The lofty champion, task for them most meet :
And Guelph directed them toward that wall
Within whose ring is Boemond's regal seat ;
Since public fame and the surmise of all
Had pointed to this spot as his retreat.
But the good Hermit, who their error sees,
Now enters and cuts short their words with these :

XXX.

" O cavaliers, if ye will thus confide
In cries which spring but from the vulgar brain,
Ye will pursue a rash and faithless guide,
Which will mislead and make you roam in vain.
Now hie to where a river rolls its tide
Near Ascalon's broad shore into the main ;
Here will ye find a man whom I love well :
Him trust ; what he shall tell you, that I tell.

XXXI.

" He has himself much seen, much heard from me
Of your illustrious voyage which I foreshow'd
Long time ago ; I know that he will be
Courteous as wise ; such ever is his mode."
Thus spake he, and Charles made no further plea,
Nor the' other chos'n companion of his road,
But both obey'd the words which all opin'd
God's Spirit was wont to dictate to his mind.

XXXII.

Then took they leave, and their desire gain'd force
So mightily that they delay'd no more,
But bent at once tow'rd Ascalon their course
Where the near sea impinges on the shore :
And scarcely had they heard as yet the hoarse
And curling breakers of the ocean roar,
When they attain'd a stream whose waters stood
Higher than wont, swoll'n by a recent flood,

XXXIII.

So that it could not keep within its bed,
And, like an arrow, takes its nimble flight.
While in suspense they stay, with silvery head
A venerable old man comes in sight,
Crown'd with beech leaves, and in a robe which spread
Profuse and long of linen pure and white :
He waves a rod, and treads the river wide
With feet unwet, and spans it 'gainst the tide.

XXXIV.

As, when the winter near the polar space
Inwraps the rivers in its icy fold,
Over the Rhine the rustic maidens trace
In troops the gliding curve, securely bold ;
So comes he now o'er the unstable base
Of waters which are neither hard nor cold :
And soon arrives where the two warriors gaze
Intent upon his form, and then he says :

XXXV.

" Ye follow, friends, a quest where toils and pains
Are rife, and much ye need a skilful guide ;
Since on inhospitable and treach'rous plains
Far off does he for whom ye seek abide.
O what a task for you there still remains !
What shores have ye to cross, what oceans wide !
And e'en your searching must extend its bound
Beyond the confines of this world around.

XXXVI.

" But deign to enter the secluded cave
In which my safe abode is well conceal'd ;
There shall ye hear from me of matters grave,
There all which ye would know shall be reveal'd."
He spake, and to the waves his bidding gave
To let them pass ; the waves retire and yield,
And, curl'd on this side, and on that, arise
Like mountains, and between them a path lies.

XXXVII.

Into the inmost depths beneath the stream
Taking them by the hand, he leads the twain.
The light is there a weak and flickering gleam,
Like that amid the woods from moons that wane.
Yet see they ample caves, charg'd to th' extreme
With waters from whence comes to us each vein
Which leaps in fountains, or in river takes
Its course, or stagnates, or expands in lakes.

XXXVIII.

And they can see from whence the Po is sped,
Whence Ganges, Ister, and Euphrates glide,
Hydaspes and the Tanais : and its head,
Obscur'd so much, not Nile itself can hide.
Still lower down a stream is found to spread
Pure sulphur and quicksilver on each side :
These then the sun refines and gently strains
The pulp into white mass and golden veins.

XXXIX.

And they behold all round the precious stream
Most costly stones upon the margin strew'd ;
And hence, as lit by many a torch's gleam
The spot shines forth, and darkness is subdued.
Here, sparkling with a pure cerulean beam,
The heav'nly sapphire and jacinth are view'd :
There flames the ruby, there the diamond glows,
And there fair emeralds laugh in glittering rows.

XL.

The knights astounded went ; and every thought
Was so intent upon that strange display
That they were mute. At last good Ubald sought
Instruction from the escort of their way :
" O father, tell us whither we are brought,
And whither go ; and thine own state pourtray :
Because I know not if I sleep or dream,
Such wonder reigns within my heart supreme."

XLI.

He answer'd : " Ye are in the womb immense
Of earth which genders all ; and 'twere denied
That ye should e'er have pierc'd into its dense
And darksome bowels, were I not your guide.
I lead you to my palace ; not far hence
Lit with a wondrous radiance 'twill be spied.
I was a Pagan born, but, thanks to Heaven,
The holy font a second birth has given.

XLII.

" Nor think by virtue of the spirits of Hell
My marvellous and artful works are done :
Ah ! God forbid I should use fume or spell
To force Cocytus dire or Phlegethon !
But on their traces I go searching well
From herbs or founts what virtues may be won,
And contemplate the other secrets deep
Of Nature, and the stars where'er they sweep ;

XLIII.

" Because not always far from heav'nly light
Mid subterranean cloisters do I stay ;
But oft on Libanus and Carmel's height
In airy mansion make a long delay.
There Mars and Venus offer to my sight
Without a veil their every phase and ray ;
And I see how the others wheel and race,
Or swift or slow, with kind or threat'ning face.

XLIV.

"I see beneath my feet clouds, dense or rare,
Now darken'd, and now painted o'er with bows ;
And rains and dews I note with busy care
How form'd ; and how the wind obliquely blows ;
How lightnings kindle, and what paths in air
They tortuous take ere quench'd in dark repose :
Comets I mark, and many another fire
So near, that sometimes I myself admire.

XLV.

"So pleas'd was I with self that I could deem
My knowledge the sure measure of the whole
Which could be wrought by Nature's Lord supreme,
Maker of earth and all the spheres that roll.
But when your Peter in the holy stream
Sprinkled mine hair, and wash'd my spotted soul,
He pointed my looks higher, and made me see
How dark and short they in themselves must be.

XLVI.

"Then knew I that to the prime Truth our mind
Is as the bird of darkness to the sun ;
And at myself I laugh'd, and at the blind
Delusions into which my pride had run.
But still I follow, as His will design'd,
The arts and uses which were thus begun :
Other than what I was I me discern :
For now I hang on Him, to Him I turn,

XLVII.

"In Him find rest. He bids and teaches too,
Master at once and Lord supremely grand ;
Nor by our means does He disdain to do
Works worthy sometimes of His own right hand.
Th' unconquer'd knight whom distant barriers mew
Shall through my care soon reach the Syrian strand ;
For He impos'd the task ; and I have been
Long waiting your approach, through Him foreseen."

XLVIII.

Thus parleying with them to the spot he came
In which he had his home and his repose.
This was in form a grot within whose frame
Chambers and halls, spacious and grand, arose :
And all which earth within its veins may claim
Of glittering and of rich did it disclose ;
And yet the noble structure was array'd
With ornaments all native, and none made.

XLIX.

Nor want there troops of ministers who prepare
To serve with speed the guests whom they behold ;
Nor on the splendid board are wanting there
Vases of silver, crystal, and pure gold.
But when their natural desire to share
The rich repast was o'er, and thirst control'd,
" 'Tis time," the wizard to the warriors said,
" That your more large desire should now be fed."

L.

He then commenc'd : " Armida's deeds and lies,
In part at least, yourselves know well enough :
How to the camp she came, and in what guise
Entic'd so many knights, and led them off.
Ye know that then with more tenacious ties
She bound them, hostess bounteous but in scoff ;
And sent them thence to Gaza under charge
Of guards, and they midway were set at large.

LI.

" What next occur'd there now I will pourtray,
True tale of which as yet ye know no page.
When the bad witch saw wrung from her the prey
Which she had manag'd with such art to' engage,
She bit both hands for grief, and 'gan to say
Within herself, inflam'd with scornful rage ;
' Ah ! be it never true that he may boast
Of having rescued from me such a host !

LII.

" ' If he loos'd others, let him serve, and bear
The pains reserv'd for them and the long woe.
Nor this contents me : let the others share
The general ill whose coming is not slow.'
Thus speaking, she devises to prepare
This wicked scheme which ye shall shortly know.
She comes to where Rinaldo met her train
And vanquish'd it, and part of them were slain.

LIII.

" Here having laid aside his arms with haste
He donn'd those of a Pagan which he found,
Perchance because he wish'd to go untrac'd
Under device less known and less renown'd.
The Sorceress took the arms, and in them plac'd
A headless trunk, and threw them on the ground
Close to a river's bank tow'rd which would draw
A troop of Franks ere long, as she foresaw.

LIV.

“ And this in truth she could foresee right well,
For she has spies all round from whom is learn'd
News often from the camp, and she can tell
Who has departed last, and who return'd :
Besides she parleys oft with spirits of Hell,
And with them for long time has she sojourn'd.
She plac'd the mangled corpse then in the part
Most opportune for her deceitful art.

LV.

“ A most sagacious page was hither led
And station'd near, in pastoral robes array'd.
To him she taught what should be done or said
With cunning fiction, and she was obey'd.
He commun'd with your troop, and thus was spread
The seed of that mistrust whence grew the blade
And fruit of strifes and discords, which at last
Almost to riot and rebellion pass'd.

LVI.

“ For now Rinaldo, just as she design'd,
Through Godfrey was suppos'd to have been slain ;
Although that wrong suspicion from each mind
Was doff'd at last when truth began to reign.
Such was Armida's artifice refin'd,
The first she us'd, as I have made it plain.
Now shall ye also hear how she pursued
Rinaldo, and what afterward ensued.

LVII.

“ She waits Rinaldo with a hunter's guile
Beside the ford. He comes to' Orontes' side,
Just where its waters part to form an isle
And reunited soon together glide.
And on the bank a fair columnar pile
He sees, and near it a small vessel tied.
He stops at the white marble to behold
Its finish'd work, and reads in lines of gold :

LVIII.

“ ‘ O thou, whoe'er thou art, whom chance or will
Has now induc'd along these banks to stray,
No marvel of the East or West can thrill
Thy soul like what this islet can display.
If thou would'st view it, pass.' Incautious still,
He soon is lur'd to cross the watery way :
And since the bark is ample but for one,
He quits his squires, and ferries o'er alone.

LIX.

“ Having arriv’d there, all around he flings
His glances, and yet nothing do they meet
Save flow’rs and herbs and plants and grotts and springs,
Whence deems he all is an abusive cheat.
But yet the spot so joyous is, and brings
So much allurements, that he takes a seat,
And then disarms his brow, and cools it there
In the sweet breathings of the placid air.

LX.

“ Meanwhile he startled as the river surg’d
With a new sound ; thither he turn’d his eyes,
And saw midway advancing, as if urg’d
By its own self, a wave of larger size ;
And out of it some auburn hair emerg’d,
And then a maiden’s face was seen to rise ;
Then neck and breast, until there stood reveal’d
Half of her form ; the rest the waves conceal’d.

LXI.

“ Thus from the floor of the nocturnal scene
A nymph or Goddess rises with slow motion.
This one, though Syren truly none, but e’en
A magic sprite, yet shadow’d forth the notion
Of those who once beside the shore Tyrrhene
Dwelt mid the billows of the treacherous ocean :
Nor was her voice less sweet than beauty fair,
And thus she sang, and sooth’d the sky and air :

LXII.

“ ‘ O youths, while yet your April and your May
Clothe you with flow’rs and leaves which are not sere,
Ah ! let not fame’s nor virtue’s treacherous ray
Engross your tender soul in its career.
Sole wise is he who says not pleasure nay,
And plucks when ripe the fruit of every year.
This Nature cries. Will ye then steel your mind
Against her dictates which are ever kind ?

LXIII.

“ ‘ Insane, why throw away the precious prize
Of tender age which scarce survives its birth ?
Mere names and idols, unsubstantial lies,
Are what the world has nam’d renown and worth.
The fame which makes so sweet a music rise
In proud men’s hearts, and shines so fairly forth,
An echo is, a dream, a shadow frail,
Which vanishes and flies at every gale.

LXIV.

“ Secure indulge the body, and let the soul
Sate the frail sense in objects calm and fair,
Forget past ills, nor hasten its own dole
By pond’ring on anticipated care.
Though Heav’n flash lightning, and its thunder roll,
Let it threat on, and all its darts prepare.
This is true knowledge ; this is life indeed ;
Thus Nature teaches, and thus bids us read.’

LXV.

“ So sings that impious one, and lulls to sleep
The youth with her most sweet and artful strain.
O’er every sense that sleep begins to creep
By slow degrees and fixes firm its reign :
Nor could the very thunders make him leap
From that repose where death is imag’d plain.
Out of her ambush then the false witch wends,
And o’er him, eager for revenge, she bends.

LXVI.

“ But when she sees him without fear or guile
Breathing so tranquilly there all alone,
And marks his lovely eyes which seem to smile
Though clos’d, ah ! what if their full orb were shown ?
She stops, suspense, and in a little while
Sits near him, and feels all her anger flown
While gazing ; and as o’er that lovely look
She hangs her, seems Narcissus at the brook.

LXVII.

“ And she receiv’d the living dews that came
Over his brows upon her veil’s fine fold,
And with a gentle fanning help’d to tame
The summer heat which else were uncontroll’d.
Thus (who will credit it ?) the sleeping flame
From hidden eyes melted away the cold
Which in her heart had harden’d more than stone,
And foe no more, a lover has she grown.

LXVIII.

“ Of woodbines and of lilies and of roses,
Which flourish all throughout those pleasant plains,
Blended with novel art she then composes
Her flexible but most tenacious chains :
In these neck, arms, and feet she then incloses,
And thus secures her prisoner and retains.
Then while he sleeps she has him borne to lie
Upon her car, and swiftly cleaves the sky.

LXIX.

“ Nor bends she tow’rd Damascus her career,
Nor to her castle plac’d amid the tides ;
But jealous of a pledge become so dear,
Asham’d too of her love, herself she hides
In the deep ocean whither seldom steer,
Or never, any barks from our sea-sides,
Past all our coasts ; and here, her chos’n domain
And lone retreat, an isle is on the main ;

LXX.

“ An isle on which with other isles in sight
A name deriv’d from Fortune has been laid.
In this she climbs up a steep mountain’s height
Unpeopled, and obscure, and dark with shade :
And covers o’er with snow by magic sleight
Its sides and shoulders, and its head is made,
Encumber’d with no snow, all green and fair,
And near a lake she founds a palace there,

LXXI.

“ Where her belov’d one in perpetual spring
Now leads with her a life of love and joy.
From goal so far and secret must ye bring
Back to the camp the long-misguided boy ;
And foil the guards whom round the mountain’s ring,
And near her-roof, her jealous fears employ :
Nor shall ye lack for the grand task a guide,
Nor one by whom fit arms shall be supplied.

LXXII.

“ Ye’ll find, when ye re-pass the stream but now,
A maiden young in looks, yet old in years,
Known by long ringlets curling on her brow,
And various tint which on her robe appears.
With her the depth of ocean shall ye plough
Swifter than eagle on the wing careers,
Or flies the thunderbolt ; nor will she be
Less faithful guide when ye re-cross the sea.

LXXIII.

“ At the mount’s foot beneath the witch’s lair,
New Pythons hissing will be seen to glide,
And boars to raise their backs with horrid hair,
And bears and lions open the mouth with ;
But when ye shake this rod of mine in air,
Where’er it sounds, they will retire and hide.
Then greater far, if truth be weigh’d aright,
Will be the peril on the mountain height.

LXXIV.

“A fountain rises there so fair and pure
That all grow thirsty who behold it play ;
But in its cooling crystals an obscure
And execrable venom lurks away ;
For e'en the smallest draught of it is sure
To' intoxicate the heart, and make it gay :
Then laughter is induc'd ; and this will rise
At last to such a pitch, that the man dies.

LXXV.

“Let your disdainful mouth at once disown
Those deadly waters, and afar retreat ;
Nor be entic'd then by the viands strown
On verdant banks ; nor for one moment greet
The treacherous maids whose soft and flattering tone,
And mien that smiles and woos, are all deceit.
But mind that ye despise their skilful baits
Of glance and word, and enter the tall gates.

LXXVI.

“Within, inextricable walls arise,
And in a thousand curves confus'dly wind,
But this brief chart I give you shall apprise
Of every cheat that can mislead or blind.
In the mid labyrinth a garden lies,
Whose very leaves breathe love into the mind :
Here bosom'd on the freshest herbage green
The cavalier and maiden will be seen.

LXXVII.

“But when abandoning her lover dear
She shall have turn'd her to some other place,
Then must ye show yourselves to him, and rear
The adamant shield I give you to his face ;
So that he may behold his image clear,
And the soft dress which wraps him in its lace :
That at such sight shame and disdain may wrest
His most unworthy passion from his breast.

LXXVIII.

“No other thing remains which need be told
Save that ye may with confidence proceed,
And penetrate each inmost turn and fold
Of that abode, from every hindrance freed :
Because no force of magic can withhold
Your footsteps, nor at all retard your speed ;
Nor even shall Armida's art foresee
Your coming, of such pow'r your guide shall be.

LXXIX.

“Nor less securely shall ye quit the pests
Of her retreat, and homeward speed aright.
But now the hour is come when Nature rests ;
And ye must rise to-morrow with the light.”
Thus spake he to them ; and then led his guests
Where they might make their sojourn for the night.
There, leaving them rejoic'd yet thoughtful too,
The good old man to his repose withdrew.

CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.

When the brave pair of messengers have scann'd
 The notes and counsels of that good man old,
 Under the wond'rous pilot's skill'd command
 O'er waves and perils is their shallop roll'd.
 But heap'd already on the shore and sand
 Th' Egyptian tents and vessels they behold ;
 Then, having cross'd, with well-arm'd breast advance,
 Spite of the wild beast and the winning glance.

I.

ALREADY the first ray, serene and fair,
 Had call'd to toil each creature of the field,
 When the sage coming to the knightly pair
 Brought them the golden rod, the chart, and shield.
 "For the grand voyage," he exclaim'd, "prepare,
 Ere day which dawns e'en now be more reveal'd :
 Lo, here is what I promis'd you last night,
 And what will overcome all magic sleight."

II.

Already had they ris'n, already brac'd
 Their armour on the vigorous limb and breast ;
 Hence along paths uncheer'd by day with haste
 They follow'd the old man : and now they press'd,
 Returning, the same track o'er which they pac'd
 At first on coming to that place of rest.
 But when they had attain'd his river's bed,
 "Adieu, go prosper, friends !" the old man said.

III.

The stream receiv'd them where it deeply sank,
 And gently thrusting, made them upward glide,
 As it is wont to raise light bough or plank
 Which force has push'd far down into its tide :
 It left them then upon the grassy bank.
 Hence they beheld th' already promis'd guide :
 They mark'd a pinnacle ; and the fatal maid
 Who was to' escort them at the rudder stay'd.

IV.

Upon her forehead graceful curls are seen,
And courteous, kind, and tranquil is her gaze :
And she resembles angels in her mien,
Such sparkling light illumines her with its rays.
Her robe seems azure now, and now 'tis green,
Now vermeil, tinted in a thousand ways ;
Whence one perceives her of a different hue
How oft soever one returns to view.

V.

Thus does the plumage which surrounds the tame
And amorous dove's neck with coruscant scheme
Not for one moment show itself the same,
But takes all colours in the solar beam :
Now like a necklace in which rubies flame,
Now in a light where verdant emeralds gleam ;
Now mingling every hue diverse and bright,
It pleases in a hundred ways the sight.

VI.

"Enter," she said, "ye blest, this bark of mine
With which secure I cross the billowy road,
To which all breezes blow with favouring sign,
All storms are calm, and light is every load.
To serve and guide you has my Lord divine
Sped me with haste ; to Him this grace is ow'd."
Thus spoke the maid ; then nearer to the bank
She made the curving pine present its flank.

VII.

Soon as it has receiv'd the noble pair,
She thrusts the shore, and lets the cable slack.
And having loos'd the sail to the light air,
She seats her at the helm, and rules the track.
The torrent is so swoll'n that it would bear
The largest burdens now upon its back :
But this one is so slight that stream less great
From recent moisture would uphold its weight.

VIII.

Swift beyond nature's use the breezes urge
The bounding bark on tow'rd the salt sea shore ;
The waters become white with hoary surge,
And cleft behind how musical their roar !
Lo now they reach where, as the banks diverge,
The currents race more calmly than before ;
And, spread in the broad vortex of the sea,
Are lost at last, or so appear to be.

IX.

Scarce had the wond'rous bark arriv'd to brave
The ocean's fringe, then stormy to the view,
Ere disappear'd the gloom and ceas'd to rave
The blast presag'd from clouds of sombre hue :
The sweet air levels down the mountainous wave,
And only curls the bosom of the blue :
And Heav'n, which ne'er beheld itself more clear,
Is laughing with a sweetly tranquil cheer.

X.

The pinnacle ran by Ascalon, and pass'd
Leftward towards the west : and soon was found
Near to that Gaza's walls careering fast
Which was the port of Gaza once renown'd ;
But, on this other's ruin, growing vast
Became a city whose pow'r stretch'd far around :
And on its shores were now observ'd to stand
Almost as many men as grains of sand.

XI.

The mariners turn'd their glances to the land,
And saw tall tents arise, a countless store :
They mark'd both horse and foot in many a band
Go and return from city to the shore ;
By laden camels, too, and elephants grand,
The sandy path was press'd, and trampled o'er.
Then saw they vessels move from port, and ride
At anchor in its gulf profound and wide.

XII.

Some spread the sail, and others, nimble and fleet,
Employ'd the oar, and mov'd along with grace ;
And oars and prows smote on the watery sheet
Until it foam'd in almost every place.
Then said the maiden : " Although thus replete
Be shore and sea with yonder felon race,
Yet is e'en now the pow'rful tyrant far
From having gather'd all his troops of war.

XIII.

" These are from Egypt only, and countries near :
He waits now till the distant ones are sent ;
For tow'rd the east and south far o'er the sphere
His mighty empire stretches in extent.
So that I hope to finish our career
And back return, ere he shall move a tent :
He, or the person who shall fill the post
Instead of him of Captain o'er the host."

XIV.

While speaking, as the eagle is wont to fly
Mid other fowl securely through the air,
And soaring tow'rd the sun mounts up so high
That no man's sight can catch it in the glare :
Thus does her little vessel seem to ply
'Twixt ship and ship ; and has no fear nor care
Lest any should arrest it or pursue,
And speeds afar from them and quits their view.

XV.

And instantly to Raffia have they flown,
A Syrian city which to those who steer
From Egypt appears first : thence to the lone
And barren shore they come of Rhinocere.
And then not distant far a mountain cone
Is seen o'er sea its haughty locks to rear,
And bathes its foot on the unstable wave,
And Pompey's bones have in its breast a grave.

XVI.

They view Damietta then ; and how the Nile
Pours through its seven fam'd channels without pause
Rich tribute to the sea, and adds the while
More through a hundred other minor jaws :
And on they sail beyond the citted pile
Founded by the brave Greek with Grecian laws ;
And beyond Pharos, known of old to stand
An isle far off, now join'd to the main land.

XVII.

Far tow'rd the pole are left both Rhodes and Crete,
Then coast they Afric, which near ocean's bed
Is till'd and fruitful, but within replete
With only barren sands and monsters dread.
Past Marmarique they hail Cyrene's seat,
Once honor'd by five cities as their head.
Here Ptolemais lies ; then they behold
Lethe's calm waves, renown'd in fables old.

XVIII.

The larger Syrtes, which the seaman flies,
Being left near shore, far tow'rd the deep they go,
And see behind them Cape Judecca rise,
And into ocean mark the Magra flow.
Now Tripoli decks the coast, and Malta lies
Hid opposite among the waves, and low :
Then at the other Syrtes' back they spy
Alzerbe, erst home of the Lotophagi.

XIX.

Then Tunis on a curv'd bay comes in view,
With mountain flanking the bay's either shore ;
Tunis, rich honor'd seat, than which but few
Or none has Lybia celebrated more.
Opposite Sicily crowns the waters blue,
And the grand heights of Lilybæum soar.
Now thence to the two knights the maiden shows
The spot where Carthage formerly arose.

XX.

Carthage is fallen : scarce can the' eye survey
A trace on shore of all its ruin wide.
Cities and kingdoms pass into decay,
And sand and grass conceal their pomp and pride :
Yet man disdains to be of mortal clay.
What haughty longings in our mind reside !
Next comes Biserta, and with onward flight
They have Sardinia's isle upon the right.

XXI.

Past the Numidian plains the bark then ran,
Where wand'ring men led pastoral lives of yore,
Past Bugia and Algiers both under ban
As corsair's nests, and Oran's onward shore :
Then skirted they the coasts of Tintigan,
Where elephants abound, and lions roar,
Where now Morocco's realm, and Fez, are spread ;
And past Granada's opposite domes they sped.

XXII.

Now flows the sea with land on either flank,
Huge way which Hercules was feign'd to hew ;
And once, perchance, a long continuous bank
Was there, which some deep ruin cleft in two.
There ocean forc'd its way : and Abila shrank
To this side and to the' other Calpe drew ;
Lybia and Spain were reft by narrow sluice.
Such mighty change can lapse of time produce !

XXIII.

Four times the sun had in the East appear'd
Since first the bark had left the shore's retreat ;
Yet ne'er, nor need requir'd, to port had steer'd
Though such a lengthen'd course was now complete.
Ent'ring the short strait now, so quickly clear'd,
It gulfs itself where endless billows beat.
If here, where lock'd in shores, the sea be grand,
What is 't where it embosoms all the land ?

XXIV.

Among the lofty waves e'en now are lost
 Rich Cadiz, and the other two so nigh.
 All lands are left behind, and every coast ;
 The sky bounds ocean, ocean bounds the sky.
 Then Ubald said : " O maiden, who bestow'st
 Thy guidance o'er this boundless main, reply,
 Have others e'er been here, and are there found
 Habitants in the world to which we' are bound ? "

XXV.

She answers : " Hercules, when his right hand
 Had slain the brutes of Lybia and of Spain,
 And had o'errun and conquer'd all your land,
 Dar'd not attempt the dangers of the main.
 He mark'd the bounds, and in too narrowly spann'd
 A cloister human wit did he restrain :
 Those marks of his, Ulysses, urg'd by vast
 Desire to see and know, despis'd and pass'd.

XXVI.

" He pass'd the Columns in his bark nor quail'd
 To' attempt the open sea with oary speed ;
 But him no skill among the waves avail'd,
 For he was swallow'd up by ocean's greed ;
 And with his body there lies also veil'd
 His grand mischance, which now ye scarcely heed.
 If winds e'er drave out others o'er these waves,
 They came not back, or found here watery graves.

XXVII.

" Thus the grand tides we plough are all unknown ;
 A thousand unknown isles and realms they hide ;
 The lands are fertile, too, as are your own,
 And habitants upon the soil reside.
 This last is rich, nor can the virtue strown
 By solar beam unfruitful e'er abide."
 " Tell me," said Ubald then without a pause,
 " What cult this hidden world adopts, what laws ? "

XXVIII.

She answer'd him : " In divers parts befall
 Diversities of uses, tongues, and rites.
 Some worship beasts, some the great mother of all,
 And some the sun and all the lesser lights.
 There are who feast on viands that appal
 With cruel and unnatural appetites.
 In short as hence from Calpe we recede,
 All are of barbarous modes, of impious creed."

XXIX.

“ And will that God,” replied the cavalier,
“ Who came down to illume this earthly chart,
Suffer no ray of truth then to appear
In this of the whole world so large a part ? ”
“ Yes,” she replied : “ the faith of Peter here
Shall flourish soon, and every civil art.
Nor shall it be that the long way shall sever
These races of the West from your’s for ever.

XXX.

“ Soon shall industrious mariners despise,
As merest fable, Hercules his bound ;
And seas now nameless, and each realm that lies
Unknown shall e’en with you become renown’d.
Yes! the most gallant of all argosies
Shall gird and search whate’er the sea girds round ;
And o’er the globe, tremendous mass, shall run
Victorior sand the rival of the sun.

XXXI.

“ A Genoese shall be the first to’ explore
With daring heart the course unknown and wide.
Nor shall the threat’ning wind’s tempestuous roar,
Nor seas inhospitable, nor clime untried,
Nor aught of perilous and of dreadful more
Which any among men have yet defied,
Make one so generous calm his soul elate
Inside of Abila’s forbidden strait.

XXXII.

“ Columbus, thou shalt spread thy favour’d sail
On tow’rd a pole so far remov’d from sight,
That Fame with myriad eyes and plumes shall fail .
Almost to follow with those eyes thy flight.
Bacchus and Hercules still grace her tale ;
Of thee as yet her tidings may be slight :
But these though slight will yield a memory long
Most worthy both of history and of song.”

XXXIII.

She spake ; and westward made the vessel run
O’er billowy paths, and tow’rd the south she bent ;
And o’er against them setting fell the sun,
And shone behind them on its re-ascent.
And just as fair Aurora had begun
To sow the rays and dews around, intent
They look’d afar, and saw a mountain shroud
Its lofty forehead in a wreath of cloud.

XXXIV.

And they perceiv'd it, as they drew more nigh
And it had wholly lost its cloudy vest,
Resembling a sharp cone athwart the sky,
Large in the midst, and fine toward the crest ;
And it appear'd to send up smoke on high,
Like the' one upon Euceladus his breast ;
Whose nature 'tis to smoke while day is bright,
And then illume the skies with flames at night.

XXXV.

Lo other isles together, and they came
To other slopes at last, less steep and tall ;
These were the Happy Islands, by which name
The former age had been induc'd to call
A group so favour'd by the skies (thus fame
Made men believe) that here the lands would all
Bring forth spontaneous, and without the plough,
And vines untill'd yield sweeter fruits than now.

XXXVI.

Here olive blossoms did not vainly teem,
Here honey dropp'd out from the hollow'd ash ;
And down from every mountain hied the stream
With sparkling water and with murmuring plash :
And breeze and dew so temper'd the sunbeam
That none here ever fear'd its fervent lash ;
Here were th' Elysian Fields ; and here arose
The famous homes where blessed souls repose.

XXXVII.

To these the maiden came : " And now," she cried,
" Your journey's end will not be long deferr'd.
These are the Isles of Fortune at our side,
Whose great but doubtful fame ye must have heard.
With every wealth and charm are they supplied,
But o'er the truth is much of falsehood slurr'd."
While she was speaking thus, she swiftly near'd
The one which foremost of the ten appear'd.

XXXVIII.

Then Charles began : " If it will not impede
The grand adventure, maiden, which thou show'st,
Let me debark awhile here and proceed
To see these unknown shores, to see the host
Of habitants, the method of their creed,
And all which a wise man will envy most
When it shall please me to narrate elsewhere
What I saw new, and say that I was there."

XXXIX.

She answer'd : " The demand is worthy thee ;
But what can I, or how so far aspire,
If the inviolable and severe decree
Of Heav'n be adverse to thy fair desire ?
For yet the space which God ordains to flee
Ere grand discov'ry come is not entire ;
Nor may ye bring o'er ocean's deep abyss
To your own world true knowledge home from this.

XL.

" To you through grace, beyond the use and art
Of mariners, 'tis given to cross this tide ;
And there debark where the knight's chain'd apart,
And bring him back to the world's other side.
Let this suffice ; on more to set thine heart
Were to contend with fate through human pride."
Here ceas'd she, and already the first isle
Seem'd lower, and the second rose the while.

XLI.

She shows them how the group to eastward stands,
Extending forth in one long order'd line ;
And that betwixt each pair of them expands
An almost equal space of billowy brine.
In seven they see the homes and cultur'd lands
Of dwellers there, and many another sign :
Three lie deserted, and in rocks and fens
Wild beasts have there the safest of all dens.

XLII.

A spot in one of these three one describes
Where the shore curves itself in such a sort
That two long horns emerge, and midway lies
A rock which, making of the gulf a port,
Turns its front inward, while its back defies
The outward waves and cleaves them as in sport.
Two crags, on this side and on that one, soar,
Signals to mariners far out from shore.

XLIII.

Below them hush'd reclines the guarded wave :
Above, the scene is dark with gloomy trees ;
And in the midst of them there lies a cave
Where ivy shades and crystal waters please.
Here cable ne'er was tied, nor anchor drave
Its tooth to rein the bark against the breeze.
Enter'd the maid this spot so calm and lone,
And gather'd in the sails which had been strown.

XLIV.

"Behold," she said then, "on that mountain's breast
 The lofty mass tow'rd which your eyes are sweeping:
 There amid feasting, leisure, tale, and jest,
 The champion of the Christian faith is sleeping.
 Up yonder steep your path shall be address'd
 Soon as the sun once more from the' East is leaping :
 Nor vex at the delay : each hour, I know,
 Save that of morn would augur only woe.

XLV.

"Well with the daylight which will yet ensue
 Ye may pass onward to the mountain's base."
 They having bid their noble guide adieu,
 Along the wish'd-for shore began to pace ;
 And found the path so easy, and so new,
 That of fatigue they felt not e'en a trace :
 And when they reach'd their journey's end, the car
 Of Phcebus linger'd still from ocean far.

XLVI.

They see that over crag, through ruin bare
 They must ascend those heights that proudly tower ;
 And that the paths are scatter'd every where
 With snows and frosts ; and then come herb and
 Near to the hoary chin the verdant hair [flower.
 Shoots forth, and ice appears to have no power
 O'er tender rose and lily : magic spell
 E'en against nature can succeed so well.

XLVII.

A lone wild darkly-shaded spot at night,
 Close to the mountain's foot, the warriors choose ;
 And when the sun, eternal fount of light,
 Begins to streak the skies with golden hues,
 "Up, up !" both cry, and full of hope and might
 Begin their journey through the morning dews,
 But, whence I know not, came athwart their path,
 Speckled and fierce, a serpent hissing wrath.

XLVIII.

Its crest and head inscal'd with squalid gold
 Are lifted, and its neck is swell'n with ire :
 Its eyes dart flames, beneath its belly cold
 The paths are hid, it breathes out poison and fire ;
 Now enters it itself ; now forward roll'd
 After itself, it spreads the knotty spire.
 Thus it appears on its accustom'd guard ;
 Nor yet the warriors' steps does it retard.

XLIX.

Charles with the sword at once attacks the snake :

But th' other cries : " Hold, hold ! what folly is this ?

By force of hand, with weapons of such make,

Think'st thou the guardian serpent to dismiss ? "

Then gives he to his golden wand a shake

So that the speckled monster hears it hiss ;

And, flying swiftly from the dreaded sound,

Leaves the pass free, and cow'rs upon the ground.

L.

To stop them next they see a lion roll

His savage eyes ; he roars, unsheathes his claws,

Erects his locks, and opes and shows the whole

Tremendous gulf of his voracious jaws,

And lashing with his tail inflames his soul.

But when the rod is shown, he makes a pause,

For secret terror freezes in him quite

All native courage, and he takes to flight.

LI.

Still onward swiftly move the knightly pair.

But warlike animals, a dreadful host,

Varying in voice, in motions, and in air,

Rise up before them to defend the post.

All wild and monstrous things that have their lair

'Twixt Nile and where the Atlas bounds the coast,

Seem here collected, and whatever broods

Hercynia rears, or dark Hyrcanian woods.

LII.

But yet so vast and savage an array

Thrusts them not back, nor even keeps its ground ;

Yea, miracle unheard of, flies away

For momentary sight and trifling sound.

The two victorious thus in every fray

Surmount the height, nor further lets are found ;

Excepting that the rugged ways impede

With cold and steepness, and retard their speed.

LIII.

But after they had travers'd o'er the snows,

And clomb the rough steep with laborious pain,

They found a fair sweet climate at the close,

And on the mount the broad and open plain.

Here breezes, fresh and scented like the rose,

Are breathing forth with no uncertain strain ;

For not as elsewhere does the orb of day,

Wheeling around here, wake them or allay ;

LIV.

Nor reign here cold and heat alternate pow'rs,
Nor first the cloud, and then the clear one sees :
But still the skies inwrapt throughout all hours
In purest splendour neither flame nor freeze,
And rear for meads their herbs, for herbs their flow'rs,
For flow'rs their scent, eternal shade for trees.
The gorgeous palace on the lake is found,
And lords it o'er the hills and seas around.

LV.

The knights felt somewhat wearied by th' ascent,
So lofty and so rough, which they had made ;
Hence slowly through that flowery path they went,
And now they mov'd their steps, and now they stay'd :
When lo ! a fount which ask'd them to content
Their thirsty lips fell down in a cascade,
Whose one large vein and myriad jets of spray
Sprinkled with drops the herbage on its way.

LVI.

But soon united all its waters glide
In a profound canal mid banks of green ;
And while the trees o'erarch them from each side,
Hie murmuring cold and sombre through the scene,
But so transparent that they do not hide
One beauty of their bed distinctly seen :
And on the banks the herbage mounts aloft,
And makes a seat there ever fresh and soft.

LVII.

" Lo here the stream of laughter hies along,
Lo here the fount so full of perilous spite.
Now must we rein well our desire though strong,
And cautious be to the' utmost of our might.
Close we our ears to the sweet guilty song
Of these fallacious Syrens of delight."
Thus went they till they saw the river take
More broad and graceful sweeps, and form a lake.

LVIII.

And here a board of viands rich and dear
Is spread beside the bank upon the mead ;
And merrily playing through the water clear
Two garrulous and wanton damsels speed,
Who sprinkle faces now, and now appear
To strive which first shall reach a mark agreed :
And then they dive ; and then their head and back
Emerge at last after the hidden track.

LIX.

The swimmers in their naked beauty dress'd

Mov'd somewhat the knights' bosoms although rude,
So that they stopp'd to look at them : the jest

And every winning way these yet pursued.
Meanwhile one rais'd herself and show'd her breast

And all of that by which the sight is woo'd
From the waist upward in the open air ;
Her other limbs the lake veil'd softly there.

LX.

As issues from the wave the star of morn

Dewy and dripping ; or as from the spray
Of teeming ocean burst, when newly born,

The Goddess of Delight, as fables say :
Thus does she seem ; thus crystal drops adorn
Her auburn hairs and down her shoulder stray.
She next look'd round, and feigning then to see
Those two for the first time, shrank bashfully :

LXI.

And downward from her head at once she threw

The hair which in a single knot she wore ;
And rob'd with long thick locks of golden hue

The yielding ivory which was seen before.
O what a lovely sight was lost to view !

But not less lovely was what veil'd it o'er.
Thus hidden by the waters and her hair,
She turn'd to them with glad and bashful air.

LXII.

She smil'd and blush'd at once ; the smile was shown

Amid the blush with more exceeding grace,
And mid the smile the blush, now richly strown

E'en to her chin o'er all her delicate face.
Then spake she in so sweet and kind a tone
As would have won all others in their place.

" O happy pilgrims ye, allow'd to come
To this felicitous and tranquil home !

LXIII.

" This is the haven of the world ; here rest

From all its cares is found ; and here behold
That pleasure which an ancient race possess'd

Without restriction in the age of gold.
Your arms, till now perchance a needful vest,
Henceforth ye may put off, securely bold,
And hallow them to quiet in this grove ;
For here ye shall be champions but of Love ;

LXIV.

“ A bed of flow'rs cull'd in the softening dew
Shall be the battle-field whereon ye fight.
We'll lead you to our lady, royal and true,
Who gives all bliss for service that is slight ;
And she will add you to the chosen few
Whom she has destin'd for her own delight :
But wash away the dust first in this flood,
And at this table deign to taste of food.”

LXV.

So spake the one ; the' other concordant still
Accompanied the words with acts and glances,
As when one to the sound of chords with skill
Swiftly sometimes, and sometimes slowly, dances.
But the knights have their bosoms deaf and chill
To all their false and treacherous advances ;
And the persuasive look and the sweet tone
Remain outside, and soothe the sense alone.

LXVI.

And if such sweetness ever be intruded
Where it can generate the least desire,
Soon reason, in its armour safe included,
Roots out and carves away the nascent fire.
One pair remain there vanquish'd and deluded ;
The other without taking leave retire.
These sought the palace : in the water these
Div'd down ; so much did their repulse displease.

CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.

See here Armida's gardens, see remain
 The gallant youth immers'd in soft delight :
 But see him loosen'd from that impious chain,
 And taking from those charmed gates his flight.
 The Sorceress, that her prize she may retain,
 Implores, allures, and threats in varied plight :
 But nothing gains ; hence fierce her passions glow,
 Her palace melts in smoke, herself in woe.

I.

THE glittering pile is round ; and most recluse
 Within its bosom where the centre is found,
 A garden lies adorn'd beyond the use
 Of all which ever flourish'd most renown'd.
 Demon artificers had rais'd abstruse
 And trackless colonnades there all around ;
 And, girded by that treacherous array
 Of paths oblique, impenetrable it lay.

II.

Straight through the larger entrance on they went,
 Although a hundred op'd in that vast hold.
 Here gates of richly sculptur'd silver leant
 On creaking hinges of relucet gold.
 They stopp'd at the carv'd shapes with looks intent,
 For here the work more than the metal told.
 They lack but speech, else were they living quite ;
 Nor lack e'en this, if thou believe thy sight.

III.

Behold, amid Mæonian handmaids here
 Alcides prates, and at the distaff toils ;
 And though he vanquish'd Hell, and pois'd the sphere,
 Now twirls the spindle : Love looks on and smiles.
 Mark Iole with feeble hand uprear
 His homicidal arms with jesting wiles ;
 The lion's hide is on her back, and seems
 Too rough a burden for such tender limbs.

IV.

A sea is opposite ; its azure main

Foaming with hoary waves ye must admire :

Lo drawn up in the midst a double train

Of ships and arms ; the arms yield sparks of fire :

The waves flash gold ; and all Leucate's chain

Of hills appear to glow with battailous ire.

Augustus leads the Romans here ; and, lo !

There Antony the East against his foe.

V.

Ye'd say the Cyclades uptorn must float

Along the waves, and rock with rock must jar,

So vast the impulse with which one side smote

The other with its tow'ring ships of war.

Already darts and torches fly, and note

What new-made havoc strews the seas afar.

Behold, yet neither way inclines the fight,

Behold the barbarous queen has ta'en to flight.

VI.

And Antony flies too, and can give o'er

His hopes of the world's empire, once his aim :

Yet flies not, no, but her who flies before

Pursues, dragg'd on by that enchanting dame.

Mark him, like one within whose bosom's core

Are burning at one time love, rage, and shame,

Alternate eye the battle now whose scales

Are doubtful still, and now the flying sails.

VII.

Then hid in the recesses of the Nile,

He seems upon her breast for death to wait ;

And with the rapture of a lovely smile

Consoles himself for all his adverse fate.

Adorn'd and sculptur'd in so rich a style

Was the bright metal of the lofty gate.

The warriors, when they had withdrawn their gaze

From the fair scene, enter'd the doubtful maze.

VIII.

As its uncertain course Mæander plies

In sportful mood, now mounts, and now descends,

Now tow'rd its source, and now tow'rd ocean hies,

And meets itself returning while it wends :

Such and in more inextricable guise,

These paths are ; but the mage's chart now lends

Its ready succour, and depicts each spot

So clearly that it soon resolves the knot.

IX.

When they had issued from the tortuous round
They saw the joyous garden bright with dew,
Unruffled pools, crystals with murmuring sound,
All kinds of trees and herbs, flow'rs of each hue,
Smooth sunny slopes, valleys with shade embrown'd,
Dark woods and caves, all burst upon their view.
And, what adds grace to works, and is their pride,
The art which has wrought all is not descried.

X.

Most natural seems each ornament and site,
So blent together are neglect and care.
It looks like Nature's art, who for delight
In sport mocks that which mocks herself. The air
And aught beside is fram'd by magic sleight ;
The air which makes the trees all blossom there.
Both flow'rs and fruit for evermore endure,
And while the' one buds the other grows mature.

XI.

On the same trunk, in the same leafy line,
Above the nascent fig, the fig grows old.
The ancient apple and the new decline
Both from one bough, this green, and that of gold.
Luxuriant creeps on high the twisted vine,
And bears, upon the garden's sunnier mould,
Grapes here unripe in flow'r, and there profuse
Of gold and ruby, fill'd e'en now with juice.

XII.

Mid the green boughs full many a charming bird
Tempers its wanton notes as if in spring.
Murmurs the gale, and leaves and waves are stirr'd
To prattle, for its force is varying ;
Responding loudly when no birds are heard,
And beating lightly whensoever they sing.
The vocal breeze, whether from chance or art,
Now joins their strain, and now responds apart.

XIII.

Among the rest is one with varied dyes
Linn'd o'er her plumes, and with a purple bill ;
And her broad tongue so featly she unties,
That it articulates with human skill.
This one continued in such artful guise
Her eloquence that the marvel made one thrill.
The rest intently mute drank in the sound,
And the wind ceas'd its whispers all around.

XIV.

"Ah mark," she sang, "the virgin rose unfold
Its modest blossom from amid the green,
When half yet clos'd, and only half unroll'd,
It fairer shows for what is left unseen.
Lo, next it bares its naked breast, more bold ;
And droops then, how unlike what it has been !
Unlike what once a myriad maids and swains
Desir'd so much, and sought with eager pains.

XV.

"Thus passes with the passing of a day
The flow'r and verdure of the life of men ;
Nor, though young April may return, and May,
Reblossoms ever, nor grows green again.
Pluck we the rose then in the morning ray,
For the day's calm may fail we know not when ;
Pluck we love's rose : for love now let us yearn
While, loving, we too may be lov'd in turn."

XVI.

She ceas'd : the feather'd choir, as if they grac'd
The words with their consent, took up the song.
The doves renew'd their kisses, and embrac'd,
All creatures felt them borne by love along.
And seem'd th' obdurate oak, the laurel chaste,
And all the leafy tribes, an ample throng,
Seem'd earth, and flood, to form and to respire
The sweetest sense and sighs of warm desire.

XVII.

Amid the melodies which so softly waken,
And mid such flatt'ring and alluring wiles,
That pair speed on ; and rigid and unshaken
Steel them against each pleasure that beguiles.
When lo their glance, nor can it be mistaken,
Sent onward pierces through the leafy aisles,
And sees the lover and the maid ador'd,
Him on her bosom laid, her on the sward.

XVIII.

Her bosom through the drawn veil meets the view,
And in the breeze her long loose hair is roving :
She languishes with joy, and her cheek's hue
Seems brighter beneath drops of heat unmoving.
As ray through wave, a sparkling smile shines through
Her liquid eyes now tremulous and loving.
O'er him she hangs ; his head assumes a place
On her soft breast with face upturn'd to face.

XIX.

And while his hungry looks greedily reap
From her their food, he wastes himself in sighs.
She stoops and snatches from his lips a heap
Of kisses now, now sips them from his eyes :
And at that point he heaves a sigh so deep
That he imagines : " Now my spirit flies
And travels o'er to her ! " The knightly pair,
Still hidden, watch those amorous actions there.

XX.

Down from the lover's side, O strange attire !
There hung a crystal furbish'd all and bright.
He rose and held it forward for her nigher,
The chosen minister of Cupid's rite.
Her laughing eyes, and his lit up with fire
See but one object present to the sight :
She makes the glass her mirror ; he, poor elf,
Within her tranquil eyes glasses himself.

XXI.

One boasts a slave, the' other a queen, to be ;
She doats on self, and he on her no less.
" Turn," cried the cavalier, " O ! turn on me
Those eyes of thine, whence blessing thou canst bless.
For O ! my fires, though this thou dost not see,
Limn to the life thy beauty's whole excess.
My bosom shows far better than thy glass
That image which no marvels can surpass.

XXII.

" Though me thou may'st regard with scorn, yet there
Thou canst at least behold thine own fair face,
For thus thy look, which is not pleas'd elsewhere,
Turn'd tow'rd itself may joy at its own grace.
No mirror can display a form so fair,
Nor Paradise in little glass find space.
Thy mirror should be Heav'n whose orbs of light
Alone reflect thy loveliness aright."

XXIII.

Armida smil'd at this, but still pursued
Her self-delight and pretty toils of old.
When she had wov'n her hairs, and had subdued
With graceful discipline their errors bold,
She curl'd the smaller locks and 'mid them strew'd
Rich flow'rs which seem'd enamel upon gold :
And o'er her bosom's native lilies pale
Flung foreign roses, and compos'd her veil.

XXIV.

Nor beauteous thus the peacock when his store
Of bright-ey'd plumes in conscious pomp is dight :
Nor Iris when she gilds and purples o'er
Her curv'd and dewy bosom to the light.
But fairer than aught else the cest she wore,
Which she kept ever round her, e'en by night.
Body to bodiless things did she affix ;
And mix'd to make it what none else may mix.

XXV.

Tender disdains, rebukes mild and discreet,
Endearing arts, and concords full of bliss,
Smiles, little words, and drops of sorrow sweet,
And broken sighs, and many a gentle kiss ;
All these she fus'd, and temper'd them with heat
Of fire from torches which was kept remiss ;
And form'd of them that admirable cest
Which now around her lovely side was press'd.

XXVI.

Her wooing done at last, she bids adieu
To the fond youth, kisses him and departs.
Each day she is wont to go forth and review
Her own affairs, and search her magic charts.
He stays ; for never may he thence pursue
His path, or moment spend in other parts,
And, save when occupied with her, he roves
A lonely lover 'mong the beasts and groves.

XXVII.

But when with friendly silence the deep shade
Calls to their thefts anew th' expecting pair,
They spend the hours of night in rapture, laid
Within those gardens under one roof there.
Now when, as her severer duties bade,
Armida left the spot and her sweet care,
The two, who mid the boughs had been conceal'd,
Display'd themselves in pompous armour steel'd.

XXVIII.

As the ferocious steed which has been ta'en
From toilsome feats of battle crown'd with praise,
And loose in vile repose along the plain
Among the herds a wanton husband strays ;
If waken'd by the trumpet's warlike strain,
Or flash of steel, quick turns to it, and neighs ;
Longs for the lists, and, carrying on his back
The man, to rush along the thundering track :

XXIX.

So does the youth when suddenly he sees
Athwart his eyes the flash of armour sweep :
He, such a warrior, whom but war could please,
Feels at that flashing all his spirit leap ;
Though languid in the midst of morbid ease,
And amid pleasures drunken and asleep.
Ubald meanwhile advancing has reveal'd
Full on his sight the adamantine shield.

XXX.

He turns his glance to the bright mirror there,
Which shows him what he is ; and with what pride
Of delicacy adorn'd, his dress and hair
Breathe wanton odours that would grace a bride :
He sees his sword, yes, e'en his sword, made fair
By too much feminine luxury at his side :
An useless ornament thus deck'd it seems,
Not like a weapon that for battle gleams.

XXXI.

As one by deep and heavy sleep oppress'd
After long dream regains his wonted lore,
So by that glance his senses were redress'd :
But he can gaze upon himself no more.
Down falls his glance, and timid and depress'd,
Shame keeps it fix'd upon the grassy floor.
He'd plunge in ocean, into fire would creep,
To hide himself, aye, seek the central deep.

XXXII.

Then Ubald seiz'd the moment to exclaim :
“ In arms all Asia and all Europe stand ;
Whoever adores Christ, or longs for fame,
Now toils in warfare in the Syrian land.
Thou only, son of Bertold, idly tame
Art lock'd out from the world on this small strand.
Thou only art not mov'd by the grand whirl
Of war, egregious champion of a girl.

XXXIII.

“ What sleep, what lethargy so long enthalls
Thy valour ? what vile quest does it pursue ?
Up ! thee the camp, and thee, too, Godfrey calls ;
Fortune awaits thy sword, and victory too.
Come, fated warrior, end the task which falls
For thee to' achieve, and let the rebel crew,
Whom thou didst shake erewhile, be lowly laid
Struck down by thine inevitable blade.”

XXXIV.

He ceas'd ; the noble youth, confus'd a space,
And without voice or gesture, made a pause.
But when he found scorn rising in shame's place,
Scorn the fierce champion here of reason's cause,
And following up the redness of his face
Another fire which burnt with fiercer jaws ;
He tore those empty ornaments away,
Those pomps unworthy, slavery's base array ;

XXXV.

And hasten'd, as one even now too late,
Forth from that tortuous labyrinthine chain.
Meanwhile Armida at the regal gate
Mark'd on the ground its fiery guardian slain.
She guess'd at once, and soon she knew her fate,
That her belov'd had broken from the rein ;
And sees him turn his back, ah ! cruel sight !
On that delightful home in hasty flight.

XXXVI.

She wish'd to cry : " Ah leav'st thou me alone,
O cruel one ? " but sorrow stopp'd the sound ;
So that her lamentable words were thrown
Back to re-echo in her heart's profound.
Wretch ! pow'r and knowledge greater than her own
Have snatch'd the joys with which she had been
She sees it well, and yet in vain she strives [crown'd.
Still to retain him, and her arts revives.

XXXVII.

What notes profane were ever heard to peal
From foul Thessalian lips in horrid gloom,
Whatever can arrest the heav'ns that wheel,
And drag the shades from out of the deep tomb,
All this she knew ; yet made not Hell reveal
The slightest answer from its dreary womb.
She quits her magic, and will prove if warm
And suppliant beauty be the greater charm.

XXXVIII.

She runs, and cares not for her honor's stain.
Where are her triumphs now, and vaunted skill ?
She had before turn'd and o'erturn'd Love's reign,
How grand soever, with a nod at will ;
And as her pride surpass'd not her disdain,
Lov'd to be lov'd, but hated lovers still :
Prizing but self, in others she could prize
Nothing except th' effect of her fine eyes.

XXXIX.

Neglected now, and scorn'd, and in despair,
She follows him who flies her, and who spurns :
And strives with tears to make appear more fair
The proffer'd loveliness from which he turns.
She hies forth, and her tender foot, though bare,
Stays for no ice, no ruggedness discerns :
And she sends cries as messengers before,
Nor reaches him ere he has reach'd the shore.

XL.

Madly she cries : " O thou who bear'st away
Part of me with thee, leavest part behind ;
Take one, or yield the other back, or slay
At once the two : hold, hold thy flight, unkind,
Only to catch the latest accents, nay,
Not kisses : these to others be assign'd
More worthy. Wretch! why fear'st thou to remain?
Thou canst refuse, for thou canst fly again."

XLI.

Then Ubald said to him : " O Sire, 'twere wise
Not to refuse the boon her words implore.
Now comes she arm'd with beauty, and with sighs,
And sweetest pray'rs with bitter plaint strewn o'er.
What if thou shouldst inure thine ears and eyes
To foil the Syrens, as did he of yore?
Thus will thy reason on the senses bind
Its peaceful yoke, and be itself refin'd."

XLII.

Then did the cavalier remain : and she,
Breathless and full of tears, o'ertook them there ;
Mournful indeed as none beside could be,
But not more desolate than she was fair.
She eyes him fixedly, yet makes no plea :
Whether she scorns, or thinks, or does not dare.
He looks not tow'rd her, and if he bestow
Once glance, 'tis furtive, and abash'd, and slow.

XLIII.

As an expert musician, ere in song
Come from his tongue the liquid notes full-flown,
Prepares for harmony the list'ning throng
With prelude sweet attun'd in a low tone :
So she who e'en in bitter grief and wrong
Forgets no arts nor frauds which have been know,
Makes of her sighing first a brief concent
To soothe the soul for which her words are meant.

XLIV.

Then she began : " Expect me not to pray,
Cruel, as lovers to their lovers do.
Such were we once : if this thou now gainsay,
And e'en the memory of our love eschew,
Yet hear me as a foe : for others stay
To hear sometimes what e'en a foe may sue.
Well canst thou grant the boon which I desire,
And yet preserve thine anger still entire.

XLV.

" Yes, if thou hate me, and enjoy that hate,
I come not to deprive thee of such glee.
Thou deem'st it just, and be it so ; for great
My hate was of the Christians, nay, of thee.
A Pagan born, I us'd all means of weight
That your dominion might be crush'd by me.
I follow'd, seiz'd thee, and afar from arms
Dragg'd thee to spot unknown and full of charms.

XLVI.

" Add to this, too, what will be worse endur'd,
And what will cause thee greater shame and heat,
I cheated thee and to our love allur'd.
Foul flattery sure, iniquitous deceit,
To let one's flow'r be pluck'd when scarce matur'd,
To make thee lord of all I had of sweet ;
To offer what old lovers thought their due,
And were denied, a free gift to the new.

XLVII.

" Be this among my frauds, and let the roll
Of all my faults against thee so prevail
That thou wilt set out hence and without dole
Quit the sweet home which once thou lov'dst to hail.
Go ; cross the sea, fight, toil, destroy the whole
Of those who own our creed ; I speed thy sail :
Why said I our's ? ah, mine no more ! for now
To thee alone, stern idol, do I bow.

XLVIII

" That I may follow thee is all I pray :
E'en from a foe this is a small request :
The robber does not leave behind his prey ;
The victor goes, the captive does not rest.
Amid thy spoils me let the camp survey,
And to thy praises now add this, the best :
That thou has scorn'd the scorner, while to me
Thy finger points, a slave of low degree.

XLIX.

“ For whom shall I preserve amid my shame
This hair which in thy sight is now so vile ?
It shall be shorn ; for to a servant’s name
’Tis fit to add a servile dress and style.
Thee will I follow when the battle’s flame
Is hottest, amid foemen’s hate and guile.
More spirit have I and vigour than appears ;
Enough to lead thy steeds, and bear thy spears.

L.

“ Thy shield bearer, or shield, if thou desire,
I will not spare myself in thy defence.
Each blow shall pass, ere thou shalt feel its ire,
Through this bare bosom, at this throat commence.
And haply none will e’er be found so dire
As to attempt thee harm at my expense ;
But give up his desir’d revenge in war
To these neglected charms, such as they are.

LI.

“ Ah me ! do I still vaunt ? and still suggest
My slighted charms which win for me no grace ? ”
She had said more, but tears withheld the rest,
Issuing like fountains from a rocky base.
She seeks to take his hand then, or his vest,
With suppliant act. And he retreats a pace,
Resists, and wins : and is as a redoubt,
Where love can go not in, nor tears go out.

LII.

Love enters not his bosom to relume
That ancient flame which reason has made cold.
Pity, however, enters in its room,
Love’s comrade, but more modest and less bold ;
And moves him deeply so that in their womb
The sympathising tears he scarce can hold.
Yet still that soft emotion he restrains,
And, as he can, adjusts his mien, and feigns ;

LIII.

Then answers he : “ Armida, deep regret
I feel for thee : and if I could do so,
Would ease thy soul of burning passion yet !
In me nor hates nor hungry passions glow ;
Revenge I wish not, and offence forget,
Thou neither art a servant nor a foe.
Thou hast err’d, ’tis true, and thine excess was great
Now in pursuit of love, and now of hate.

LIV.

“ What then? the faults are human, and oft known :
 Thy native creed, sex, years, are each a plea.
 I also err'd, and if I would have shown
 Ruth to myself, I must not condemn thee.
 Mid dear and honor'd memories will I own
 Thee ever both in sorrow and in glee :
 I will become thy knight far as my vow,
 The Asian war, and honor will allow.

LV.

“ Ah, let the errors which I so deplore,
 And, if it please thee, let our shames pass by ;
 And in this distant solitary shore
 Entomb'd for ever let their memory lie.
 This only mid my deeds be heard no more
 In Europe and the two great regions nigh.
 Ah, wish not to imprint ignoble stains
 Upon thy charms, thy worth, thy queenly veins.

LVI.

“ Remain in peace : I go. Make no essay
 To come with me, for this my guide denies.
 Remain, or go some other happier way ;
 And pacify thy counsels as thou'rt wise.”
 She, restless and unquiet, scarce can stay
 With patience while the warrior thus replies.
 Some time she eyes him with disdainful brow,
 And bursts into abusive language now.

LVII.

“ Thee not Sophia bore, nor art thou born
 Of Azzo's blood : thee ocean's wave insane
 Brought forth, and icy Caucasus forlorn,
 And thee did milk of tigress' teat sustain.
 Why still dissemble I? this man of scorn
 Has never shown one trait that is humane :
 Did he change colour? did he at my cry
 Shed tears at least? or breathe a single sigh?

LVIII.

“ What things do I omit, and what tell o'er?
 He calls him mine, then quits me and flies hence :
 Like a kind victor, heeds the crimes no more
 Of guilty foe, and pardons all offence.
 Hear him discourse on love ! what modest lore
 This young Xenocrates displays ! what sense !
 O Heav'n ! O Gods ! on such why scarcely frown,
 Yet strike the tow'rs and your own temples down ?

LIX.

“ Go, cruel ; with that peace be thou repaid
Which thou leav’st me ; go hence with treachery black !
Me soon thou’lt have bare spirit, sequacious shade,
Never to be disjoin’d, behind thy back ;
A Fury new with snakes and torch array’d,
Much as I lov’d thee, henceforth will I rack.
And if it be thy fate to quit the sea,
Shun rocks and waves, and in the battle be ;

LX.

“ There lying faint mid blood and corpses high
Thou shalt repay, fierce knight, mine every tear.
Oft shalt thou call, ere breathing thy last sigh,
Armida’s name : and this I hope to hear.”
No more the sad one’s breath could here supply,
Nor did she make her latest accents clear.
She fell half-dead, and icy dews repos’d
Upon her features, and her eyes were clos’d.

LXI.

Thine eyes are clos’d, Armida : Heav’n denies
Too greedily the comfort to thy woe.
Poor wretch, unclosethine eyes : why in his eyes
View’st thou not now the bitter tears that flow ?
O ! couldst thou hear, how sweetly would his sighs
Fall on thine ear with music soft and low !
He gives thee what he can, and, though untrue
Thou deem it, looks a pitying last adieu.

LXII.

What should he do ? upon the bare sea-side
Ought he to leave her in this helpless plight ?
Mere courtesy withheld him, pity tied,
But hard necessity compell’d his flight.
He parts ; the hair of her who is his guide
Already fills with zephyrs fair and light.
The golden sail o’er the deep ocean flees :
He eyes the shore ; and lo ! no shore he sees.

LXIII.

When once more into life her pulses start,
Deserted, mute, she gazes all around.
“ Is he then gone ? ” she cried ; “ and had the heart
To leave me here in seeming death-sleep drown’d ?
Nor would remain one moment, nor impart
Small aid to me while smitten to the ground ?
And yet I love him still ? and on this shore
Still unreveng’d I seat me and deplore ?

LXIV.

"Of what avail are tears? Can I not wield
Worse arms, worse arts? The wretch will I pursue:
In no abyss shall he remain conceal'd,
Nor Heav'n's own temple hide him from my view.
I reach, I seize him, and his heart have peel'd,
And hang his limbs to scare th' unfeeling crew.
A master he in cruelty: I will seek
To' exceed him. . . . But where am I? and what speak?

LXV.

"Wretched Armida, then thou should'st have ta'en
Revenge, and never could it be too dire,
When he was yet thy thrall: now slow disdain
Inflames thee, and thou idly mov'st thine ire.
If beauty or quick wit be not in vain,
I will not yet be balk'd of my desire.
O loveliness despis'd, I will assign
To thee the vengeance, for the wrongs are thine.

LXVI.

"This beauty as a prize shall be inroll'd
For him who cuts off the detested head.
O my brave lovers, for your swords behold
A grand and honorable task, though dread.
I who am heiress of rich lands and gold
Offer in guerdon of revenge my bed.
If I be worthless purchase at such fee,
An useless gift then, beauty, must thou be.

LXVII.

"O hapless gift, I spurn thee, and detest
At once to be a queen, and be alive,
And ever have been born: sole hope and zest
Of sweet revenge persuades me to survive."
In broken words her rage she thus express'd,
And turn'd her footsteps from the shore's acclive,
Showing her fury in her scatter'd tress,
Distorted eyes, and face inflam'd with ire.

LXVIII.

Arriv'd at her own home with dreadful tongue
She call'd three hundred Deities of bale.
With inky clouds at once the skies are hung,
And grows the grand eternal planet pale;
The wind blows, and the Alpine tops are wrung:
Lo! underneath, Hell's caverns roar and wail.
Far as the palace winds, by anger stir'd
The hiss, the roar, the bark, the howl, are heard.

LXIX.

Shades deeper than of night, in which no ray
Of light is mix'd, hang looming all around ;
Save ever and anon when lightnings play,
Illuming momentarily the black profound.
Then cease the shades : the sun regains his sway,
But pale ; nor cheerful yet the air is found :
The palace is dispers'd, nor e'en appear
Its traces, nor can one declare : 'twas here.

LXX.

As a huge mass of clouds, on air reclin'd,
Mark out a shape, which is in a short space
Fus'd in the sun, or scatter'd by the wind ;
As dreams dissolve which sick men's fancies trace :
So the pile vanish'd, and but left behind
The Alps and natural horror of the place.
She, seated on her ready car, then hies,
And lifts herself as usual to the skies.

LXXI.

She treads the clouds, and through the gale careers,
Girt with the tempest and the whirlwind's roar ;
Passes the coasts where the' other Pole appears,
And th' unknown habitants of many a shore ;
Passes the bars of Hercules, nor nears
The soil of the Hesperian or the Moor ;
But holds her flight suspense o'er seas profound
Until she has attain'd the Syrian bound.

LXXII.

She seeks not thence Damascus : on its flank
She passes her own country, once so sweet,
And turns her car to that unfertile bank
Where frowns her castle o'er the watery sheet.
Arriv'd here, from her maidens all she shrank,
And from her slaves, and sought a lone retreat,
And amid various thoughts is whirl'd in doubt ;
But shame soon yields to rage, and is thrust out.

LXXIII.

" Yes, I will go," she cried, " ere Egypt's king
Shall hitherward his Eastern armies wheel,
All arts once more to aid me will I bring
And into each unwonted shape will steal ;
Use bow and sword, and be a servile thing
To those in pow'r, and stir them up to zeal.
Be but a part of my revenge in view,
I bid to honor and respect adieu.

LXXIV.

“ Let not my guardian Uncle cast the blame
On me but on himself, for 'twas his will.
He made my daring soul and frail sex aim
At offices which they should ne'er fulfil :
He set me wand'ring ; he unloos'd my shame,
Spurr'd on my courage, and increas'd my skill.
On him alone be laid what ill I e'er
Have done for love, or shall do for despair.”

LXXV.

This said, she gather'd dame and cavalier
And every page and sergeant in all haste ;
And in their brilliant gowns and haughty gear
Display'd her regal fortune and her taste.
Then she set forth, nor slept on her career,
But evermore by sun and moon she pac'd
Till come to where the friendly hosts array
Cov'ring the sunny plains of Gaza lay.

CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Th' Egyptian host from Gaza's sandy plain
 Already move, and furl their canvas lairs ;
 And o'er the camp Emirene holds the rein,
 And 'gainst the Faithful now his march prepares,
 When comes Armida, and the prize insane
 Against Rinaldo adds to her warm pray'rs.
 But he is safe ; and in the fatal shield
 Beholds the glory of his race reveal'd.

I.

PLAC'D at Judæa's confine, on the way
 That leads towards Pelusium, Gaza stands
 Close to the ocean's rim ; and near its bay
 Are spread immense and solitary sands,
 Which, e'en as south winds lift the briny spray,
 The rushing whirlwind lifts ; hence on the strand's
 Unstable floor, the pilgrim hardly finds
 Escape or refuge from tempestuous winds.

II.

This is the king of Egypt's frontier fort,
 To him long since by the foil'd Turk resign'd ;
 And being so opportune and near a port
 For the grand scheme to which he had turn'd his mind,
 He quitted Memphis, his illustrious court,
 And hither mov'd his seat, and had enjoin'd
 Already an innumerable host
 From various realms to' assemble on this coast.

III.

O Muse, what was the season, what the course
 Of those events now bring thou to my mind,
 What arms had the grand Emperor, what force,
 What subject nations, what allies assign'd,
 When from the South and utmost Eastern source
 He mov'd to war the pow'rs and kings combin'd :
 The troops and chiefs, and half the world inroll'd
 In banner'd arms, thou only canst unfold.

IV.

When Egypt shook off the imperial claim
Of Greece, and chang'd the creed it us'd to own,
A warrior sprung from Mahomet's blood became
Its sov'reign lord, and founded there his throne.
He was call'd Caliph, and by the same name
All who succeeded to his pow'r were known.
So Nile beheld in lengthen'd order rise
Her Pharaohs first, and then her Ptolemies.

V.

As years roll'd on, the state began to stand
Securely, and so grew that it spread o'er
Asia and Lybia, from Cyrene's land
And Marmarique far as the Syrian shore ;
And inward past Syene was made to' expand
Up the long course through which Nile's waters pour ;
Thence to Sabæa's wide unpeopled plains,
And on to where the vast Euphrates drains.

VI.

Upon the right and left it comprehends
The rich sea and the spicy coasts around ;
And past the Erythræan far extends
Tow'rd where at dewy morn the sun is found.
Grand forces in itself the empire blends,
And he who rules it makes them more renown'd ;
Supreme by blood, but still more by desert,
In regal and in warlike arts expert.

VII.

Oft with the Turks, oft with the Persian state
This monarch warr'd ; provok'd, and crush'd their
Now lost, now won ; and still in adverse fate [pride ;
Greater than e'en in vict'ry was descried.
When pressing age could bear no more the weight
Of arms, he loos'd the sabre from his side ;
Yet pass'd his warlike genius not away,
Nor his vast thirst for honor and for sway.

VIII.

Still wars he, seated in his capital,
And in his mind and speech such strength appears,
That all the cares of monarchy seem to fall
An easy burden on his vigorous years.
Africa scatter'd into kingdoms small
Dreads his great name, and distant Ind reveres ;
Some yield him voluntary troops inroll'd
From martial tribes, some tributary gold.

IX.

The king thus made, thus great, unites his pow'r,
Or rather, now united, hastes to lead
Against the fortunes of the Frank which tow'r
Too proudly, and have sown suspicion's seed.
Armida comes the last just at the hour
Appointed for reviewing man and steed.
Outside the walls upon the spacious plain
Passes before him all the martial train.

X.

He sits in pride upon his lofty throne
To which a hundred ivory steps ascend ;
And o'er him a grand silver sky is strown ;
Purple and gold beneath his feet extend.
Stiff with barbaric ornaments are shown
His royal robes in which all riches blend ;
White linen twisted into many a fold,
Strange diadem, around his hair is roll'd.

XI.

He holds his sceptre in his hand, and seems
Severe and venerable from beard now grey ;
And from his eyes unchang'd by age there gleams
The vigorous courage of an earlier day :
And truly in his every gesture teems
The majesty of years and regal sway.
Apelles, perhaps, or Phidias in such guise
Limn'd Jove, but Jove when thund'ring from the skies.

XII.

There stand upon his left hand and his right
Two greater satraps ; the more worthy bears
The naked sword with rigor prompt to smite ;
The less the seal, sign of official cares.
Guardian of secrets is the one, with might
To rule in civil cause the state's affairs :
The other over all the hosts is lord
With ample power to punish and award.

XIII.

Beneath the throne Circassians are descried,
His dense and faithful guard, with spears display'd ;
Each has a cuirass too, and at his side
Suspended is a long and curving blade.
Thus did the Tyrant sit, and thus he ey'd
From lofty point his martial tribes array'd.
The troops in passing at his feet let fall,
As if adoring, arms and banners all.

XIV.

Th' Egyptians first in order pass in show,
And under four great leaders they defile ;
Two from the upper land, two from the low
Which is the gift and product of the Nile :
Rich mud usurp'd where waves were wont to flow,
And good for culture was the gather'd soil :
Thus Egypt grew. O ! how far now in land
Is what the ships once graz'd on as a strand !

XV.

In the first squadron are the people who press'd
The fruitful soil of Alexandria's plain ;
Brought from the shore which faces to the west
And touches upon Africa's domain.
Araspes is their chief, a chief possess'd
Of vigor not so much of hand as brain :
Egregious master he in furtive war,
And skill'd in Moorish arts beyond compare.

XVI.

Those dwelling near the East are second, they
Who close to the' Asiatic bounds were plac'd :
Arontes led them, one whom not a ray
Of worth or virtue lit, but titles grac'd.
Him never helmet soil'd in heat of day,
Nor morning trumpet from his slumber chas'd ;
Ill-starr'd ambition calls him for a while
From shades and leisure to a life of toil.

XVII

In the third post, and filling field and shore,
No squadron, but a countless host, one sees.
Sure Egypt never mows or ploughs with more ;
And yet from one sole city come all these,
City which counts of communes fifty score,
And rivals or exceeds the provinces :
I speak of Cairo : ill-dispos'd to arms
Were those from thence ; and Campson led the swarms.

XVIII.

Under Gazel came those who mow the blade
Upon the neighb'ring fertile fields around,
And higher up to where in grand cascade
The river takes its second headlong bound.
Th' Egyptian crowd, with bows and swords array'd,
Nor bear the cuirass, nor with helm are crown'd.
Their dress is rich, and hence do they convey
To foes not fear of death, but wish for prey.

XIX.

Bare and almost unarm'd from Barca's sand
A crowd then passes whom Alarcon leads ;
On solitary plains their hungry band
Long time sustain'd them by the robber's deeds.
With troops less bad, but still unfit to stand
In battle firm, Zumara's king succeeds ;
Then he of Tripoli ; and each of these
Is skill'd and quick to combat as he flees.

XX.

Then those come who have Araby for their seat,
Both that Petrea nam'd, and Felix too,
Which latter never feels th' excess of heat,
Or cold, if all which Fame asserts be true ;
Where incense grows, and every odour sweet,
And where th' immortal Phoenix springs anew,
Which tomb and cradle has mid odorous flow'rs,
Cull'd for its natal and its funeral hours.

XXI.

Less richly than th' Egyptian these are dress'd,
But are equipp'd with arms in the same mode.
Lo other Arabs next, who never rest
The stable occupants of one abode.
Perpetual travellers, their homes compress'd
And wand'ring towns are dragg'd on the wild road.
These have but women's voice, and women's height,
With long black hair, and faces black as night.

XXII.

They arm long Indian reeds with points of steel ;
And had ye seen their coursers, ye had said
A whirlwind bare them onward in its reel,
If ever whirlwind have so swiftly sped.
Syphax commands the first to halt and wheel,
The second have Aldino for their head ;
Albiazar leads the third, a robber mere
And murd'rer he, and not a cavalier.

XXIII.

Then from the isles, around whose margin swells
The' Arabian wave, a crowd comes next in rank,
Accustom'd to dive down and gather shells
Weighted with precious pearls from the deep bank.
With these the Negroes come, a race that dwells
Near th' Erythræan sea on its left flank.
Those Agricalt, and these Ormida guides
Who scorns at creeds and every law derides.

XXIV.

From Meroe next the Ethiops appear,
Meroe which the Nile and Astrabore
Shape to an island, whose capacious sphere
Holds two religions, and of states one more.
Canario guided these and Assimere,
Both kings and followers of Mohammed's lore,
And subject to the Caliph : but the third
Was of a holy faith, nor thither stirr'd.

XXV.

And then two other subject kings defile
Their squadrons arm'd with quivers and with bows :
Soldan of Ormus one is, round whose soil,
Noble and fair, the gulf of Persia flows ;
And one of Boëcan, also an isle
When to full height the tidal rising grows ;
But when the ocean waves again retreat,
The pilgrim passes there with unwet feet.

XXVI.

Nor, Altamore, could a lov'd wife's request
Avail to hold thee in her modest bed.
She wept, she smote her auburn hair and breast,
To stop when thou went'st forth thy fatal tread.
"Are then, unkind," she cried, "my features dress'd
In meaner charms than the sea's face of dread !
Is to thine arm the shield a dearer weight
Than the young boy with all his pretty prate?"

XXVII.

This is the mighty king of Samarcand :
Whose free crown wins him least of men's esteem,
So skill'd is he in arms, and such a grand
Adventurous spirit he joins to strength supreme.
This the Frank people well will understand :
Him dreadful now, they may with reason deem.
His warriors on their back have iron case,
Sword at their side, at saddle-bow the mace.

XXVIII.

Lo from far Ind and from Aurora's track
A fiery warrior next, Adrastus hight,
Who dons a snakeskin, green with spots of black,
As coat of mail upon his bust in fight :
And sits upon an elephant's huge back,
As horsemen use, a man of giant height.
He guides a race from this side of the Ganges,
Who lave in seas tow'rd which the Indus ranges.

XXIX.

In the succeeding troop the flow'r elect
Of all the regal body-guard proceed,
Who, grac'd with largess, and with honors deck'd,
Had both for war and peace been richly fee'd ;
Who arm'd for safety, and for dread effect,
Come mounted each upon a pow'rful steed ;
And Heav'n reflects their mantle's purple fold,
And the bright flashing of their steel and gold.

XXX.

Mid these is fierce Alarco, and Odemar
Grand marshaller of troops, and Idraote,
And Rimedon, for reckless spirit in war,
And scorn of death, renown'd in lands remote ;
Tigranes, and Rapoldo the corsair
Lord of the seas, and Ormond, knight of note ;
And Marlabust Arabicus, thus nam'd
From the' Arabies, whose rebels he had tam'd.

XXXI.

Orindo, Arimon, Pirga, with Brimart,
Besieger of the cities, come ; Syphant,
Tamer of steeds, and in the wrestler's art
A mighty master, thou too, Aridamant ;
And Tisaphernes, war's electric dart,
To equal whom none yet could ever vaunt.
Whether on foot or saddle he appear,
Whether he wheel the sword, or tilt with spear.

XXXII.

These an Armenian guides, who in life's spring
Went o'er to Paganism from holy creed,
Whose name as Clement once was known to ring ;
To that of Emirene he now gives heed :
Else warrior true, and dear, to Egypt's king
Beyond all those who sit for him on steed,
And famous as a leader, and a knight,
For heart, for wisdom, and for manual might.

XXXIII.

No other now remain'd ; when unforeseen
Appear'd Armida, and display'd her train.
Succinct in dress, and quiver'd, the fair queen
Came seated high upon her mighty wain.
And with the native sweetness of her mien
Was mingled now so much of fresh disdain
As gave her vigour ; and in cruel mood
She seem'd to threat, and e'en in threat'ning woo'd.

XXXIV.

Her car on which all priceless gems abound
Resembles that which bears the God of day :
And to th' elaborate yoke in couples bound
Four unicorns the skilful rein obey.
A hundred maids and hundred youths around
Down from the shoulder let the quiver sway ;
All sit on milk white steeds that proudly pace,
Prompt for the wheel, and nimble for the race.

XXXV.

Her troop succeeds, and Aradine with those
Whom Idraote in Syria had inroll'd.
As when the bird unique, regenerate, goes
His Ethiops to visit as of old,
Various and fair in plumage with rich rows
Of necklace and a native crown of gold :
The world is aw'd, and near him and behind
Fly marvelling armies of the feather'd kind :

XXXVI.

So passes she, and with delight are view'd
Her dress, her features, and her graceful arts.
No soul is so inhuman there, nor rude
To touch of love, as not to feel its darts.
If scarcely seen, and in disdainful mood,
She won so many and such different hearts,
What will she when with joyous face she tries,
With lovely smile, and sweetly flatt'ring eyes ?

XXXVII.

The king of kings, soon as she quits the ground,
Commands to come before him Emirene,
Since to prefer him o'er the chiefs renown'd
And make him general Chieftain does he mean.
He, prescient now, to honors justly found
Comes forth with brow exalted and serene.
The tall Circassian guard disparts, and lends
A passage to the throne, and he ascends ;

XXXVIII.

And bending head and knees, joins to his breast
His right hand ; then to him the monarch said :
" Thee with this sceptre, Emirene, I invest,
To thee commit the host ; rule in my stead ;
And, rescuing yon king now sorely press'd,
Bring down my vengeful ire on the Frank's head.
Go, see, and conquer ; and let none remain
Unvanquish'd ; and bring hither those unslain."

XXXIX.

So speaks the tyrant : and the honor'd knight
Assumes the rod of sov'reign pow'r and cries :
" I take, Sire, from a hand of matchless might
The sceptre, and go forth to high emprise ;
And Asia's grave affronts I hope to right
Beneath the auspices of one so wise :
Nor save as victor will I e'er return ;
And loss shall meet with death, but not with scorn.

XL.

" I pray to Heav'n, if it ordain the worst,
Though such I cannot deem is its decree,
That on my head the fatal storm may burst,
On mine alone, how dread soe'er it be ;
And safe may these return, and rites be first,
Triumphant and not sorrowing, paid to me."
He ceas'd, and there ensued a mighty sound
Of barbarous horns blent with loud shouts around.

XLI.

And mid the stound through noble crowds and dense
The king of kings departs ; and in his wide
Pavilion at the festal board immense
Receives the chiefs, and seats himself aside,
Whence food now, and now words, he can dispense,
And leave no part with honors unsupplied.
Armida finds a place here where she best
Can ply her arts mid merriment and jest.

XLII.

The tables being gone, the lovely cheat,
Who sees all eyes on her alone intent,
And marks by well-known signs her poison sweet
Infus'd in every mind there as she meant,
Turns to the king, while rising from her seat,
With air at once both proud and reverent,
And magnanimity and rage are thrown,
Much as she can, into her face and tone.

XLIII.

" Dread king," she cried, " I too would bear a part
For creed and country in this martial scene.
A maiden I, but with a queenly heart :
And war is not unworthy of a queen.
Who wills to reign, should use each regal art :
In the same hand the sword and sceptre lean ;
And mine, unshrinking from the steel, shall know
To strike, and, striking, make the life-blood flow.

XLIV.

"Nor deem, O Sire, that this is the first day
Such high and noble aim has fill'd my thought :
Since for our law, and thine imperial sway,
Long time ago, and often, have I fought.
Thou should'st remember if the truth I say,
For thou hast heard a part of what I wrought ;
And know'st how many champions I held bound,
Of all who bare the cross the most renown'd.

XLV.

"I took them, and secur'd them by my might ;
And sent them as a splendid gift to thee :
And they had been for ever shut from light
In guarded prison, had such been thy decree ;
And thou hadst now been in securer plight
To end successfully thy mighty plea ;
Had not the fierce Rinaldo, who had slain
My gallant warriors, set them free again.

XLVI.

"Rinaldo is well known, and here there ring
Of his adventures histories loud and long.
This is the cruel one who dar'd to fling
Affront on me, nor have I veng'd the wrong :
Hence rage to reason adds its galling sting,
And makes me prompt to join the martial throng.
Hereafter all my wrongs will I avow :
Let this suffice, I wish for vengeance now,

XLVII.

"And will exact it ; for the winds have sped
Not all its shafts in vain, and Heav'n's right hand
Not seldom guides the righteous hand to shed
The guilty blood. But if one here there stand
Who will cut off the cruel wretch's head,
And will present it to me, for such grand
Revenge I evermore will grateful be,
Although 'twere nobler were it wrought by me :

XLVIII.

"So grateful, that to him shall be denied
Not e'en the greatest boon I can concede.
Me dow'r'd with gold, and with myself beside,
In wedlock shall he have, if thus he plead.
In this my promise firm will I abide,
And this I swear by our most holy creed.
If any one then deem our prize is worth
The risk, let him avow it, and come forth."

XLIX.

While thus the lady spake with wonted art,
Adrastus gaz'd on her with greedy glow.
"Forbid it Heav'n," he cried, "that thou one dart
Upon the barbarous homicide bestow ;
For all unworthy is a villain heart,
O beauteous archer, to receive thy blow.
Apt minister of thy revenge am I,
And at thy feet his head shall quickly lie.

L.

"I will pluck out his heart, and to the host
Of vultures give his mangled limbs ere long."
Thus spake that Indian chieftain ; and his boast
To Tisaphernes sounded like a wrong.
"And who art thou," he cried aloud, "who show'st
Such pride before the king, before this throng ?
Perchance there is one here who may refute
Thy mighty vaunts with deeds, and yet is mute."

LI.

The Indian answer'd : "I am one whose tongue
Is not so pow'rful as his hand, nor fast :
But if elsewhere thy meddling speech had rung,
That speech of thine had surely been thy last."
Worse tempest had ensued ; but the king flung
His sceptre 'twixt the two and stay'd the blast.
Then to Armida said he : "Gentle dame,
Great is thy heart, and manly is its aim ;

LII.

"And worthy thou to whom they both should yield,
As offer'd gifts, their anger and their pride,
That these thou then may'st at thy pleasure wield
Against yon pow'rful felon homicide,
There will they best be employ'd ; and there a field
Be found, on which their claims may best be tried."
This said, he ceas'd : and once more either knight
Offer'd to venge her cause with all his might.

LIII.

Nor these alone ; from each of the most dread
The bold and ready vaunt assails the ear.
All offer'd them, and on his hateful head
All swore to take revenge with sword and spear :
So many arms she mov'd, such wrath she sped,
Against the warrior who was once so dear !
But he, as soon as he had left the strand,
Auspiciously commenc'd the voyage grand.

LIV.

Over the self-same paths which the sea-car
 Had trac'd in coming, backward hence it goes :
 The breeze, too, which had sped the sail afar,
 Not less propitious for returning blows.
 The youth now marks the Bears and Polar star,
 And now each stellar point that brightly glows,
 Path of dim Night ; now streams, and mountains now
 Which rear above the sea their rugged brow.

LV.

The state now of the camp, now of each race
 The various laws and customs he inquires ;
 And so far o'er the briny spume they pace,
 That the fourth Sun from the' east emits its fires.
 And when of this one's light there stays no trace,
 The ship attains the land of their desires.
 The lady then exclaim'd : " Lo, here extend
 The Syrian shores ; this is our journey's end."

LVI.

She lands then the three warriors on the shore,
 And disappears sooner than word can fall.
 Meanwhile the night arises dark to pour
 One aspect o'er the face of Nature all :
 In vain those sandy deserts they explore
 With searching glance to find out roof or wall ;
 No trace of man or steed do these display,
 Nor aught beside which can point out the way.

LVII.

When a few moments in suspense have roll'd
 They move their steps, and from the sea repair ;
 And, lo, far off in front their eyes behold
 Something, but scarcely know I what, of glare,
 Which with its silver ray and flash of gold
 Illumes the night, and makes the shades more rare.
 They move on tow'rd the light and soon detect
 What 'tis that has produc'd the bright effect.

LVIII.

They see suspended on a giant pine
 New armour by the radiant moon reveal'd ;
 And brighter than the stars the jewels shine
 Upon the golden helm and mail anneal'd :
 And by that light observe they a long line
 Of sculptur'd figures trac'd on the grand shield.
 There sits as if on guard an old man near,
 Who comes to meet them soon as they appear.

LIX.

The pair of warriors quickly recognize
The venerable face of their sage friend.
But when the greetings which in joyful guise
Pass 'twixt the two and him have reach'd their end,
He turns his converse tow'rd the youth whose eyes
In silence tow'rd him without moving bend ;
And, "Sire," he says, "thee only I await
All lonely here, and at an hour so late ;

LX.

"I am thy friend, though this thou may'st not know ;
Ask these how I have toil'd in thine affairs ;
For led by me they crush'd each magic foe,
And brought thee from a life of shame and snares.
Hear now my words, nor let thine anger glow
Though they resemble not the Syrens' airs ;
But keep them in thine heart till tongue more pure
And wise than mine shall make their truth more sure.

LXI.

"Not under shade, on soft plain, with the rill
And flow'r around, and Nymph and Syren nigh,
But on the lofty top of virtue's hill
Painful and steep, our good is known to lie.
Who bears not heat and cold, nor rends him still
From pleasure's path, can never reach so high.
Wilt thou so far then from the summit quail
Beneath, like soaring bird in a low vale ?

LXII.

"Nature uprais'd thy forehead to the skies,
And breath'd a gen'rous spirit into thy frame,
That thou might'st upward look and win the prize
For matchless deeds, and thus exalt thy name.
She gave thee also passions quick to rise,
Not to be spent on brawls or civil flame,
And not that they might feed the hungry maw
Of hot desires, and break through reason's law ;

LXIII.

"But that thy valour arm'd with these might speed
To' assail external foes with more effect ;
And that with greater force each lust and greed,
Fierce enemies within, might thence be check'd.
Then for that end to which they are meant to lead
Let the wise ruler use them and direct,
And at discretion make them cool or glow,
Now spur them onward, and now keep them slow."

LXIV.

He spake : the other deeply list'ning caught
Each warning word of censure or of praise,
And stor'd it up, and quite subdued, and fraught
With much of shame, turn'd on the earth his gaze.
The sage old man mark'd well his secret thought,
And added then : " My son, thy forehead raise,
And fix thine eyes henceforth upon this shield,
Where the' actions of thy sires are all reveal'd."

LXV.

" See thine ancestral honors there made plain,
A long career on rough and lonely ground.
Slow runner far behind dost thou remain
Along these lists of glory so renown'd.
Up, up, bestir thee : all thy valour strain,
And whip and spur in what I paint be found."
So spake he : and the knight intently viewed
The shield while the' other his discourse pursued.

LXVI.

On narrow field the carver's subtle skill
Has mark'd unnumber'd forms, a vast design.
Azzo's illustrious blood is seen to fill
The space in one unbroken glorious line.
That blood is seen to trace its every rill
From ancient Roman fountain, pure and fine.
The princes stand adorn'd with crown of bays,
The old man shows their battles, and their praise.

LXVII.

He shows him Caius, when on tott'ring base
The empire yields to foreign tribes a prey,
Impose his yoke upon a willing race,
And prince be first of Este's long array ;
And the less pow'rful near him seek his face
For shelter, over whom he holds the sway :
Then when the savage Goth re-treads the ford,
Invited by Honorius, with his horde ;

LXVIII.

And when all Italy appears to have burned
More fiercely with a barbarous conflagration,
And Rome imprison'd and enslav'd has learned
To' expect destruction e'en to her foundation ;
He shows Aurelius gathering those who yearned
For freedom into one well-order'd nation.
Then shows he Forest who assails the Huns,
Lords of the North illum'd by scanty suns.

LXIX.

Then Attila's fell features are enroll'd
And seem to be with dragon's eyes endow'd,
And face of dog, which when thou shalt behold
Thou'lt say he grins, and think he barks aloud.
Vanquish'd in single combat then, though bold,
See him retire among the mail-clad crowd ;
And in defence of Aquileia stand
Good Forest then, the Hector of his land.

LXX.

His death is elsewhere painted ; and his fate
Becomes his country's fate. His heir succeeds
And son, hight Acarine, who, not less great,
Maintains Italian honor by his deeds.
He yields Altinum, not to the' Huns, but fate :
And then to a securer seat he speeds,
Gath'ring a city from the homes which teem
In scatter'd groups along the Padine stream.

LXXI.

Against that mighty stream's impetuous rage
He banks it up ; and hence the city rose
Within whose walls in many a future age
The chiefs of Este sought their royal repose.
See him defeat the Alans, and then wage
A war with Odoacer full of woes,
And die for Italy. O noble death,
Which makes him sharer of his father's wreath !

LXXII.

With him falls Alphorisius ; doom'd to fly
Are Azzo and his brother from their nest ;
But mark them back with arms and counsel hie
Soon as the tyrant Erulus veils his crest.
Pierc'd with an arrow next through his right eye
Este's Epaminondas is express'd,
And dies with joy, since Totila the fell
Succumbs, and safe the shield he lov'd so well.

LXXIII.

I speak of Boniface : and then is seen
Valerian in the footsteps of his sire :
A child with manly strength and courage keen,
Who makes a hundred Gothic troops retire.
Not far off, Ernest of most savage mien
Works on the Slaves deeds worthy of the lyre.
But before him see brave Aldoardo spring,
And from Monselce shut the Lombard king.

LXXIV.

Henry is next, and Berenger ; and where
The great Charles then unfurls his banner dread,
He foremost seems to strike with falchion bare
When leading some grand action, or when led.
Then Louis comes who bids the' other repair
Against his nephew, Italy's crown'd head :
Lo ! he defeats him, takes him prisoner too.
Then Otho and his five sons meet the view.

LXXV.

Then Almeric makes a marquisate his prize,
That of the city mistress of the Po.
Founder of churches, he regards the skies
Devoutly, wrapt in contemplation's glow.
The second Azzo opposite defies
Brave Berenger and proves a pow'rful foe ;
And, long expos'd to fortune's flickering gleam,
Is victor, and in Italy supreme.

LXXVI.

Lo ! 'mong the Germans his son Albert gains
Such high repute for worth in perilous hour,
Conq'ring in tourney and in war the Danes,
That Otho's daughter brings him a large dow'r.
See Hugo next with hot blood in his veins
Able to break the horns of Roman pow'r,
Marquis of Italy thereafter call'd,
To whom all Tuscany will be enthrall'd.

LXXVII.

Then Tibald, and then sculptur'd side by side
Come Boniface and Beatrice in view.
No male heir to a heritage so wide,
Nor to a sire so grand, is seen to' accrue.
Matilda follow'd and she well supplied
The whole defect in sex and number too ;
For far o'er every sceptre, every crown,
The sage and valorous dame could raise the gown.

LXXVIII.

In her fine features manly spirits reign,
And more than manly strength is in her eye.
There she defeats the Normans ; brave in vain
Guiscard, unmatch'd till now, is forc'd to fly.
There routs she the fourth Henry : in the fane
Then offers his imperial standard high :
And in the Vatican once more is shown,
Placing the Pontiff king on Peter's throne.

LXXIX.

As one who loves and honors her, his place
Azzo the fifth takes at her side, or near.
But the fourth Azzo's kindly fertile race
Shoots into branches happier and freer.
See Guelph, his son and Cunegunda's, pace
Where Germany invites his young career :
And the good Roman germ, transplanted, bloom
In the Bavarian fields with prosperous doom.

LXXX.

With a grand Estian branch is grafted there
The Guelphic tree, which in itself is old.
This in its Guelphs is seen again to bear
More sceptres than before, and crowns of gold ;
And, favour'd by the heav'nly planets fair,
Goes shooting up its branches uncontrol'd.
E'en now it sweeps the clouds ; e'en now invades
Half Germany, and all of it o'ershades.

LXXXI.

Nor less in its Italian branches teems
The regal stem, and emulous aspires.
Mark opposite to Guelph how Bertold gleams.
See the sixth Azzo here renew his sires.
This is the chain of heroes, and it seems
To move along the brass with living fires.
Rinaldo rouses oft, while these he marks,
The spirit of honor from the native sparks.

LXXXII.

And stirr'd to rivalry, his haughty mind
Is set on fire, and he so heats his brain,
That what was in his thought alone defin'd,
The city scal'd and won, and people slain,
As if 'twere present and the truth had shin'd,
He sees before his eyes distinctly plain :
And arms in haste ; and with a hopeful brow
Usurps the victory, and forestalls it now.

LXXXIII.

But Charles who had detail'd to him the mode
In which the royal heir of Denmark died,
Gave him the sword which had so long been ow'd.
" Take it, and use it happily," he cried :
" But be it on the Christian faith bestow'd,
And just and pure, not less than strong, abide ;
And nobly venge its former master soon
Who lov'd thee much, and who expects the boon."

LXXXIV.

He to the knight replied : " May Heav'n award
That this my hand, which now receives the blade,
May with it take deep vengeance for its lord,
And pay with it what justly should be paid."
Charles turn'd with joyful aspect to accord
His lengthen'd thanks in short discourse array'd.
But here the noble sage advanc'd to haste
Their darksome journey o'er the dreary waste.

LXXXV.

" Go we," said he, " where Godfrey and the host
Await thee ; opportune thou com'st as day.
Go we at once, for though all light be lost,
Well to the Christian tents I know the way."
He spake ; and on the car assumes his post,
And takes them into it without delay ;
And loosing to his fiery steeds the rein,
Whips and directs them tow'rd the east again.

LXXXVI.

Through dark air mutely travers'd they the ground ;
When the' old man turns him to the youth, and cries :
" Thou hast beheld here of thy stem renown'd
The root sink deeply and the branches rise ;
And though from the first age it has been found
Mother of heroes in such fruitful guise,
'Tis not, nor shall be, tir'd of bringing forth ;
For never shall old age decrease its worth.

LXXXVII.

" O that as I have drawn from the dark breast
Of ancient time thy primal sires unknown,
So might I also fully have express'd
Thy successors whom future years shall own ;
And mark them for the world ere yet this blest
And tranquil light upon their eyes be thrown.
For lines of future heroes shall expand
As lengthily, and their actions prove as grand.

LXXXVIII.

" But I could never through the future read
The truth, which lies within too dense a shroud,
Save dark and doubtful and obscure indeed,
Like flick'ring torch far distant through a cloud.
And if with an assertion I proceed
As if 'twere sure, I do not vaunt too loud,
For such I heard from one to whom 'tis given
To see without a veil th' intents of Heaven.

LXXXIX.

“What was reveal’d to him by light divine,
To me by him, I to thine ear unfold.
There never was a Greek or barbarous line
Or Latin, now or in the days of old,
Rich with such heroes as ’tis Heav’n’s design
To have in thy posterity inroll’d,
Equal to those of most illustrious name
Whom Sparta, Carthage, or whom Rome can claim.

XC.

“I choose Alphonso,” said he, “from th’ array
Second in title, first, if worth decide ;
Who will be born when, ag’d and in decay,
The world will ill with great men be supplied.
He shall be such that none shall better sway
The sword or sceptre, none with nobler pride
Sustain the weight of arms or of the crown ;
Supreme of all thy race, chief in renown.

XCI.

“High valour shall he show, in all pursuits
Which mimic savage war, in childhood’s days,
A terror to the forests and the brutes,
And in the lists adorn’d with the first praise.
Then from true battle shall he gather fruits,
Abundant booty, and victorious bays :
And often shall it hap that laurel now,
Now oaken leaves, now grass, shall wreath his brow.

XCII.

“Nor shall the glory of his riper hours
Be less august ; to establish peace and rest ;
Maintain his cities amid neighbouring pow’rs
And serried armies undisturb’d and blest ;
Nurse arts and talents, and educe their flow’rs ;
Hold gallant games and pomps with joyful zest ;
Weigh vengeance and reward in just degree ;
Look forth afar, and all extremes foresee.

XCIII.

“O ! if he ever hap as chief to go
Against the wretches who shall, unrestrained
O’er land and ocean in those times of woe
Give laws to peoples who till then had reigned,
To take revenge on them as on God’s foe
For temples batter’d down, and rites profaned,
What just and deep revenge will he effect
On the grand Tyrant and that impious sect !

XCIV.

“ In vain against him would the Turk repair
From this side, or from that the Moor be' inroll'd :
For he beyond Euphrates' stream would bear,
Beyond the silver peaks of Taurus cold,
Beyond the realms with summers ever fair,
The Cross, the white bird, and the lilies gold ;
And then, baptizing many a dusky brow,
Discover Nile's grand head, though hidden now.”

XCV.

So spake the old man ; and his language won
Glad audience from the youth, who, mute a space,
Felt through his bosom thrilling raptures run,
While fix'd in thought upon his future race.
Meanwhile the dawn rose, herald of the sun ;
And in the east the sky now chang'd its face :
And to their glance already were reveal'd
The pennons trembling o'er the tented field.

XCVI.

Once more the sage began : “ The orb of day
Is mounting yonder from his eastern throne,
And clear to you by his befriending ray
Are tents and plain and mount and city shown.
Safe from all outrage, and from all delay,
Have ye been led till now through ways unknown :
Henceforth upon yourselves ye can rely,
Nor is't allow'd me to approach more nigh.”

XCVII.

Thus took he leave, and then retrac'd the ground
Leaving the cavaliers on foot and free.
These tow'rd the quarter where the dawn is found
Pursue their path to where the tents they see.
Fame quickly carried and divulg'd around
Th' expected coming of the lordly three ;
And pious Godfrey left his regal seat
To welcome them, and pay them honor meet.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo, having his full pardon won,
 Confronts the wood which magic arts infold.
 News of the hostile camp now moving on
 By speeding fame are to the Christian told.
 Vafriue becomes a spy. Lit by hope's sun,
 Meanwhile, the people of Christ are prompt and bold
 To scale the lofty wall; the wall they scale;
 But meet there fierce debate and deadly bale.

I.

RINALDO, when arriv'd where Godfrey had sped
 To meet his coming, open'd the discourse :
 " Sire, to revenge me on the warrior dead
 I was thrust on by jealous honor's force :
 And if I gave thee offence, as some have said,
 Much pain I feel for this, and much remorse.
 I come now at thy call, prompt to efface
 My fault by aught which may regain thy grace."

II.

Then humbly did he bow, and Godfrey threw
 His arms around his neck and made reply :
 " Let us no more the mournful theme pursue,
 But quite forget the things which have pass'd by :
 And for amends I only bid thee do
 What thou art us'd to, deeds that will not die ;
 Since to annoy the foe, and for our good,
 Thou must subdue the monsters of the wood.

III.

" For that most ancient wood from which the host
 Has drawn material for machines before,
 Whate'er the cause, is now the secret post
 Of formidable spells and magic lore ;
 Nor to cut down a tree can one here boast :
 Yet 'twere unwise to' assault the city more
 Unaided by such instruments. Now here
 Prove thou thy valour where the others fear."

IV.

Thus spake he ; and with sparing speech the knight
Offer'd him to the risk and to the toil,
Yet though the words he utter'd were but slight,
He promis'd much in that majestic smile.
And turn'd then tow'rd the others to requite
With hand and face the greeting kind and loyal.
Here Guelph, here Tancred, and here all the high
And chief among the host, had gather'd nigh.

V.

When greetings frank and warm had been repeated
Full oft with those who were the more renown'd,
Affably calm, and popular, he meted
His welcomes to the lesser folk around.
Nor him could war-shout more intense have greeted,
Nor denser crowd to gird him had been found,
Had he subdued the East and South in war,
And come triumphant in his ornate car.

VI.

Thus onward to his dwelling he retires,
And sits there with the friends who lov'd him well :
And much he answers them, and much inquires
Now of the war, now of the sylvan spell.
But when all quitted him, and e'en his squires,
These accents from the holy Hermit fell :
" Mid weighty things, and o'er a lengthen'd way,
Wonderful pilgrim, Sire, thy journey lay.

VII.

" How much thou ow'st to Him who rules the sphere !
He has withdrawn thee from th' enchanted hold :
He leads thee, wand'ring lamb, from thy career
Back to His flock, and shuts thee in His fold ;
And by the voice of Godfrey thou art here
The second minister of His will inroll'd.
But 'tis not meet that still with sin deform'd
Thy hand in His great service should be arm'd.

VIII.

" For thou'rt by blackness of the world so stain'd,
And by the blackness of the flesh, that e'en
The Nile, or Ganges, or the seas if drain'd,
Would not have pow'r to wash thee fair and clean.
To make thy foulness pure can be obtain'd
From Heav'nly grace alone : on Heav'n then lean,
With rev'rence ask for pardon, and display
Thy silent faults, and mourn for them, and pray."

IX.

He spake : the other in himself bewail'd
At once his foolish love and haughty scorn,
Then, at his feet reclin'd, in full detail'd
His youthful errors, sorrowing and forlorn.
Having pronounc'd the pardon which avail'd,
Heav'n's minister exclaim'd : " With early morn
Ascend for pray'r to yonder mountain's height
Which turns its front toward the dawning light.

X.

" Thence hie thee to the wood from which there springs
So many a lying phantasm to amaze.
Thou'lt crush, I know, giants and monstrous things,
Unless some other weak mistake delays.
Ah ! let no voice that sweetly mourns or sings,
No beauty that may blandly smile or gaze
With tender flatt'ries ever bend thy heart ;
But spurn the looks, the pray'rs, which all are art."

XI.

Thus does he give his counsel ; and the knight
Desiring, hoping, dons him to th' emprise.
Thoughtful the day, thoughtful and sad the night
He passes, and ere dawn illumines the skies,
Girds on his noble armour, and has dight
An upper vest of new and rarer dyes ;
And all alone on foot, no greeting lent,
He quits his comrades, and he quits the tent.

XII.

It was the hour when not as yet to day
The night completely yields up all its bound,
But in the east appears the rosy ray,
And still with a few stars the heav'ns are crown'd ;
When tow'rd Mount Olivet he bent his way,
With eyes uprais'd contemplating around
The incorruptible beauties, and divine,
Here the nocturnal, there the matutine.

XIII.

He thought within himself : " O ! what a quire
Of lovely lights the temple of Heav'n displays !
Day has its grand car, Night unfolds her tire
Of golden stars and the moon's silver rays.
Yet neither moon nor stars do we admire,
But at a turbid gloomy light we gaze,
Shown in brief compass of frail face awhile,
By glance of eyes, or flashing of a smile."

XIV.

Thus musing, upward to the summit high
He clomb; and kneeling here and reverent,
Lifted his thought far o'er the topmost sky,
And fix'd his glances on the east, intent:
"Regard with merciful and pitying eye
Mine early faults, and early life mis-spent,
Father and Lord, and pour Thy grace like dew,
And purging my old Adam, shape the new."

XV.

So prays he; and in front behold unclose,
Already streak'd with gold, the dawning red,
Which gilds his crest and arms, and round him throws
Warm rays on the green height which feels his tread:
And on his breast, and on his brow there blows
A most refreshing air, which o'er his head
Shakes from the bosom of the lovely dawn
A dewy cloud on mountain and on lawn.

XVI.

The dews of Heav'n fall down upon his mail
Which seem'd of ashy tint, and so bestrew
The surface that it is no longer pale,
But has assum'd a white and sparkling hue.
Thus does the wither'd flower adorn its frail
Faint leaves in matutinal cold anew:
And joyous thus returns the serpent old
To lovely youth, and shines in recent gold.

XVII.

The lovely whiteness of his alter'd vest
Wins admiration even from the knight.
Then tow'rd the ancient forest are address'd
His footsteps in secure and conscious might.
He has arriv'd where the less brave arrest
Their progress from mere terror of the sight:
Yet not displeasing seems the wood to him
Nor fearful, but with grateful shadows dim.

XVIII.

He passes on, and hears meanwhile a sound
Which spreads itself in sweetest symphonies.
With murmuring plaint a brook is heard to bound,
Among the leaves a zephyr gently sighs,
The tuneful swan pours mournful notes around,
The nightingale bemoans her, and replies;
Organs and harps and human notes in rhyme,
Such and so many sounds sound at one time.

XIX.

The knight thought that, as happen'd to his feres,
The air with peals of thunder would be rent ;
And Syrens afterwards, and Nymphs he hears,
Breezes and streams and birds, a sweet concent ;
Hence stops he, wond'ring much at what appears ;
And then advances cautious and intent ;
And finds that nothing else forbids him pass
Except a river, calm and clear as glass.

XX.

Each margin of the decorated tide
Sparkles and smells with odorous flow'rs and leaves.
Its winding horn is stretch'd around so wide
That in its curve the grand wood it receives :
Nor round it only does it sweetly glide,
But with a streamlet enters it, and cleaves.
It bathes the wood, and the wood shades the river,
With fair exchange of shade and moisture ever.

XXI.

While the knight searches for a ford, behold,
A wondrous bridge is suddenly display'd,
A glittering bridge upon whose arcs of gold
Most stable a broad pathway he survey'd.
He travers'd the rich pass, which downward roll'd
Soon as his feet on the' other bank were laid :
And swiftly in the stream was borne along,
The stream, once calm, now wax'd to torrent strong.

XXII.

He turns him back and sees it widely spread,
And greatly swell'n, as if from loosen'd snows ;
For voluble by its own self 'tis sped,
With myriad whirlpools which have no repose.
But he by love of novelty is led
To search among the thick trees as he goes ;
And in those savage solitudes arise
New marvels ever to attract his eyes.

XXIII.

Where'er he treads in passing through the gloom,
There seems to gush or bud some fresh thing still.
There opes the lily, here the roses bloom ;
Here springs a fountain ; yonder speeds a rill.
And o'er and round him th' aged trees resume
Their youth and with fresh leaves their branches fill :
The barks grow softer, and a richer green,
And gladder, upon every plant is seen.

XXIV.

On every leaf is manna spread like dew ;
Drops honey from the bark of all the trees.
And that strange harmony is heard anew
Where song and plaint united sweetly please ;
But still the human choir escapes his view,
Accompanying the swans, the waves, the breeze,
Nor knows he whence those human notes are pour'd,
Nor where the tuneful instruments are stor'd.

XXV.

While he beholds, and what the sense describes
As seeming truth, his thought declines to' embrace,
He sees a myrtle near, and thither hies,
Where the path ends in a grand open space.
The mighty limbs of the strange myrtle rise
Prouder than palm or cypress from the base :
And over all the trees its leaves are seen :
And of the forest there it seems the queen.

XXVI.

The warrior pauses, and his brows are bent
At what seems the most monstrous thing on earth.
He sees an oak which, teeming and self-rent,
Opens its hollow bowel and brings forth ;
And out there comes, dress'd in strange ornament,
A nymph of full-grown age, of wondrous birth !
And then he sees a hundred trees untomb
A hundred nymphs, too, from their pregnant womb.

XXVII.

As woodland Goddesses in scenes display'd,
Or such as oft the limner's art expresses,
With naked arms, in gown succinct array'd,
With graceful buskin, and dishevel'd tresses :
E'en such in mien was each fictitious maid
That issued from the sylvan bark's recesses,
Save that for bow and quiver this may hold
The lute or viol, that the harp of gold.

XXVIII.

And they begin with dances and with glees,
And range themselves into a ring and gird
The warrior, as a circle oft one sees
Drawn round a central point which is not stirr'd.
They gird the plant too, and in words like these
Their sweetly thrilling melody is heard :
“ How welcome com'st thou to this cloister'd grove,
Hope of our noble mistress, and her love.

XXIX.

“Thou com'st at last to heal the sick once more,
Scorch'd as she is, and torn by amorous thought.
This forest which was all so dark before,
Abode of sorrow from her sorrow caught,
Thou seest how at thy coming it flows o'er
With gladness, and to lovelier shapes is wrought.”
Such was the song; and then the myrtle gave
A most enchanting sound, and then it clave.

XXX.

A former age beheld with wond'ring zest
What from a rude Silenus was laid bare :
But that grand myrtle from its open breast
Show'd images more lovely far and rare.
It show'd a lady whose feign'd looks express'd
A loveliness angelically fair.
Rinaldo gazes and is quick to trace
Armida's semblance, and her winning face.

XXXI.

She looks on him at once with joy and dole ;
A thousand thoughts seem mingled in one gaze.
“I see thee, then,” she cries, “and now thy soul
Seeks her from whom thou fledd'st o'er lengthen'd
Why com'st thou? with thy presence to console [ways.
My widow'd nights and melancholy days?
Or since thou hid'st thy face, and show'st thy fence,
Com'st thou to war with me, to chase me hence?

XXXII.

“Art lover, or art foe? The bridge of gold
For hostile step never did I intend ;
Nor stream, flow'r, fount, for such did I unfold,
Removing briars and all which could offend.
Now doff this helmet, nor thy brows withhold,
Nor eyes from mine eyes, if thou com'st a friend ;
Join lips to lips, and heaving breast to breast,
Extend thy right hand forth to mine at least.”

XXXIII.

While speaking, piteous glances in her eyes
And alter'd hues upon her cheek are shown :
Well counterfeits she all the sweetest sighs
And many a gentle sob and tender moan :
So that incautious pity might arise
To see such woes in e'en a heart of stone.
But here the knight, grown wise, not slow to feel,
Waits for no more, and draws his naked steel.

XXXIV.

He seeks the myrtle ; and her arms she strains
Round the dear stem, and, interpos'd, " Ah no,"
She cries, " deal not on me such grievous pains
As to inflict upon my stem one blow.
Lay down thy sword, or in Armida's veins
First hide it, O inexorable foe !
Yes, through this breast, this heart, thy blade shall find
Sole pathway to the beauteous tree behind."

XXXV.

He lifts the steel, and disregards her pray'r ;
But she transmutes herself, O marvel new !
As oft in dreams will melt into the air,
And be re-shap'd, the forms which fancy drew ;
So swell'd her limbs, grew dark her features fair,
And vanish'd the' ivory and rosy hue.
She waxes a tall giant, and now stands
A Briareus with five-score armed hands.

XXXVI.

She handles fifty swords, and makes resound
As many shields, and fiercely threat'ning glows.
Each other nymph, too, cloth'd in arms is found
A dreadful Cyclops : yet no fear he shows ;
But faster on the plant his blows rebound
Which groans, as if 'twere living, at the blows.
The fields of air seem like the fields of Hell,
So many sprites appear, and monsters swell.

XXXVII.

Above, the thunders roll along the sky.
The earth is shaking fearfully below :
The winds and rains each other's might defy,
And on his face an angry storm they blow.
But yet the knight deals not one stoke awry ;
Nor can this fury make him e'en more slow.
He cuts the stem, and stem and tree are gone.
The monsters vanish, and the charm is done.

XXXVIII.

The Heav'ns became serene, the air grew clear :
The wood assum'd once more its natural state ;
Not terrible with spells, nor bright with cheer ;
Of horror full, but horror all innate.
The victor re-essays if he may shear
Wood where he will, and without more debate :
Then smiles, and says within himself : " O vain
Appearances ! how weak whom these restrain !"

XXXIX.

Hence moves he tow'rd the tents ; and the' anchorite,
Lone Peter, then in exultation cried :
“ The dark spells of the wood are conquer'd quite ;
E'en now the warrior comes with conquering stride.
Behold him.” And afar in mantle white,
Venerable and proud, is he descried ;
And with unwonted ray the sun illumines
His crested eagle, and its silver plumes.

XL.

A loud salute rang through the tented space
With sounding cries which echo oft repell'd ;
And then he was receiv'd with joyful grace
By Godfrey ; and no heart with envy swell'd.
The knight said to the Chief : “ I sought the place
So dreaded, as thou bad'st me, and beheld
And conquer'd all its charms. Thither may hie
The people now ; the paths in safety lie.”

XLI.

They seek the ancient wood ; and thence is ta'en
Material such as the best judges will.
And though an artizan of vulgar vein,
Had fram'd their first machines of war but ill ;
This time illustrious artist doth enchain
The beams together with surpassing skill :
William, Liguria's duke, who was before
A corsair, and supreme from shore to shore.

XLII.

Forc'd to retire then, he gave up the sway
O'er ocean to the mighty Saracen fleet,
And now had led his maritime array
Of arms and seamen to the camp's retreat.
With him could none most famous in that day
For genius in mechanic art compete :
A hundred wrights, too, of inferior kind
He had with him to' effect what he design'd.

XLIII.

This man began constructing not alone
The catapult, balista, ram, and vine,
By which to lay the strongest fences prone,
And batter down the lofty mural line ;
But wrought a greater work : a tow'r unknown,
And woven wondrously with fir and pine ;
And skins enwrapp'd the outside of the frame
To screen it from the hurling balls of flame.

XLIV.

It takes to pieces and unites again,
And into one with subtle joints will grow :
The beam, which has a ram's head, by a chain
Swings outward, butting from the parts below.
A bridge shoots from the midst, and oft will gain
Th' opposing battlement at the first throw :
And forth from it upon its loftiest floor
A lesser tow'r is made to' emerge and soar.

XLV.

Lightly and smoothly o'er the facile ways,
Roll'd on a hundred wheels, that engine tall,
Pregnant with arms and men, at once obeys
The movers' pleasure with exertion small.
The troops intent behold with deep amaze
The workmen's skill, and arts unknown to all.
And two more tow'rs are instantly begun
Drawn from the model of the former one.

XLVI.

Meanwhile the works conducted here with haste
Cannot entirely 'scape the Saracen's eye ;
Because along the lofty walls are plac'd
At every nearer station guards to spy.
By these are loads of pines and ashes trac'd
From woodward to the host, a grand supply.
Machines they saw too ; but could scarce detect,
So far remov'd, their shape and their effect.

XLVII.

They also make machines, and with much art
Repair their tow'rs and walls where seen to fail ;
And have so rais'd them up in every part
Which is expos'd to an assault, or frail,
That, as they think, no force of ponderous dart
To batter down or shake them can avail.
But above all defence Ismene with care
Concocted store of fires, unus'd and rare.

XLVIII.

The felon wizard into one caldron threw
Sulphur and pitch gather'd from Sodom's lake :
And I believe he was in Hell and drew
Some from its grand nine-circled stream opaque :
Such stench and vapour from that mixture flew,
So fasten'd on the face the burning flake.
And much he hop'd with such a fiery brood
To venge the felling of the precious wood.

XLIX.

While arming for assault the camp displays
Such vigour, and the city for defence,
A dove is seen cleaving th' aerial ways
Above the Frankish squadron ; and from thence
Shakes not its rapid vans ; but only frays
The liquid path with wings outstretch'd and tense :
And now the pilgrim messenger descends
From the high clouds, and tow'rd the city bends ;

L.

When from I know not whence a falcon, lo !
Comes arm'd with crooked beak and talon great,
And 'twixt the camp and walls becomes her foe.
That cruel one's attack she does not wait.
He, swooping downward, thrusts her as by a blow
Tow'rd the grand tent ; and sure will clutch her straight ;
And has his foot over her tender crest.
She shelters her in pious Godfrey's breast.

LI.

The pitying Chief receives her, and defends ;
Then gazing at her, notes a singular thing :
That from her neck, tied by a thread, depends
A cartel clos'd, and hid beneath a wing.
He looses it, and opes, and comprehends
The words not lengthy trusted to the string.
“ Health to Judæa's Lord,” thus ran the scroll,
“ Sends Egypt's Captain. Reassure thy soul :

LII.

“ Resist with all thy might, endure all woes
Until the fourth or fifth day from this date :
For I advance to free these walls from foes,
Whom thou shalt quickly see succumb to fate.”
This is the secret which the writing shows
Cypher'd in letters of a foreign state,
And trusted to the porter of the air ;
Such couriers in the East were then not rare.

LIII.

The Prince then liberates the dove ; and she,
Who had reveal'd what she was taught to hide,
Deeming herself a rebel dar'd not flee
Back to her lord, a messenger ill-tried.
But the grand Chief call'd those of less degree
And show'd to them the scroll, and thus he cried :
“ See how His Providence who from pole to pole
Is Lord of heav'n, reveals to us the whole.

LIV.

" This is no time to loiter, to retard.

A new broad road may now be well supplied,
And neither let fatigue nor sweat be spar'd

To pass the rocks upon the southern side.

To make a pathway there for arms is hard,

But possible ; the steps I have espied :

And sure the wall which is secur'd by site

Is furnish'd less with arms and works of might.

LV.

" A force with thee, good Raymond, at their head

To storm the wall there with machines shall wend ;
While the grand body of my force is sped

To where the northern gate and walls extend ;

So that the foe may see it, and, misled,

Expect our greater onset at that end.

Then shall my mighty tow'r, soon roll'd afar,

Move somewhat off, and elsewhere bear the war.

LVI.

" Camillus, thou at the same time shalt guide

Near me the third of the great towers now wrought."

He ceas'd ; and Raymond, seated at his side,

And, while he had been speaking, fix'd in thought,
Exclaim'd : " The' advice which Godfrey has supplied

Cannot be added to, nor shorn in aught.

I but commend besides that one be sent

To spy into the hostile camp's intent ;

LVII.

" And of its purpose and its force to' inquire,

Far as he can, and certain truth disclose."

Prince Tancred then subjoin'd : " I have a squire

Whom for this office I may well propose :

One prompt and wise, whose feet will never tire ;

Bold, but his boldness with discretion goes :

Who speaks in many tongues, and feigns a tone,

And apes a bearing, which are not his own."

LVIII.

He came when call'd : and after he had heard

What Godfrey wish'd, and his own lord, then nigh,

He rais'd his face in laughter, and concurr'd

At once in all, and said : " Now, now I hie.

Soon will I be where'er yon camp shall gird

Its tents with trench, an unsuspected spy :

Into that trench at midday will I speed,

And number every man and every steed.

LIX.

“What, and how great, the host is shall be view’d
And told you ; what too is the leader’s quest.
I boast me to find out his inmost mood,
And drag the secret counsels from his breast.”
Thus spake Vafrine, nor idle long he stood,
But chang’d his doublet for a longer vest,
And now he laid his neck all bare, and now
Remov’d the twisted folds from round his brow.

LX.

He dons the Syrian bow and arrowy quire,
And all his gestures breathe a barbarous style.
And then he speaks, and those who hear admire
In various tongues his fluency and guile.
Phœnicians take him for a man of Tyre ;
Egyptians for a native from the Nile.
He mounts him on a steed which in the race
Scarce prints upon the softest sand a trace.

LXI.

But the Franks, ere the third day had begun,
Had level’d down the steep and broken ways ;
And the’ instruments by that time too were done ;
For ever they toil’d on with no delays ;
Nor only wrought they lighted by the sun,
But at night also by the torches’ rays :
And nothing more retards them at this hour
From acting with th’ extreme of all their pow’r.

LXII.

Much of the day before th’ assault begin
The Chieftain spends in pray’r, and to the priest
Bids that all others shall confess their sin,
And eat the bread of souls at the grand feast.
Machines and arms then shows he with more din
And number where he thinks to use them least :
And the deluded Pagan grows elate
Because he sees assail’d the guarded gate.

LXIII.

Soon as the depth of night begins to lower
The agile vast machine is mov’d and sent
To where the wall curves least and has least power,
Presenting no part angular or bent.
And Raymond from the hill with his arm’d tower
Also o’ertops the city’s whole extent :
Camillus his to that side has address’d
Which from the north turns somewhat to the west.

LXIV.

But when the sun's bright heralds were survey'd
 Illumining at morn the eastern space,
The Pagans knew, and they were much dismay'd,
 That the grand tower had left its wonted place ;
And other masses here and there array'd
 Against them, though till now unmark'd, they trace :
And countless catapults are also seen,
Balistæ, rams, and all kinds of machine.

LXV.

The crowd of Syrians were by no means slack
 In moving their defences, a huge load,
To where the Bouillon made the real attack,
 Far from the spot where first his threat was show'd.
But he, aware of having at his back
 Th' Egyptian host, e'en now had seiz'd the road ;
And, calling Guelph and the two Roberts near,
Exclaim'd : " Be arm'd on horseback at the rear :

LXVI.

" And be' it your charge that when I shall ascend
 Where yonder wall appears to be most frail,
No squadron while we are engag'd offend
 Our backs and bring us sudden war and bale."
He ceas'd : and from three sides already wend
 The three brave leaders horribly to' assail.
And from three sides the king moves up his pow'r,
Resuming arms, long quitted, in that hour.

LXVII.

Upon his body trembling now with years
 And heavy also from its natural weight,
He wraps his armour after long arrears
 Of idlesse, and seeks Raymond at the gate.
Solyman meets Godfrey, and Argante veers
 Tow'rd good Camillus, at whose side has fate
Brought Boemond's nephew, that he now may slay
The foe long ow'd to him in mortal fray.

LXVIII.

The archers here begin to ply their bows,
 And wing their mortal arms with venom stain'd,
And heav'n, as if with clouds 'twere shaded, grows
 All darken'd with the arrows which are rain'd.
But with more force come more ferocious blows
 From the machines which to the walls are train'd,
Whence huge and ponderous balls of marble reel,
And beams are launch'd with points incas'd in steel.

LXIX.

Like a dread thunderbolt each whirling stone,
When it strikes home, so crushes iron case
And members, that it rends not breath alone
And life, but shape, from body and from face.
A single wound stays not the lance when thrown ;
After the blow it speeds on in its race :
Enters on one side, through the other hies,
And flying leaves destruction as it flies.

LXX.

The Paynim host, however, never quails
For all this fury, but resists the foe.
Against the strokes they hang down linen bales
And other things which yield them to the blow.
Whatever falls on these, its impulse fails
To find resistance, and grows weak and slow.
They, where they see a crowd expos'd and nigh,
Send forth with flying arms a rough reply.

LXXI.

Yet notwithstanding this th' assailants all
In triple band keep moving up the height :
And some march under pentice on which fall
Thick show'rs of arrowy sleet with idle spite ;
And some push up the tow'rs to the high wall
Which thrusts them from itself with all its might.
Each tow'r attempts to launch its bridge, and now
The ram is butting with its iron brow.

LXXII.

Rinaldo stands irresolute meanwhile
Because that peril was not worth his care.
Poor honor seems it with the rest to toil
O'er common ways, and common danger share.
He looks around, and him can path beguile,
And that alone, at which the rest despair.
Where most secur'd and high the rampart towers
And stands in peace, will he essay his powers.

LXXIII.

And turning him to those who had own'd as guide
Till lately Dudon, an heroic train ;
" O shame to us that yonder wall," he cried,
" Mid all this war should still in peace remain.
All risks by valour may be safely tried ;
To the courageous every path is plain.
Move we the war then yonder, and oppose
Our shields in a dense tortoise to the blows."

LXXIV.

All of them clos'd at once at this command :
All of them rais'd the shield above the head,
And joining made an iron roof expand
To shelter them from tempest here so dread.
Drawn under cover that intrepid band
Moves rapidly, and nought arrests its tread ;
Because the solid tortoise wards off all
That topples down upon them from the wall.

LXXV.

They reach the wall, Rinaldo rears on high
A ladder with two hundred steps, and sways
The mass as lightly as one may descry
The wind bend down a little reed, or raise.
Now lance or beam, now rocks or columns fly
Down from above : and yet he nought delays ;
But, still unshaken, would speed on the more,
Though Ossa with Olympus tumbled o'er.

LXXVI.

Upon his back the darts and ruins rear
A forest ; on his shield a hill is strown.
With one hand now he shakes the rampart near,
One in defence is o'er his forehead thrown.
Th' example urges on each gallant fere
To desperate deeds ; and he mounts up alone ;
For many tread with him the steps elate ;
But not the same their prowess and their fate.

LXXVII.

One dies, another falls : he mounts the height
Sublime ; and these he cheers, and those he faces.
Now has he won so far with valorous might
That on the battlement his hand he places.
A crowd draws thither, strives to thrust, to smite,
To hurl him down, and yet not even chases.
Wonderful sight ! one warrior pois'd in air
Resists a legion on firm footing there.

LXXVIII.

Yes, he resists, moves on, and stronger grows,
And, as the palm is wont when press'd with weight,
His valour is the greater for their blows,
Becoming from oppression more elate.
And in the end he conquers all his foes,
And beats down all their spears, and all debate ;
And scales and tops the wall, and makes it clear
And safe for those who climb it in his rear.

LXXIX.

To Godfrey's youngest brother who was spent
Almost, and just upon the point to fall,
He stretch'd out his victorious hand, and lent
Him aid to mount the second on the wall.
Meanwhile elsewhere the Captain underwent
Fortunes that varied oft, but perilous all ;
For not 'twixt men alone the fight was keen,
But there machine, too, battled with machine.

LXXX.

The Syrians to the topmost heights had slung
What had been a ship's mast in other days ;
And o'er it crosswise a huge beam is hung
With head of steel made rough to strike and graze ;
And this when by the cables backward swung
Returns, and with a dread momentum sways.
At times it enters tortoise-like its shell,
And forth at times its neck will it propel.

LXXXI.

The huge beam butted ; and so hard the blows
Upon th' opposing tow'r redoubling strook,
That gradually they loos'd and made unclose
Its joints once firm, and thrust it back, and shook.
The tow'r was arm'd with weapons to oppose
Such peril, and two great scythes from out a nook
Against the beam were made with art to fly,
And cut the ropes by which 'twas pois'd on high.

LXXXII.

As a huge crag which angry whirlwind brushes
From mountain top, or old age has untied,
Falls headlong down, and carries off and crushes
The woods with cots and herds in ruin wide ;
So from the dizzy height the dread beam rushes
With battlements, and arms, and men beside.
The tow'r nods once and twice at the loud sound,
The ramparts tremble, and the hills rebound.

LXXXIII.

The conquering Godfrey presses on still more,
And deems he now can occupy the wall :
But fetid flames with smoke are darted o'er
And wrap the Christians in a blazing pall.
Not Mongibello ever flung such store
Of reeking fires from out its sulphurous hall :
Nor Indian skies could ever yet dispense
Such burning mists in summer most intense.

LXXXIV.

Vases and rings and burning darts are cast ;
Here gloomy, and there bloody, flame offends.
The odour chokes ; the roar stuns, and the blast ;
The vapour blinds ; and the fire burns and blends.
The wet skin will be ill defence at last
For the tall tow'r, and scarcely now defends ;
Now it exudes and crisps, and all discern
That soon, if Heav'n defer its aid, 'twill burn.

LXXXV.

In front the generous Chieftain was descried,
Nor did he change his station or his hue ;
But cheer'd on those who pour'd out o'er the dried
And scorching skins the ready-hoarded dew.
The water had so copiously been plied,
That now the stores remaining were but few,
When, unforeseen, behold a wind awoke
And 'gainst its authors roll'd the fiery smoke.

LXXXVI.

The whirlwind meets the fire, which being roll'd
Back tow'rd the Pagan bales of linen sere,
Seizes them with a fury uncontrol'd,
And burns up all of such defensive gear.
O ! glorious Chief, who, howsoever bold,
Art guarded still by God, to God art dear !
Heav'n wars for thee, and at thy trumpet's cry
Th' obedient winds come trooping from the sky.

LXXXVII.

The wretch Ismene who saw the sulphurous flame
By Boreas turn'd against him to his bale,
Would re-attempt his treacherous arts, and aim
To master nature and the adverse gale :
And seen by all upon the height he came
Betwixt a pair of minist'ring witches pale ;
Grim, black, and squalid, and with shaggy beard,
Like Pluto 'twixt two Furies he appear'd.

LXXXVIII.

E'en now had Phlegethon and Cocytus whirl'd
In terror at his murmur'd sounds accurst ;
E'en now the air grew dark, and in the curl'd
And gloomy clouds the sun was all immers'd :
When from the lofty-soaring mass was hurl'd
A mighty stone, part of a mountain erst,
Which struck them so that in one gory flood
Are crush'd together all their bones and blood.

LXXXIX.

In this way their iniquitous heads were strown

In small and bloody pieces on the ground,

So that beneath the ponderous rough stone

The beaten grain so fine is rarely found.

The three malignant spirits with a groan

Left the calm air and Heav'n's illumin'd bound,

And flitted to the impious shades of Hell.

Hence learn, O mortals, true religion well.

XC.

Meanwhile the tow'r, to which the wind supplies

A safeguard from the darted flame and ball,

So near the city draws, that now it plies

Its bridge and plants it firmly on the wall.

But Solyman, intrepid thither, hies

To cut the narrow pass, and make it fall,

And heaps his blows, and had successful been,

But suddenly another tow'r is seen.

XCI.

The mighty mass increasing seems to soar

Above the loftiest piles however vast.

The Paynims awe-struck at the sight, give o'er,

Seeing their city over-topt at last.

But the fierce Turk, though clouds of missiles pour

Upon him at his post, still holds there fast,

Nor yet despairs to cut the bridge away,

And cheers and rates the timid to the fray.

XCII.

The angel Michael then amid the stour

To Godfrey, but none else, appear'd on high,

Girt with celestial arms, whose dazzling pow'r

Had quench'd the sun though in a cloudless sky.

"Lo," said he, "Godfrey, is arriv'd the hour

When Sion shall escape from slav'ry's tie.

Bend not, O bend not down thine eyes dismay'd ;

See with what forces Heav'n bestows thee aid.

XCIII.

"Direct thine eyes to look at yon immense

Immortal army in the air array'd ;

For I will take from thee the cloud so dense

Of thy humanity which with its shade

Envelopes and bedims the mortal sense ;

So that the spirits shall naked be survey'd,

And thou sustain the rays for a brief space

Of those angelic forms in all their grace.

XCIV.

"The souls of those who fought for Christ attend
Above there, now made citizens of the skies;
These fight with thee, and find them at the end
And crowning point of this renown'd emprise.
There where the waving dust and vapour blend,
And where the lofty piles of ruin rise,
Mid yon thick cloud Hugo puts forth his powers
And beats at the foundations of the towers.

XCV.

"See there how Dudon with his weapon shears
The northern gate, and wheels the flame in air:
Supplies the combatants with arms, and cheers
The rest to mount, and holds the ladder fair.
There on the hill in sacred vest appears,
With sacerdotal crown around his hair,
The pastor Ademar, pure soul divine,
Lo, still he blesses you, and shapes the sign.

XCVI.

"Lift higher up thy daring eyes and view
The whole majestic host of Heav'n combin'd."
He rais'd his glance and in one mass there flew
Innumerable armies on the wind:
Three crowded squadrons; and each squadron drew
Itself into three ranks in curves defin'd;
But the' outer circles were the more increas'd
In numbers, and the inner were the least.

XCVII.

Here sank his vanquish'd eyes; and when his sight
Return'd, he saw no more that mighty show;
But, marking every where his army's plight,
Perceiv'd that victory guided every blow.
Behind Rinaldo many a famous knight
Clomb up; he, up already, slew the foe.
The Chief, who seem'd inactive now to stand,
Pluck'd the great standard from its bearer's hand.

XCVIII.

And first pass'd o'er the bridge: in threatening guise
To stop his path the Soldan's form arose.
A narrow passage ample field supplies
For boundless valour shown in a few blows.
"My life I offer up," the Soldan cries,
"To save the lives of others; wherefore close
Behind me, friends, and cut the bridge away,
For here do I abide no easy prey."

XCIX.

But thither he perceiv'd Rinaldo tend

With dreadful face before which none remain.

"What shall I do? If here my life I spend,
I spend and lose it," cried he, "quite in vain."
And planning new defences, in the end

He left the chief free passage o'er the lane,
Who threat'ning follow'd him, and on the wall
Planted the standard of the Cross o'er all.

C.

The conquering ensign proudly seems to veer

Around and in a thousand folds to sway :

And all the gales which breathe on it appear

More reverent ; o'er it brighter shines the day ;
Each arrow launch'd against it and each spear

With awe stops short of it, or turns away :
Glad Sion seems to worship it, and now
The mountain opposite to bend its brow.

CI.

Then all the squadrons raise the joyful cry

Of victory, and to the mighty chime |

The hills resound, and oft and oft reply.

And Tancred almost at that point of time
Breaks through and conquers all defences nigh,

Spite of Argante's valour, though sublime ;
And, launching forth his bridge with trifling loss
Leaps to the wall and rears on it the Cross.

CII.

But tow'rd the southern wall where Raymond hoar

Encounters gallantly the Syrian king,

The Gascon warriors have not yet flung o'er

From tow'r to city the connecting wing,

The king being aided by his choicest corps

Who obstinate to their defences cling ;
And though the wall there be less firm, yet still
'Tis more protected by mechanic skill.

CIII.

Besides that o'er a path less smooth and trite

Than elsewhere the grand mass must needs career :

And art could not effect that in the site

No trace of its rough nature should appear.

Meanwhile the lofty sounds of victory smite

On the defenders and the Gascon's ear ;

And warn the Tolosan and Tyrant too

That tow'rd the plain the city is won through.

CIV.

Whence to his troops ; " The city now is ta'en,
O friends, in other quarters," Raymond cries ;
" Resists it, then, when won ? Must we remain
Alone no sharers in the great emprise ?"
But the king yielding, since it were in vain
To hold that portion, to another flies,
A spot rais'd high, and made extremely strong,
Where hopes he to ward off th' assailant long.

CV.

Then enter'd all the victor camp in haste
Nor through the walls alone, but gates, they plied ;
For open'd, batter'd, burnt, and made a waste
Is all of clos'd or strong which once defied.
The wrath of steel broke loose, and Death now pac'd
With Strife and Horror, comrades at his side.
The blood stood still in gory pools, and sped
In rivers fill'd with dying and with dead.

CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.

If, Tancred, the Circassian felt before
 Thy prowess, now it makes him bite the plain.
 But, if he fall, thou fallest, and no more
 Thy heart seems warm, thy feet their force retain.
 If thou arrive, Erminia, thou'lt deplore
 And cure at once him whom thou seest half-slain.
 And if thine arts, O Pagan, be complete,
 The Faithful know thine arts, and can defeat.

I.

DEATH, or design, or fear had now dispers'd
 The Pagan force, and all defence had wan'd ;
 And only at the walls, thus rent and burst,
 The obstinate Argante still remain'd.
 Intrepid and secure as at the first
 He fought on cheerly though by foes enchain'd.
 Far more than death he dreaded seeming flying,
 And fain would look unvanquish'd e'en in dying.

II.

But more than all the rest resolv'd and stern
 Came Tancred, striking him with deadly aim.
 Quick was the fierce Circassian to discern
 By his mien, his acts, his arms well known to fame,
 That former foe who promis'd to return
 When six days had elaps'd, yet never came ;
 Hence cried he : " Tancred, is it thus thy plight
 Is kept to me ? Resum'st thou thus the fight ?

III.

" Late thou resum'st it, nor alone ; yet still
 I wait thee, and will re-essay thee here ;
 Though not with knightly but mechanic skill
 Thou com'st against me like an engineer.
 Beshield thee with thy troops ; find out at will
 Fresh instruments of war, and unknown gear ;
 For thou shalt not scape death from this my hand,
 O slayer of the dames, renown'd and grand."

IV.

Good Tancred smil'd a smile of huge disdain,
And then in haughtiest accents he replied :
"Late is my coming, but thou wilt maintain
Ere long 'tis hasty, spite of all thy pride,
And wish me sever'd from thee by a chain
Of towering Alps, or by an ocean wide ;
And thou shalt see by trial that nor fear,
Nor villainy, have plac'd me in arrear.

V.

"Come thou aside then, thou whose chivalry
Slays giants only and heroes ; here at hand
Thee does the slayer of the dames defy."
So speaks he, and then turns him to his band,
And cries, as he puts all assailants by,
"Cease to molest him now at my command ;
For this is mine, and not the common foe,
And him on me long standing ties bestow."

VI.

"Come down alone now, or with others' aid,
E'en as thou wilt," th' Egyptian fierce replies :
"Go to a crowded spot, or desert glade,
I quit thee not for odds, nor dark surmise."
The haughty challenge having thus been made,
They move to the grand strife in tranquil guise.
Hate goes with both of them, and rancour warm
Makes one foe guard the other foe from harm.

VII.

Grand zeal for honor, and a grand desire
Has Tancred for the Pagan's blood in war :
Nor deems that he can sate his thirsty ire
If other hand than his inflict a scar.
He screens him with his shield : "Strike not, retire,"
He cries to whom he meets while yet afar ;
So that he draws his foe, mid friends in swarms,
Secure from their enrag'd and conquering arms.

VIII.

They issue from the city, and leave behind
The Frank encampment throng'd with many a tent ;
And enter a dark pathway seen to wind
Far onward and circuitously bent ;
And lying amid several hills they find
A shady narrow vale, shap'd as if meant
To be a theatre, or one had suppos'd
For chase or war such might have been enclos'd.

IX.

Both halt here ; and Argante, yet suspense,
Turn'd him to where th' afflicted city lay.
Tancred perceives the Pagan lack defence
Of shield, and throws his own at once away :
Then says to him : " What thought absorbs thy sense ?
Deem'st thou that this is thine appointed day ?
If scar'd thou stand, foreseeing this thy fate,
Inopportune thy fear is, and too late."

X.

" My thoughts," he said, " tow'rd yonder city strain,
Judæa's ancient queenly capital ;
I think 'tis lost, and I have striven in vain
To be the prop against its fatal fall ;
And that the vengeance given to my disdain
By Heav'n upon thy head will be but small."
He ceas'd : and forward cautiously they go,
For each well knows the prowess of his foe.

XI.

Tancred is nimble in his frame, and light,
And wonderfully swift with hands and feet.
Argante tow'rs above him much in height,
And none with him in size of limb compete.
Tancred is bent, and gathers up his might
To make his onward rush, and to retreat ;
And with his sword he feels the hostile sword.
And uses every art to foil and ward.

XII.

Extended and erect, Argante shows
Like art, but with a bearing not the same :
Far forth as possible his great arm goes,
Nor seeks his foeman's weapon, but his frame.
That one makes ever new attempts to close :
This at the face points constantly his aim,
And threatens, and stands eager to prevent
The stealthy close, and lunge suddenly sent.

XIII.

Thus a sea fight, when hush'd are all the gales,
Betwixt two vessels, an unequal pair,
Is render'd equal, for the one prevails
In height and one in speed beyond compare :
One, turning and returning oft, assails
The prow, the stern ; one stands unmoving there,
And when the slighter one approaches nigh
From highly soaring deck threats ruin high.

XIV.

While to avoid the steel which he descries
Opposing him, the Latin cedes the sword,
Argante shakes the blade and at his eyes
Presents the point: he takes him to his guard;
But then so rapidly the Pagan hies
To swing the blow, that it outruns all ward,
And strikes the side; and seeing the side soil'd,
He cries aloud: "Behold the foiler foil'd!"

XV.

Betwixt disdain and shame is Tancred sway'd,
And lets at once his wonted caution go;
And grasps at his revenge, as if he weigh'd
As merely loss a victory so slow:
The taunt he answers only with his blade,
And aims against the helm a mighty blow.
Argante wards it; and with daring strength
Tancred has sprung within a half sword's length.

XVI.

And then his left foot makes a rapid stride;
His left hand seizes the right arm on high;
Meanwhile his better hand on the right side
Is making the most deadly stabs from nigh.
"This to the conquering master," thus he cried,
"The conquer'd foiler renders in reply."
The Paynim twists and shakes him in a storm,
But cannot extricate th' imprison'd arm.

XVII.

Letting the sword at last swing by its chain
Himself upon th' Italian knight he flung.
The same did Tancred; and with mighty strain
One trod the other, one to the' other clung.
Nor with more force from off the sandy plain
The giant in Alcides' grasp was hung,
Than that with which in everchanging guise
Their nervous arms now made tenacious ties.

XVIII.

Entwin'd and shaken with a force so great,
Down on their sides at once to earth they go.
Argante, were it art, or kinder fate,
The right arm has above, the left below:
But the Frank warrior cannot extricate
The hand best fitted to inflict the blow;
Whence, seeing himself at disadvantage put,
He disentangles him, and springs on foot.

XIX.

The Saracen lifts him later ; and before

Well lifted, him a mighty cut surprises :

But as the pine bends down to the wind's roar

Its leafy top, and in an instant rises ;

So does his valour make him rise and soar

When most of all struck down as one surmises.

And now alternate blows once more are sped :

The combat has less art, and grows more dread.

XX.

In several points the blood from Tancred flows ;

But from the Pagan is a torrent rain'd :

With lessen'd force his rage now languid grows

Like flame with aliment but ill sustain'd.

Tancred who saw him slowly wield his blows

With arm from which the vital pow'r is drain'd,

Quenches in his great heart its former fires,

And calmly speaks him thus, as he retires :

XXI.

" Yield thee, brave man ; or recognize in me

Thy conqueror, or recognize thy fate :

I seek no triumph from thee and no fee ;

Nor claim I o'er thee any pow'r or state."

The Pagan, fierce to an unknown degree,

Wakens and draws together all his hate.

He answers : " Vauntest thou thy better case ?

And dar'st thou tempt Argante with disgrace ?

XXII.

" Use thou thy fortune ; for I feel no dread,

Nor will I fail thy folly to requite."

As will a torch at last, ere life be fled,

Blaze with new force and die in brilliant light,

So, filling up with rage his blood half shed,

Did he invigorate his waning might ;

And would illuminate and render grand

The hours of death which now seem'd near at hand.

XXIII.

He lifts his left hand to its comrade's side

And with the two combin'd lets fall a blow,

Which though it feel the hostile blade applied

To parry, beats it off, nor stays e'en so,

But, dropping to the shoulder, opens wide

From rib to rib in one wound a whole row.

If Tancred fears not, Nature made, tis 'clear,

His daring breast incapable of fear.

XXIV.

He doubles the dread blow ; and on the breeze
His fury and his force are vainly laid :
For Tancred, watching for the stroke, foresees
Its coming force, and springs back from the blade.
Thou, dragg'd by thine own weight, on chin and knees
Fell'st down, Argante, nor thyself could'st aid.
Thou fell'st by thine own action, blest so far
That none could boast to hurl thee down in war.

XXV.

His falling made the gaping wounds ope wide,
And the press'd blood descended in a rill.
He plac'd his left hand on the ground and tried,
Erected on one knee, to fight on still.
“Yield thee,” once more the courteous victor cried,
And pausing made fresh offers of good will.
Meanwhile his blade by stealth the other flung
And clave his heel ; and threats came from his tongue.

XXVI.

Then Tancred cried, urg'd on by fury's flame,
“Felon, abusest thou my pity so ?”
Then thrust and re-thrust with unerring aim
His sword into the bowels of his foe.
Argante died ; in death and life the same ;
With threats he died, nor did he languid grow.
Haughty and formidable and fierce were shown
His latest gesture and his latest tone.

XXVII.

Tancred replac'd his sword ; and then, devout,
Thank'd Heav'n for the triumphal grace bestow'd.
But almost had that victory worn out
The victor's force, his blood so largely flow'd.
And with that waning force much does he doubt
If he can bear the motion o'er the road :
Yet he sets out, and, moving pace by pace,
His weary feet their former path retrace.

XXVIII.

No further can he drag his limbs so weak ;
And still the more he strives, the worse the pain :
Whence on the ground he sits, and lays his cheek
On his right hand which trembles like a cane.
His eyes in vain the whirling objects seek ;
And day to him in darkness ends its reign.
At last he faints, and scarce can one descry
The victor from the vanquish'd where they lie.

XXIX.

While here the single war had been pursued
With so much heat which private cause had bred,
The victors' ire ran over and was strew'd
Through Sion on the guilty people's head.
What pen was ever yet with pow'r endued
To sketch the images of woe and dread
In that beleaguer'd land? What tongue could sound
The fierce and mournful spectacle around?

XXX.

Fell slaughter reigns throughout, and bodies rest
In heaps and mountains pil'd, and in one lair
The wounded on the slain lie here, and, press'd
By tombless dead, the faint entomb'd lie there.
The wailing mothers folding to the breast
Their babes are flying with dishevel'd hair ;
And the strong spoiler loaded with his spoil
Drags by her locks the virgin o'er the soil.

XXXI.

But through the streets which from the west uprose
To the' utmost height where the grand Temple is
All horrid and bedew'd with blood from foes, [plac'd,
Rinaldo rush'd, and th' impious people chas'd.
The generous one inflicted cruel blows
With slaughtering force on heads in armour cas'd.
Frail shelter now was every helm and shield ;
Here 'twas defence to have no arms to wield.

XXXII.

He uses noble steel on steel alone,
And on the weak disdains to vent his fire ;
And swiftly with a glance, or dreadful tone,
He makes the timid and unarm'd retire.
From valour's pow'r what strange effects are shown !
How now he scorns, now threats, now smites with ire :
How with unequal risk are put to rout
Equally those with arms, and those without!

XXXIII.

A troop not small, of warriors the most bold,
With crowds of weak ones, to that Temple are gone
Still call'd, though burnt oft and re-built of old,
From the great founder's name, of Solomon ;
By whom 'twas at the first enrich'd with gold,
With cedar, and with fairest kinds of stone :
Less rich 'tis now, but still its strength is great
With many a lofty tow'r and iron gate.

XXXIV.

Th' illustrious knight having arriv'd where these
Had gain'd a broad and lofty place of might,
Finds every gate there clos'd, and also sees
Much of defence prepar'd upon the height.
He lifts his dreadful glance, and twice from frieze
To basement scans the whole with piercing sight,
Seeking a narrow pass ; and twice around
The spacious pile his nimble footsteps bound.

XXXV.

As prowls the robber wolf when day is past
Around the guarded fold with treacherous sweep ;
His greedy jaws are dry and from long fast
His native hatred and his rage are deep :
So all around his searching looks are cast
To find some entrance over smooth or steep.
At last he stops in the large square, and they
On high expect his onset with dismay.

XXXVI.

There lay apart, whate'er the' intention true
For which 'twas kept, a beam whose length was great :
Nor yard so tall and stout did ever crew
Stretch over Genoan ship of largest freight.
This to the mighty portal the knight drew
With hand which felt not the most ponderous weight :
And, poising it as when a lance is cast,
He thrust it forth impetuous and vast.

XXXVII.

No stone nor steel could bear a stroke so hard,
Repeated too more fiercely than before.
The sounding hinges from the stone were jarr'd,
The bolts were burst, and the gates toppled o'er.
Not e'en the ram had boasted, nor bombard,
The thunderbolt of death, to' accomplish more.
Crowds through the path laid open surge along
In torrents, and the victor aids the throng.

XXXVIII.

Dread slaughter fills with darkness and with woe
The lofty house which was the house of God.
O ! Heav'nly justice, the less swift the blow,
The heavier on the guilty falls thy rod !
Wak'd by thy foresight, gentle bosoms grow
Resentful, and turn cruel at thy nod.
With his own blood the impious Pagan stained
That Temple which before he had profaned.

XXXIX.

But Solyman meanwhile hied tow'rd the tower
Stupendous, which from David takes its name ;
And hither drew the remnant of their power,
And barr'd each path against the foeman's aim.
The tyrant Aladine too sought that bower,
To whom the Soldan, seeing him as he came :
"Up, up ! O famous king ; and on this rock
Of mighty strength be safe from every shock.

XL.

"For hither from the rage and swords of all,
With life and sceptre sav'd, thou may'st retire."
"Alas !" he cries, "alas ! how city and wall
Are shaken to their base by barbarous ire ;
And my own life and our great empire fall !
I liv'd and reign'd ; now reign not, nor respire.
Well may we say : we were. To all is come
The latest hour, th' inevitable doom."

XLI.

"Where is thy valour, Sire, once nobly great ?"
The Soldan cried, giving his rage the reins.
"Though kingdoms pass from us through hostile fate
The kingly grace is ours, in us remains.
Hie thee within, and re-invigorate
Thy weary limbs oppress'd with years and pains."
He speaks, and makes the aged king retreat
Into that strongly barricaded seat.

XLII.

Then with two hands he grasps an iron mace,
Replacing his good sabre at his side,
And, standing at the pass with dauntless face
Defends the barrier from the Frankish tide.
The dreadful blows imprint a deadly trace ;
The least of them beats down, or sweeps aside.
All from the open square already fly
Where'er they see the horrid mace come nigh.

XLIII.

Lo, Raymond of Toulouse had hither sped,
Attended by a strong and resolute train.
The daring old man sprang upon the dead,
And held those mighty blows in much disdain.
He struck the first, but vainly, at the head ;
The second striker did not strike in vain,
But hit the brow and beat him down to earth
Supine and trembling, and with arms stretch'd forth.

XLIV.

At last the valour which their fear had quell'd
Resum'd e'en in the vanquish'd now its heat;
And the Frank victors either were repell'd,
Or kill'd upon the edge of that retreat.
But Solyman who mid the slain beheld
The half-dead leader lying at his feet,
Cried to his knights: "Draw this man to the rear
Within the bars, and keep him prisoner here."

XLV.

These move to execute the quick command,
But find a hard and perilous enterprise;
For Raymond is by none of his own band
Neglected; each one to defend him hies.
Here fury and there love fight hand to hand,
Nor mean in worth is the contested prize:
The liberty, the life of one so great
Call these to snatch him, those to' avert his fate.

XLVI.

Yet had the Soldan vanquish'd at the close,
So hotly to his dear revenge he rac'd.
For to his thundering mace 'twas vain to' oppose
The double shield, or choicest helm have brac'd:
But he saw fresh and grave aid to his foes
Arriving from this side and that in haste;
For by two paths which into one unite
Arrive the sov'reign Chief, and the grand knight.

XLVII.

As the good shepherd when winds roar around,
And lightnings flash, and thunderclaps have peal'd,
Seeing the day in clouds and darkness drown'd,
Withdraws his flock out of the open field,
And anxious looks if shelter may be found
Against the wrath which Heav'n has thus reveal'd:
He, guiding on the flocks with crook and call
Before him, comes behind the last of all:

XLVIII.

Thus Solyman who heard now more and more
The coming of that fatal whirlwind blast,
Which smote the skies with its tremendous roar,
Cumb'ring with arms each spot o'er which it pass'd,
Sends on the safely guarded troops before
To the grand tow'r, and he remains the last;
The last departs; and yields him so to force
As to seem brave with provident resource.

XLIX.

Scarce were they shelter'd with successful aim
Inside the gates, and these were safely chained,
When, having burst the bars, Rinaldo came
Up to the threshold, nor e'en there was reined.
Him strong desire to conquer one whose fame
Had not an equal, and his oath, constrained ;
For he forgot not he had vow'd to kill
Him who had wrought the Dane that mortal ill :

L.

And even then, unus'd to all defeat,
His hand had tried th' impenetrable mure,
Nor had, perchance, the Soldan in that seat
Remain'd from his great fatal foe secure ;
But now the Captain orders a retreat ;
And now the whole horizon is obscure.
Godfrey reposes on the ground intent
On fresh assault when the dark hours are spent.

LL.

With mien most joyous to his own he cries :
“ Our Christian warfare the great God has bless'd :
The greatest feat is done ; a small emprise
Awaits us, and no fears henceforth molest.
The last sad hope on which the foe relies,
Yon tow'r, when day shall dawn we will invest :
Meanwhile compassion calls us forth to tend
With anxious love each sick and wounded friend.

LII.

“ Go comfort those who, now in helpless plight,
Won with their blood the city which we hold.
This better far becomes each Christian knight
Than a desire for vengeance, or for gold.
Ah, too much slaughter meets e'en now the sight,
The thirst for prey has been too uncontrol'd.
No further rage nor pillage shall there be :
Now let the trumpets publish my decree.”

LIII.

He ceas'd and then betook him where the Count
Recover'd from the blow, still felt its dole.
Nor spake the Soldan with less daring front,
While he compress'd the grief within his soul :
“ O comrades, still in spite of fortune's brunt
Our flow'r of hope is flourishing and whole ;
For under the deep semblance of a cross,
Which much deceives, this day lies little loss.

LIV.

“ The walls and roofs alone, and humble crew,
Have yet been won, the city is not ta'en ;
For in the king's head, in your bosoms true,
And in your hands the city doth remain.
I see the king safe ; safe his choicer few ;
I see tall ramparts lift us from the plain.
Let the Franks triumph o'er the land we cast
Away from us ; they'll lose the war at last.

LV.

“ And sure am I they'll lose at last, for flush'd
With insolence in this their prosperous day,
To murder and to rapine have they rush'd,
And foul embraces in the open way.
And they with ease will be oppress'd and crush'd
Mid ruins, mid their passions, and their prey,
If in such outrage ever shall appear
Th' Egyptian host ; and it must now be near.

LVI.

“ Meanwhile our stones and missiles hence expose
The city's tallest heights to certain doom ;
And hence will our machines deprive our foes
Of every pathway leading to the Tomb.”
Thus vigour into weary hearts he throws,
And in the' unfortunate makes hope re-bloom.
Now while such scenes are on this spot display'd
Through myriads of arm'd bands Vafrine had stray'd.

LVII.

Elected as a spy on the' adverse host
When day had now declin'd, Vafrine had gone :
And hied through an obscure and lonely coast,
A traveller nocturnal and alone.
He pass'd by Ascalon's defended post
Ere morn from th' Eastern balcony had shone.
Then when the solar lamp had reach'd its height
The enemy's strong encampment came in sight.

LVIII.

He saw there countless tents and waving high
Pennons of blue, of yellow, and of grey :
And heard so many tongues discordant ply,
So many barbarous drums and trumpets play,
And elephants and camels raise their cry,
And all around them generous horses neigh,
That, “ Hither Afric,” in himself he said,
“ And hither all of Asia has been led.”

LIX.

To note how strong the site is he delays
One moment, and what trench around it lies :
Then he attempts no furtive tortuous ways,
Nor hides him from the frequent people's eyes,
But, moving straight to where the portals raise
Their regal front, now questions, now replies.
To questions, to replies, prompt and astute,
He joins a brave and cheerful brow to suit.

LX.

Something from every quarter he acquires,
And threads the ways, the squares, the tents by turns.
He marks the knights, the steeds, and their attires ;
Observes their arts and rank ; their names he learns :
Nor yet content, to greater things aspires :
Spies their occult designs, and part discerns.
So dextrously and smoothly moves he round
That access to the sov'reign tent is found.

LXI.

He sees a rent there in the canvas' face,
Through which the voice may pass, the sight may
Which opens just into the inner space [glide,
Of all which is th' abode of regal pride ;
So that it keeps the secrets of the place
But ill from one who listens from outside.
Vafrine here spies, as if his thoughts were bent
Elsewhere, and 'twere his task to mend the tent.

LXII.

The Captain stands with a bare head reveal'd ;
And o'er his mail a purple robe is seen.
Far off two pages have his helm and shield ;
He holds a spear on which he seems to lean.
He looks at one with limbs in armour steel'd,
Brawny and tall, of stern and cruel mien.
Vafrine becomes intent, for soon he hears
The name of Godfrey, and erects his ears.

LXIII.

The Chief speaks to him : " Then in this affair
Thou canst ensure us Godfrey's death indeed ?"
The man replies : " I can : in court I swear
Not to return unless I shall succeed.
I will forestall the whole of those who share
The plot with me, and ask no other meed
Save to erect in Cairo a fair pile
For trophied arms, and write this on the style :

LXIV.

"These arms in mortal combat Ormond wrung
From the Frank Chief who ravag'd Asia's plain,
What time he wrung his life ; here are they hung
A record of the deed while time shall reign."
"The courteous king," replied the other's tongue,
"Unhonor'd will not let that deed remain ;
What thou demandest he will soon accord ;
But it shall be conjoin'd with high reward.

LXV.

"To make the false arms let the men be stirr'd,
For now the day of battle near we see."
"These," answer'd he, "are made." Having conferr'd
Together thus, the leader ceas'd and he.
Vafrine remain'd at the grand things he heard
Suspense and doubtful ; and long mentally
Revolv'd what plots, and what false arms were plann'd,
Nor all the mystery could he understand.

LXVI.

Then did he quit, and all that night remain
Awake, not willing that his eyes should close.
But when the camp at early dawn again
Unfurl'd its banners to the gales that rose,
He march'd too with the' other people in train ;
He halted too, where the others sought repose ;
And yet he still return'd from tent to tent
To hear aught that might tell of what was meant.

LXVII.

He finds upon a seat uprais'd and grand
Armida with her knights and ladies round.
She sighs and heeds not that devoted band,
But seemingly in her own thoughts is drown'd.
She leans her cheek upon her ivory hand
And bends those amorous stars upon the ground.
We know not if she weep, or no, yet view
Her eyes all moist, and charg'd with pearls of dew.

LXVIII.

Adrastus opposite her seats him stern,
Moves not an eyelid, seems not to respire,
So much does he still hang on her and yearn
To feed upon her looks his gaunt desire.
But Tisaphernes, marking each in turn,
Is now admiring, flaming now with ire ;
And o'er his changing features now there reign
The hues of love, now those of fierce disdain.

LXIX.

Then views he Altamore who had ta'en a place

Encircled by the maidens there apart.

He lets not his loose passions freely race,

But wheels about his greedy eyes with art ;

Now marks her hand, and now her lovely face ;

Now lays a snare for some more guarded part,

And glides in where the heedless veil displays

Between her breasts the most secluded ways.

LXX.

At last Armida lifts her sparkling eyes,

And her fair front grows somewhat more serene,

And suddenly amid the cloud of sighs

A sweet smile opes and flashes on the scene.

" Calling to mind your vaunt, O Sire," she cries,

" My soul must needs diminish its chagrin ;

For shortly it expects revenge complete ;

And wrath expecting its revenge is sweet."

LXXI.

" Ah smooth thy sorrowing brow," the Indian said,

" I do entreat by Heav'n, and calm thy woe ;

For soon shall that Rinaldo's impious head,

Dissever'd, at thy feet be lying low ;

Or by this vengeful hand shall he be led

A prisoner hither, if thou wish it so."

Thus did he swear. The other who hears all

Says not a word, but gnaws his heart in gall.

LXXII.

Turning to Tisaphernes with delight,

" What, Sire, say'st thou ?" she added. He replied

Tauntingly : " I, who am but slow in fight,

Follow the valour afar off descried

Of this thy terrible and gallant knight."

Bitterly with these words he gall'd his pride.

The Indian then resum'd : " 'Tis well for thee

To follow afar, and fear to rival me."

LXXIII.

Said Tisaphernes while his proud head sway'd :

" Would I were lord of mine own wishes here,

And had unfetter'd empire o'er this blade !

For then which is the slower would appear.

Me, savage, thy grand vaunts have not dismay'd,

'Tis Heav'n and hostile love which make me fear."

He ceas'd : Adrastus to defy him rose ;

Armida stopt this, quick to interpose.

LXXIV.

She said : " O cavaliers, why thus reclaim
The gift ye oft have boasted to bestow ?
Ye are my champions, and this very name
Should make your mutual anger cease to glow.
Who quarrels, 'tis with me : whoe'er shall aim
An insult, I am hurt : and this ye know."
Thus speaking, she makes concord, and controls
Under an iron yoke discordant souls.

LXXV.

Vafrine is present, and gives heed to all ;
And culling out the truth he moves away.
He spies a deep-laid plot beneath a pall
Of silence, and from this there comes no ray.
Sometimes he asks of it with caution small,
And the desire increases from delay :
Either to die there is his mind resolv'd,
Or bear off the great secret thus involv'd.

LXXVI.

A thousand ways of which none else would dream,
A thousand unaccustom'd frauds he tries :
Yet still the arms and method of the scheme
So darkly hid escape his piercing eyes.
Fortune at last, when hope had ceas'd to gleam,
Unties the knot of his perplexities ;
So that he can distinctly understand
What snares against the pious Chief are plann'd.

LXXVII.

He had gone back again to where still stay'd,
Seated among her knights, the love-sick foe ;
For there he deem'd his search would most have aid,
Where people of all ranks came to and fro.
Here then did he address him to a maid
As if acquainted with her long ago ;
As if their friendship sprang from ancient source :
And spake with her in affable discourse.

LXXVIII.

He said to her as if in jest : " I too
Would be the champion of some fair 'mong these ;
And with my sword I think that I could hew
Rinaldo's head, or Bouillon's, off with ease.
Ask of me, if thou wish such toy to view,
Some barbarous baron's head, whiche'er thou please."
Thus he begins, and means ere much has pass'd,
To turn the jest to graver theme at last.

LXXIX.

But saying this, he smil'd, and thus express'd
A natural look which he forgot to hide.
Another just arriving on some hest
Heard him, and gaz'd, and came up to his side.
"I mean," she said, "to steal thee from the rest ;
Nor shall thy love unworthily be employ'd.
I choose thee for my champion ; and thine ear
I ask apart, as mine own cavalier."

LXXX.

She drew him then aside, and said : "Vafrine,
I know thee well ; and thou, too, should'st know me."
The crafty squire felt in his heart chagrin,
Yet turn'd him tow'rd her with a smile of glee :
"Far as I know, thy face I ne'er have seen ;
And yet 'tis one which all must wish to see :
This know I well, my name is diff'rent quite
From that by which thou deem'st me to be hight.

LXXXI.

"Me where Biserta's genial plains extend
Lesbina bare, and nam'd me Almanzore."
"Tuscan," she said, "I know from end to end
Thy story, yet will not bring forth my lore.
Hide not thyself from me who am thy friend,
And for thy good would venture loss, yea more.
Erminia, I, to whom a throne was due,
Servant to Tancred erst, as thou wert too.

LXXXII.

"Under thy charge two joyful months I lay
A pitied prisoner in sweet prisoning cell,
Tended by thee in many a courteous way.
I am the same ; the very same : look well."
The squire, whose glances took a quick survey,
Recall'd the face adorn'd with beauty's spell.
"Thou'rt safe from me," once more she then begun :
"I swear it by this Heav'n and by this sun.

LXXXIII.

"Yea, I entreat thee, when thou shalt return,
To lead me back to my dear prison there :
Wretched ! in bitter liberty I mourn
The darksome day, and all night long despair.
And if here as a spy dost thou sojourn,
Then thou hast met with fortune high and rare :
From me shalt thou learn well the plots design'd,
And all which elsewhere thou canst hardly find."

LXXXIV.

So spake she ; and he silently gave heed ;
He thought upon Armida's guile and pride.
Woman's a garrulous treach'rous thing indeed,
Wills, and wills not ; in such but fools confide.
So thought he. " Now if thou wilt fain proceed,"
At last he said, " I will become thy guide.
Be this agreed and fix'd betwixt us two :
Reserve the rest till time more meet ensue."

LXXXV.

Speedily as they can they give the hest
To mount on saddle ere the camp arise.
Vafrine then quits the tent ; she to the rest
Returns, and stays awhile to baulk surmise.
Of her new champion she affects to jest,
And prattles, and then forth at last she hies :
Comes to the place prescrib'd, and joins him here ;
And then they speed to the' open country near.

LXXXVI.

Now had they reach'd a spot remote and lone,
And now the Saracen tents were lost to sight ;
When thus commenc'd he : " Prithee, now make known
What snares are for the life of Godfrey sight."
Then she unfolds the web which has been strown
Of that iniquitous plot in broadest light.
" Eight warriors of the court there are," she said,
" The pow'rful Ormond being at their head :

LXXXVII.

" These, whether mov'd by anger or by hate,
Have now conspir'd ; hear thou their art reveal'd :
That day which shall decide on Asia's fate
When the two mighty camps contest the field,
Mark'd with the Cross their arms will imitate
Those of the Franks in crest and mail and shield.
And as the guard of the good Bouillon wears
A robe of white and gold, such will be their's.

LXXXVIII.

" But each will bear a thing upon his crest
To mark each Pagan out to his own race.
And when the hosts are blent and densely press'd,
Then will they put themselves upon his trace,
And lay their snares against that valorous breast,
Exhibiting his guardsmen's friendly face :
And arm'd with poison will they have their steel,
That death may follow every wound they deal.

LXXXIX.

“And since among the Pagans it was known
I know your uses, arms, and robes aright,
They made me plan the false marks to be shown,
And do things which are grievous in my sight.
These causes for my moving forth I own :
From others’ harsh commands I take my flight.
I shun and hate polluting myself still
In any act of fraud, be’t what it will.

XC.

“These causes mov’d me ; and yet others too.”
And here she ceas’d, and the deep blushes came,
And down she look’d, and seem’d as if she drew
The last words back, their utterance was so lame.
The squire who wish’d to win from her the clue
Which she had kept back to herself through shame,
Said, “Thou of little faith, why wilt thou hide
The truer causes from thy faithful guide ?”

XCI.

She gave a deep sigh after short delay,
And spake then in a hoarse and trembling tone :
“Ill-guarded and untimely shame, away !
Within this heart no more thou find’st a throne.
Why, vainly wilful and reserv’d, essay
To hide the fire of love thus with thine own ?
All these respects should long since have been weigh’d,
Not now I am become a wandering maid.”

XCII.

She then subjoin’d : “Upon that night of fate
When I and my dear country also, fell,
My loss was more than seem’d ; in her I date
My grand ill, but she didn’t evoke the spell.
A kingdom is light loss : my regal state
Alone I lost not, but myself as well.
Ne’er to regain them then I lost my mind,
My heart, my senses, foolish one, and blind !

XCIII.

“Vafrine, thou know’st that terrified I ran
Mid all the slaughter, plunder, and wild roar
To thine and my lord, whom I chanc’d to scan
First putting foot upon my palace floor ;
And bending down to him, I thus began :
‘Great conqueror, mercy, pity I implore :
I ask thee not for life, but save my flow’r
Of virgin honor in this dreadful hour.’

XCIV.

" Giving his hand at once my hand to greet,
He waited not till I had clos'd my pray'r :
' Fair virgin, not in vain dost thou intreat ;
This to defend,' he said, ' shall be my care.'
Then an I know not what of soft and sweet
Went down into my heart, and settled there ;
Which, creeping soon my longing soul around,
Became, I know not how, a flame and wound.

XCV.

" He visited me oft, and with sweet cheer
Consoling me in sorrow, shar'd my pain.
He said : ' I grant thee perfect freedom here ;'
And nought of all my spoils would he retain.
Ah ! rapine 'twas, though gift it might appear ;
For he re-bound me when he loos'd my chain :
He gave me back the least and poorest part,
But seiz'd perforce the empire of my heart.

XCVI.

" Love hardly can be hidden. Oft would I
Ask of my lord from thee with anxious quest.
The marks of a sick mind didst thou descry,
And said'st : ' Erminia, love has burnt thy breast.'
I still denied it, but an ardent sigh
Reveal'd the truth which vainly I suppress'd :
And haply, too, my looks distinctly show'd,
' Stead of my tongue, the fire with which I glow'd.

XCVII.

" Silence ill-starr'd ! To the agonizing dole
Some medicine should then have been applied,
If my desire at last without control
Must needs rush on with unavailing stride.
In fine, I quitted bearing in my soul
The hidden wounds, and thought I should have died.
Seeking at length some help in life's decay,
Love tore the ties of all respect away.

XCVIII.

" So that I mov'd to find my lord, (thou know'st
That he who made me sick could make me sound,)
But midway I encounter'd with a host
Of mean and savage men who barr'd the ground.
And I had fall'n into their hands almost ;
Yet flying far, a lonely spot I found,
And liv'd there in a solitary cell
A shepherdess, and roam'd the bosky dell.

XCIX.

“ But after that the great desire, which fear
Had for some days repress'd, again grew vast,
Attempting to return to the same sphere,
Into the same misfortune was I cast.
And here I could not fly ; for now too near
The robber troop had drawn, and ran too fast.
Thus was I taken, and Egyptians they
Who seiz'd me, and to Gaza took their way ;

C.

“ And gave me to their Chief, and I explained
To him my tale ; such winning words I chose
That honor'd and inviolate I remained
While with Armida there I found repose.
Thus several times by force was I detained,
And set at large. Behold, how hard my woes !
Yet liberated oft, and oft a thrall,
I still reserve my primal chains through all.

CI.

“ And O ! may he who round my soul could bind
Those chains which none can evermore untie,
Not say : ‘ Go, wandering damsel, hence and find
Other abode,’ and will not have me nigh ;
But welcome my return with pity kind,
Nor sojourn in my former cell deny.”
So spake Erminia, and by night and day
The two went on, conversing on the way.

CII.

From the more beaten path Vafrine withdrew,
Seeking one more secure or short instead.
Already were the city tow'rs in view
When, as the East grew dark, the West grew red,
They found the path bestain'd with sanguine hue,
And saw then in the blood a warrior dead,
Who blocks the path, and holds up his grand face
To Heav'n, and threatens e'en in death's embrace.

CIII.

The arms and dress in which the corpse was dight
Bespake it Pagan ; o'er it pass'd Vafrine.
Another, who then quickly caught his sight,
Was lying some way off upon the green.
He mutely thought : This is the Christian knight :
But waver'd more when the dark dress was seen.
Down does he leap, and makes the face appear ;
And cries : “ Alas ! Tancred is murder'd here ! ”

CIV.

To gaze on the fierce warrior who was clad
In foreign arms the luckless one had stay'd,
When by that cry so sudden and so sad
Her heart was pierc'd as by a poignant blade.
At Tancred's name, like one all drunk and mad,
She rush'd to where his breathless frame was laid ;
And seeing the pale face so calmly sweet,
Descended—no, she hurl'd her from her seat ;

CV.

And o'er him pour'd in unexhausted rain
Her tears and words commingled with her sighs :
"To what a wretched pass do I attain !
Ah ! what a bitter sight before me lies !
At last I find thee, Tancred, once again ;
Re-see thee, but unseen by those dear eyes,
Unseen though present ; worse e'en than before,
On finding thee I lose thee evermore.

CVI.

"Alas ! I deem'd that never but with glee
Mine eyes could view thee during all my days :
Now could I gladly bear all blind to be
Not to behold thee, and I dare not gaze.
Ah ! where the light of eyes which beam'd on me
So sweetly playful ? where their hidden rays ?
Whither has flown the lovely crimson now
Of thy young cheek, the calmness of thy brow ?

CVII.

"But what though stain'd and dark ? thou'rt pleasing
Fair soul, if yet thou lingerest in this frame, [still.
And hear'st my plaint, pardon my daring will
The theft and rash design at which I aim.
From the pale lips I would snatch kisses chill
'Stead of the warmer ones I hop'd to claim.
Part of his due from death will I curtail
By kissing these dear lips, now cold and pale.

CVIII.

"Ah ! pitying mouth, which in sweet times of old
Would'st with thy words console my grief, and heal,
Let me before my parting be consol'd
With some dear kiss from thee, for which I kneel.
And haply thou hadst given, had I been bold
To seek it erst, what now I needs must steal.
Now let me press thee home, and then resign
My breath for ever 'twixt these lips of thine.

CIX.

“Receive my soul which seeks what it ador’d ;
Direct it to the path thy spirit took.”
She spake with groans, and through her eyes she pour’d
Herself almost, as if become a brook.
He by that living moisture was restor’d :
His languid lips each other now forsook
A little, and with still unopen’d eyes
He blent along with her’s his feeble sighs.

CX.

The lady heard the moaning of the knight,
And thus at least some comfort was supplied.
“O Tancred, ope thine eyes to the last rite
Which thus I pay thee with my plaint,” she cried.
“Behold me who would take with thee the flight
To the far bourne, and die here at thy side :
Behold me ; do not fly away so soon.
I ask, and ’tis the last, this only boon.”

CXI.

He opes his eyes ; then drops them as before
Disturb’d and heavy ; she resumes her strain.
Vafrine says to her : “This must be no more ;
First let us cure him : afterwards complain.”
He doffs his arms ; she, tremulous all o’er,
Applies her hand to bruise and bleeding vein ;
Explores the wounds, and being expert to know
Th’ effect of such, her hopes begin to grow.

CXII.

She finds his evil from fatigue arise
And humours in too great abundance flown :
But save her veil, nought has she which supplies
Bandage for wounds in spot which is so lone.
Love then invents for her unusual ties,
And teaches her compassionate arts unknown :
She dries them with her hair, with this compresses
The gaping lids, and fain would shear the tresses ;

CXIII.

Since for so many wounds a poor supply
Is furnish’d from a veil so short and slight.
She has no dittany, nor saffron nigh,
But for such case knows many a charm of might.
E’en now he puts his deadly slumber by :
E’en now his moving eyes can bear the light.
He sees his squire ; and over him, array’d
In foreign garb, beholds the pitying maid.

CXIV.

He asks : " Vafrine, how, when arriv'st thou here ?

And who art thou who tend'st me in my woes ? "

She, sighing between doubt and joyful cheer,

Ting'd her fair face with colour from the rose.

" Thou shalt know all," she answer'd : " now revere

Thy leech's hest ; be silent, and repose !

Thou shalt have health : a fee shall I request."

Then pillow'd she his head upon her breast.

CXV.

Meanwhile Vafrine thinks how ere day has died

To bear him to some home with motion bland ;

And lo ! a troop of warriors is descried.

He knows them well, for it is Tancred's band.

When the knight met Argante, and him defied

To mortal combat, it was close at hand :

It follow'd not, because he bade it stay :

But sought him now in doubt from his delay.

CXVI.

And many more had gone on the same quest ;

But these, by chance, in finding him succeed.

They make a kind of seat for him, the best

Their interwoven arms can frame for need.

Said Tancred then : " And shall Argante rest

Behind there, and on him shall ravens feed ?

Ah ! leave him not, by Heav'n ! do not defraud

A gallant man of burial, nor of laud.

CXVII.

" I war no more on mute and lifeless frame :

He died as brave man should ; and hence we owe

To his remains what honors death can claim,

All which on earth it leaves us to bestow."

Receiving aid thus from the many who came,

He made them bear behind him his great foe.

Vafrine then puts himself beside the fair,

As men draw near to things they guard with care.

CXVIII.

" Not to my tent," the Prince moreover cried,

" But to the regal city wend, I pray :

Because if human accident betide

My feeble life, there would I quit this clay :

The spot on which the Man immortal died

Perchance to heav'nly realms may smoothe the way ;

And I shall sate my holy longing now

To have been a pilgrim when I end my vow."

CXIX.

He spake ; and thither being borne, was laid
Upon the plumes, and soon his sleep was sweet.
Vafrine finds not far off him for the maid

A dwelling close and secret as was meet.
He hies tow'rd Godfrey thence, and undelay'd
He enters, though just then the Chief discreet
Hung in the scales and weigh'd with cautious skill
His future counsels with their good and ill.

CXX.

Upon the border of the bed where lies
Count Raymond's weary frame is Godfrey found.
A ring of the most powerful and wise,
Surrounds him, drawn from every quarter round.
Now while the squire talks with him, none replies
Nor questions else, nor makes the slightest sound.
"I went," said he, "O Sire, as thou had'st taught,
Among the Pagans, and their camp I sought.

CXXI.

"For me, however, to sum up the tale
Of that innumerable host were vain.
I saw it as it pass'd hide every vale,
And cover every mountain, every plain :
I saw the rivers and the fountains fail
Where'er it reach'd, and grass destroy'd, and grain ;
For scanty for their thirst the streams that flow,
And small to them what Syrian scythes can mow.

CXXII.

"But both the horsemen and the foot, 'tis known,
Are for the most part useless in the fight :
People who know not martial rank, nor tone,
Nor grasp the sword, and but from far can smite.
Some choice and good indeed there are, I own,
Who follow Persia's banners, men of might ;
And they still higher praise, perchance, may wring
Who hight th' Immortal Squadron of the king.

CXXIII.

"'Tis call'd Immortal, since there ne'er has been
Defect of number there, not e'en of one ;
But where one fails, a new man soon is seen,
Elected ever ere an hour has run.
The Captain of the host, nam'd Emirene,
In sense and might has equals few or none :
And the king bids him tice thee with all art
To risk a battle in some open part.

CXXIV.

"And if I err not, hither will be led
 The hostile army ere two days expire.
 But thou, Rinaldo, shouldst guard well thy head,
 For which there is among them such desire ;
 Since all the most renown'd in arms, and dread,
 'Gainst it have whetted both their steel and ire,
 Because whoe'er shall cut it off, for fee
 May claim Armida by her own decree.

CXXV.

"'Mong these the Persian Altamore I find,
 Great king of Samarcand, a valorous knight :
 Adrastus, too, whose kingdom is assign'd
 To th' eastern limit, one of giant height ;
 A man diverse so from all human kind,
 That he for steed an elephant has dight ;
 And Tisaphernes whom concordant fame
 Crowns with the highest praise which knight can claim."

CXXVI.

So speaks he, and the youth indignant threw
 Sparks from his eyes, and fire was o'er his face :
 He would be now amid the hostile crew,
 Nor could contain himself, nor keep his place.
 Vafrine subjoin'd, as tow'rd the Chief he drew,
 "Thou knowest yet but little of the case.
 Be now the sum of things in this declar'd ;
 'Gainst thee the arms of Judas are prepar'd."

CXXVII.

From point to point then did the squire unfold
 What frauds against him had been wov'n and stirr'd,
 The arms, the pois'n, and treach'rous marks, the bold
 High vaunt, the meed and promise which he heard.
 Much was there ask'd of him, and much he told.
 Among them a brief silence then occur'd.
 Afterward Godfrey, lifting up his brow,
 Of Raymond asks: "What is thy counsel now?"

CXXVIII.

And he: "I deem we should attempt no more,
 As 'twas propos'd, th' assault at break of day ;
 But gird the tow'r more strictly than before,
 That none within it may win thence their way :
 And let our camp meanwhile rest and restore
 Its forces for to-morrow's greater fray.
 Think thou then if 'twere best with open force
 To use the sword, or take a warier course.

CXXIX.

“ Yet judge I that to thee must it pertain
Above all else to make thy safety sure ;
For still through thee we win, through thee we reign :
Who without thee can guide us, and secure ?
And that the traitors may not hidd’n remain,
Other insignia for thy guards procure :
Thus will the fraud distinctly be reveal’d
E’en by the thing in which it lies conceal’d.”

CXXX.

The Captain made him answer : “ Thou hast shown
As thou art wont a kind will and sage mind.
But what thou leav’st in doubt, be that now known.
Seek we the foe e’en as that foe design’d.
Nor should the squadrons, which have overthrown
The East, in walls or trenches be confin’d.
Let then those impious rebels feel our might
In open field, in the more open light.

CXXXI.

“ They’ll not endure our victories’ very name,
Still less the victors’ haughty looks, I say,
Still less our arms ; their forces we shall tame,
Foundation firm for our imperial sway.
The tow’r will quickly yield, or since none aim
To help it, ’twill become an easy prey.”
He ceas’d, and brought their counsels to a close,
The setting stars inviting to repose.

CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.

Th' Egyptian makes th' assault, but his emprise
 Brings death to him, to others life and gain.
 Th' oppressor is oppress'd; the Soldan lies
 With Aladine extinct upon the plain;
 For on the Faithful Heav'n confers the prize
 Of vict'ry, on the Impious endless bane:
 Hence the mix'd people, who have rescued now
 The mighty Tomb of Christ, fulfil their vow.

I.

ALREADY has the sun call'd men to teen,
 Already of the day ten hours have pass'd,
 When they who hold the massy tow'r have seen
 Something far off of shadowy and vast,
 Like to the mist which wraps the earth at e'en;
 And know it is the friendly camp at last
 Which overshades with dust the skies around,
 And hides beneath it hills and level ground.

II.

The leaguer'd people from their height sublime
 Then lifted even up to Heav'n a cry
 Like that with which the cranes in frosty time
 Quitting their Thracian nests in squadrons hie,
 And through the clouds tow'rd a more genial clime
 Along the wintry gales all shrieking fly:
 For hope arriving after pause so long
 Incites their hand to shoot, their tongue to wrong.

III.

Well know the Franks from what proceeds the ire
 Thus newly bursting, and the threatful spite;
 And look forth from the spots which most aspire,
 And thence the mighty camp appears in sight.
 The generous courage suddenly takes fire
 In those ferocious hearts, and asks the fight.
 The haughty youth, assembling in a crowd,
 Cry: "Give the signal, gallant Chief," aloud.

IV.

But to give battle ere dawn were next descried
Refus'd he wisely, and rein'd in the brave.
Nor would he that the enemy should be tried
With pow'rs unmass'd, or shifting as the wave.
" 'Tis right that after such fatigues," he cried,
" One whole day of refreshment ye should have."
Perchance, too, in his mind the wish arose
To nourish a vain notion in his foes.

V.

Each one prepares himself with ardour keen
And restless, waiting the new light's display.
Ne'er was the air so lovely and serene
As when came forth that memorable day.
The dawn laugh'd joyously as if 't had been
Surrounded with the bright sun's every ray,
And light were more than wont, and Heav'n would see
Without a veil their deeds of chivalry.

VI.

When Godfrey sees the morn's first golden line,
He leads his host forth under high command,
But places round the king of Palestine
Count Raymond and that numerous Christian band
Which came from Syria's neighbouring realm to join
The liberators of their native land ;
And yet not these alone, but leaves beside
A troop of Gascons, men of valour tried.

VII.

He goes ; and such his mien that as they gaze,
They augur certain victory thence ; and o'er
His features Heavn's new favor sheds its rays,
And makes him more majestic than before ;
And fills his face with honor, and displays
The purple light of youth on it once more.
And in the movement of his limbs and eyes
Other than mortal he appears to rise.

VIII.

Short distance had he gone ere full in sight
Arose th' encampment of the Pagan train :
And on arriving here he seiz'd a height
Which fenc'd his left and rear from sudden bane.
Contracting then his left side and his right,
He show'd a front compact toward the plain ;
Plac'd in the midst his infantry, and made
The wings both movable by the horses' aid.

IX.

He trusts the left, which, close beside the hill
So seiz'd on, had securely ta'en its stand,
To the two princely Roberts' guiding skill :
He bids his brother the mid host command.
He to the right betakes himself to fill
More perilous post where the' open plains expand ;
And where the foe, whose numbers must abound
More than his own, might hope to gird him round.

X.

Hither he makes his Lorrainers also veer
And choicest troops with arms the most refin'd ;
On foot among the horse he mingles here
Some archers us'd to combats of this kind.
Then of th' Adventurers constructs he near
A troop with others from elsewhere combin'd :
At the right wing he places these aside,
Rinaldo being made their chief and guide.

XI.

To him says Godfrey : "Sire, in thee repose
This day the victory and the sum of things.
Hide thou thy squadron somewhat, nor disclose
Its front beyond these grand and spacious wings.
When the foe comes, do thou direct thy blows
In flank, and foil whate'er device he brings.
He aims, unless I err, to make th' attack
By wheeling on our sides and on our back."

XII.

From squadron then to squadron he career'd,
And flying among horse and foot was seen.
Through the rais'd visor all his face appear'd,
He lighten'd in his eyes and in his mien.
The doubtful he consol'd, the hopeful cheer'd,
Told to the forward what their vaunts had been,
And to the brave recall'd their deeds of old :
To some he promis'd fame, to others gold.

XIII.

At last where all the first ranks, and the best,
Were mass'd together, fix'd did he remain.
And then from a commanding height address'd
A speech to them which thrill'd the list'ning train.
As loosen'd snows from soaring Alpine crest
Are wont to rush in torrents to the plain,
So voluble and rapid from his tongue
The sounding accents hied, and thus they rung :

XIV.

“ O gallant camp, the scourge of Jesu’s foes,
And tamer of the East, lo now begun
The last of days, behold how brightly glows
On the long-wish’d-for day yon rising sun !
And not without high motive Heav’n bestows
Pow’r on its rebel host to meet in one.
It has united here your every foe
To finish many wars at one grand blow.

XV.

“ We shall achieve in one a hundred fights ;
Nor greater risk or toil shall have to dree.
Let none, let none of you dread empty sights,
The size of yonder foe, though vast it be ;
For, wrangling in itself, it ill unites,
And hinders its own movements as ye see ;
Small will the number be who show their face,
For many will lack heart, and many space.

XVI.

“ Unarm’d, too, for the most part will be these
Who meet us ; without vigour, without art ;
Whom force alone now hurries from their ease,
From servile task in household or in mart.
Their shields are trembling now ; they scarce can seize
Their swords ; their ensigns tremble in yon part ;
I know each doubtful movement, wavering tone ;
I see their death by signs distinctly known.

XVII

“ That Captain who, begirt with purple and gold,
Orders the squadrons, and so fierce appears,
Perchance quell’d Moor or Arab once of old ;
But never will his might resist our spears.
What will he do, how wise soe’er, to hold
A check on their confusion and their fears ?
Ill known is he, I deem, ill knows his host,
And scarce can name a few of them at most.

XVIII.

“ But I am Captain of a chosen band :
We long have fought together, and have won ;
And long have ye been under my command.
Whose country know I not ? whose sire, and son ?
What sword is hid from me ? what shaft, though scann’d
A moment only ere its flight be done,
Could I not tell if Irish, or from France,
And e’en what arm has made the bow-string dance ?

XIX.

"I ask but for accustom'd things : let all
As they have shone elsewhere, here also shine,
And have their wonted ardour, and recall
Their honor, that of Christ, and also mine.
Go, beat the impious down, and as they fall
Tread on them and make sure the prize divine.
Why do I keep you trifling ? I survey
Most clearly in your eyes : ye win the day."

XX.

While he was finishing these words, a light
Clear and serene, shot down upon his crest,
As oftentimes is wont a summer night
To shake a star or meteor from its vest.
But this, one might believe, had ta'en its flight
Down to the earth from the sun's inmost breast,
And seem'd to wreath his brows, an omen plain,
As some imagin'd, of his future reign.

XXI.

Perchance, if mortal may presume to trace
And tell the secrets of the King of kings,
His guardian angel 'twas, who for a space
Quitted its choir, and girt him with its wings.
While Godfrey rang'd his Christians in their place,
And 'mong the troops discours'd such eloquent things,
Th' Egyptian Captain also was not slow
To marshal his, and cheer them on the foe.

XXII.

His multitudinous squadrons forth he drew
When he beheld afar th' approaching Franks.
And he, too, made his army wing'd, and threw
His foot i' th' midst, his horse into the flanks.
The right wing he retain'd as his own due ;
And gave to Altamore the leftward ranks.
The foot between them Muleasses guides :
And in mid battle fair Armida rides.

XXIII.

The Indian king is plac'd in the right corps,
And Tisaphernes, and the royal band.
But where with wider flight the left spreads o'er
Those broad and level plains, there take their stand
Afric and Persia's kings with Altamore,
And the two sent forth from the hottest land.
And in that quarter will the bows be strung,
The cross-bows be discharg'd, and slings be swung.

XXIV.

Thus Emirene arrays them ; and then hies

Through the mid part and each remoter wing :

With other's tongue now, now his own, he cries,

Blends praise and blame, reward and punishing.

To one he says : " Why, soldier, are thine eyes

So downcast ? Whence then can thy terror spring ?

Can one defeat a hundred ? They will fly,

Believe me, at our shadow, and our cry."

XXV.

And to another : " Hie thee with that face,

O brave one, to retake the ravish'd prey."

Upon another's mind with eloquent grace

And in most vivid lights his words portray

The man's imploring country, and then trace

His sorrowing suppliant household in dismay.

" Deem that thou hear'st," he said, " thy country's call

From this my tongue, and thus her accents fall :

XXVI.

" Guard thou my laws, my every sacred fane ;

And let me not be bath'd in mine own gore :

Secure the virgins from yon impious train,

The tombs and ashes of thy sires of yore.

To thee the old men show their locks that wane,

Bewailing the long days they have pass'd o'er ;

To thee the matron shows the breast that fed

Her little ones, their cradle, and her bed."

XXVII.

And then to many : " Asia makes you here

The champions of her honor and her name :

From you on these few barbarous robbers near

A stern but just revenge is now her claim."

And thus with varied arts and varied cheer

He lures them all to battle's desperate game.

But now the leaders cease, and narrower grows

The space that separates th' approaching foes.

XXVIII.

'Twas a grand thing and wondrous to behold,

When onward front to front each army sped,

How, making all its order'd ranks unfold,

It now mov'd on, now made th' assault so dread :

See waving in the breeze the flags unroll'd,

And feathers nodding on each crested head,

Arms and devices, habits bright and dun,

And gold and steel flashing against the sun.

XXIX.

A tall wood of thick trees ye might have guess'd
 Each host to be ; so did the spears abound.
 The bows are stretch'd, and lances laid in rest ;
 The darts are pois'd, and every sling swung round :
 For battle, too, is every steed address'd ;
 And full of fury like his lord is found ;
 He paws, he wheels, he neighs, he stamps his ire,
 Expands his nostrils, and breathes smoke and fire.

XXX.

E'en horror pleases in a sight so proud,
 And pleasure springs up in the midst of fear ;
 Nor less the trumpets horrible and loud
 Strike on the ear with wild and joyous cheer.
 The Faithful host, though lesser be its crowd,
 Seems the more wonderful to eye and ear :
 Its trumpets ring with a more warlike tone
 And clearer ; from its arms more light is thrown.

XXXI.

The Christian trumpets first provoke the fight.
 The others answer, nor the war forego.
 The Franks kneel down, and reverently recite
 Their pray'rs to Heav'n ; then kiss the ground below.
 The space between grows less, is vanish'd quite !
 Now either host is grappling with its foe.
 Fierce strife is at the wings, and earlier yet
 Have th' infantry in shock of battle met.

XXXII.

What Christian first of all made Paynim bleed,
 And won renown never to be suppress'd ?
 'Twas thou, Gildippe, who didst smite with greed
 Hircane whom Ormus as its king confess'd,
 (So much of glorious fame did Heav'n concede
 To woman's hand) and clav'st him through the breast.
 Transfix'd he falls, and falling hears the foe
 Shout all around him to commend the blow.

XXXIII.

With her right hand the lady then embrac'd,
 Since now her lance was shiver'd, her good sword,
 And 'gainst the Persians urg'd her steed in haste
 And op'd and thinn'd the densest of the horde.
 She caught Zopiro just upon the waist,
 And fell'd him nigh into two pieces scor'd :
 Then on the throat she smote Alarco rude,
 And clave the double path for voice and food.

XXXIV.

She beats down Artaxerxes to the plain,
And pierces Argeus with a deadly wound :
Then cleaves for Ishmael the flexuous chain
'Twixt the left hand and arm ; and to the ground
The sever'd member falling drops the rein :
In the steed's ears the swift blow makes a sound :
Feeling the bridle loose, it flies afar
Impetuous, and disturbs the ranks of war.

XXXV.

All these and many more, whom none record
For distant ages, she deprives of life.
The Persians all fall on her with the sword
Eager to gather spoils with glory rife :
But fearing for her now, her faithful lord
Runs to the aid of his beloved wife.
Th' according pair, thus join'd in peril's hour,
Gain in the faithful union double pow'r.

XXXVI.

Behold how each magnanimous lover shows
New modes of fence, stranger than tongue can tell :
Regardless of themselves among their foes
They each defend the life they love so well.
The daring heroine beats aside the blows
Which aim at her dear lord so fast and fell ;
He with his shield wards off the weapons sped
Against her, and would ward them with his head.

XXXVII.

Each makes defence for other, and each flies
To' exact for the' other vengeance undelay'd.
By him the daring Artabanus dies,
Whom Boëcan's fair isle as king obey'd ;
And struck by the same hand Alvante lies
Who dar'd to hit his lov'd one with the blade.
She, 'twixt the brows of Arimont, who fain
Would smite her faithful one, disparts the brain.

XXXVIII.

Thus fell the Persians ; but much more distress'd
By Samarcand's great monarch were the Franks :
For wheresoe'er his steel or charger press'd,
He slew both horse and foot, and fell'd their ranks.
He that is done to death at once is bless'd,
Not groaning underneath the charger's flanks,
Because the charger bites and with his heel
Stamps on whate'er of life escapes the steel.

XXXIX.

Kill'd by the blows of Altamore, remain
 Brunello brawny-limb'd, Ardonio grand.
 The helm and head of one is cleft in twain
 So that it dangles down on either hand.
 The other is transfix'd where laughter's vein
 Has its first fount, and makes the heart expand :
 So that, strange sight, and dreadful to all eyes,
 He laughs perforce, and as he laughs, he dies.

XL.

Nor these alone his sword, athirst for gore,
 Dispatches from the world's delightful tie ;
 But others to sad deaths delivers o'er,
 Gentonio, Guasco, Rosmond too, and Guy.
 Who could relate what hosts by Altamore
 Are struck, and trodden by his charger die ?
 Who tell the titles of his victims all ?
 The mode in which he strikes, in which they fall ?

XLI.

The onset of that fierce one none abide,
 Nor try to' assail him e'en from distant ground.
 Alone against him fair Gildippe hied,
 Nor paus'd a moment though such peril frown'd.
 No Amazon upon Thermodon's side
 E'er grasp'd a shield, or swung an axe around,
 So boldly as she hasten'd to engage
 The formidable Persian in his rage.

XLII.

She struck him on the helmet where it held
 Barbaric crown with gold and emerald bright,
 And brake and scatter'd it : his proud head, quell'd,
 Was forc'd to bow beneath a woman's might.
 The Pagan king suppos'd the blow propell'd
 By a strong hand, and felt both shame and spite ;
 Nor to revenge th' affront delay'd he long,
 For at one instant came revenge and wrong.

XLIII.

Almost at the same time he struck the fair
 A blow which on her front so fiercely beat
 As all her sense and vigour to impair.
 She fell : her spouse retain'd her in her seat.
 Whether their fortune, or his valour 'twere,
 So much suffic'd, nor blow did he repeat,
 Like the brave lion, who may scornful spy
 A man fall'n down, eyes him and passes by.

XLIV.

Ormond meanwhile, to whose remorseless hand
Had been consign'd the task of guilt supreme,
Disguis'd has mingled with the Christian band,
And with him all his fellows in the scheme.
Thus wolves by night when mists invest the land,
Move on, and while to be but dogs they seem,
Explore how they may break into the fold,
And doubtful tail close to the stomach hold.

XLV.

Still on they drew, and near to Godfrey's side
The savage Pagan had contriv'd to press ;
But soon as the great Captain had espied
The gold and white of the suspected dress :
" Behold that traitor who would seem," he cried,
" A Frank in this disguise with no success.
Behold, his fellow traitors seek me too."
Thus saying, on the treacherous one he flew.

XLVI.

He wounds him mortally : that felon knight
Nor strikes, nor wards, nor backward has he flown :
But e'en as if the Gorgon were in sight,
Bold as he was before, grows ice and stone.
Each sword, each spear on them expends its might,
Each quiver is pour'd out on them alone.
Cut to such bits are Ormond and his feres,
That not a corpse among their dead appears.

XLVII.

Stain'd with the life-blood of that treacherous crew,
The Captain rush'd into the war, and pass'd
To where he had seen the Persian chief break through
The closest ranks, and make the brave aghast ;
So that, dispers'd, his own good squadron flew
Like Afric's dust before the southern blast.
Tow'rd him he speeds, rebukes his own with shouts,
And stopping him who flies, fronts him who routs.

XLVIII.

Such fight betwixt these two begins to ring
As ne'er had Xanthus, nor had Ida seen.
Baldwin meanwhile and Muleasses spring,
Each upon foot, elsewhere to battle keen :
Nor near the steep hill at the other wing
Less hot had the equestrian combat been,
Where the barbarian chief has come to share
The fight in person, back'd by the grand pair.

XLIX.

That Chief and the one Robert are address'd
To cruel strife with equal valour here :
But th' Indian opes the other Robert's crest,
And smashes and cuts through his armour sheer.
Not one with Tisaphernes will contest,
For none are worthy there to be his peer ;
And hence he scours where thickest is the throng,
And strews his path with slaughter all along.

L.

Thus did they combat ; and in doubtful scale
The hopes and fears on either side were hung.
The field is full throughout of batter'd mail,
Of broken shields, of spears in splinters wrung ;
Of swords, some sticking in the members pale,
And others on the ground at random flung ;
Of corpses, some supine, and some turn'd round
With faces prone as if to bite the ground.

LI.

The steed lies with his lord on the same bed :
The comrade slain beside his comrade lies :
The foe lies near the foe ; and o'er the dead
The living ; and the victor o'er his prize.
No silence is there here, no cries are sped ;
But accents hoarse and indistinct arise,
Gnashings of fury, murmurings defying,
Groans from the languishing and from the dying.

LII.

The arms which once seem'd joyous to the gaze
Made now a horrible and mournful show.
The steel has lost its gleams, the gold its rays ;
No beauties longer in the colours glow.
Whate'er of bright and rich exacted praise
In helm or fringe is trampled now below.
The dust clogs that which blood has not conceal'd.
So chang'd is the appearance of the field.

LIII.

The Arab, then, the Ethiop, and the Moor,
Who held th' extremity of the left side,
Spread out their lines, and circling stretch'd them o'er
Till round to the foe's flank their force had plied.
And now the bowmen and the slingers pour
Their missiles on the Franks from distance wide
When forth Rinaldo and his squadron dash,
And seem an earthquake, or electric flash.

LIV.

The gallant Assimir of Meroe pac'd
First of the Ethiopian swarthy train ;
Rinaldo caught him where the bust is brac'd
To the dark neck, and left him with the slain.
When the fierce victor, whetted by the taste
Of victory, felt his thirst increase amain
For blood and death, prodigious things he wrought
Surpassing credence, and with horror fraught.

LV.

He deals more deaths than blows, and yet alway
The storm of blows descends, nor ever fades.
As seems the serpent to make three tongues play,
For so the quickness of its one persuades,
Thus did those people deem in their dismay
That in his rapid hand he wheel'd three blades.
The motion quite deceiv'd the credulous view,
And terror made the prodigy seem true.

LVI.

The Negro kings, and Lybian tyrants too,
He stretch'd on earth in masses red and dense.
Upon the rest his gallant comrades flew,
His ardour making their's the more intense.
With dreadful cries the misbelieving crew
Fell all around them, and made no defence.
No battle this, but slaughter 'tis alone,
Where swords on this side, throats on that are shown.

LVII.

For no long time do they present their face,
Letting but honorable wounds alight.
The vulgar fly, and terror gives them chase,
So that their ranks are lost and broken quite.
Yet still he follows them, nor quits their trace
Till he has crush'd and put them all to flight.
Then the swift victor stays him ; for on those
Who fly the faster less of rage he shows.

LVIII.

As winds oppos'd by forest, or by hill,
Redoubling in the strife, will rage and strain,
But if allow'd to range at their own will,
Breathe placidly and softly o'er the plain ;
As ocean boils amid the rocks, but still
And tranquil rolls its waves in th' open main ;
So the less firm the force he has to' engage,
The more diminish'd is Rinaldo's rage.

LIX.

When he disdain'd to spend on back that fled
His noble wrath, and use his fatal blade,
He turn'd and 'gainst that infantry he sped
Whose flank the Moor and Arab once had made.
On that side now 'tis bare, and they are dead,
Or distant far, who should have giv'n it aid.
He charges, and the troops on foot soon feel
Th' impetuous onset of the men in steel.

LX.

The charge broke spears and obstacles, and through
The foremost lines impetuously was borne,
And fell'd, and scatter'd them ; nor blast e'er blew
That could beat down so soon the bending corn.
The earth is pav'd around with gory dew
From arms, and limbs, and corpses pierc'd and torn :
And o'er it unoppos'd the fiery horse
Are trampling, and still onward take their course.

LXI.

Rinaldo came to where Armida stay'd
Upon her golden car in war's attire,
With noble guards on either side array'd
Of lords attendant and of lovers nigh her.
Him known by many a token she survey'd
With eyes that flash'd with rage and with desire.
A change, although but slight, pass'd o'er his face.
She became ice, then fire, in a short space.

LXII.

The knight moves onward from the car askance,
And makes as if intent on other thing ;
But not in peace is suffer'd to advance,
For on him the sworn band, his rivals, spring
Some with the sword, and some with lower'd lance :
She, too, has plac'd the arrow on the string.
Her hands were tighten'd, and her rage wax'd hot ;
But love appeas'd her, and withheld the shot.

LXIII.

Love strove with anger, and expos'd to view
The fire still living which she hid in vain.
Three times her hand was stretch'd to shoot anew ;
Three times she dropt it, and would still refrain.
Yet anger won at last ; the bow she drew,
And made the feather'd barb fly forth amain.
The shaft flew forth, but with the shaft there went
A sudden wish that uselessly 'twere sent.

LXIV.

Much did she wish that the sharp-pointed dart
Were wafted back, back to her bosom's core,
Such sway had love, though losing, o'er her heart ;
O ! had he been victorious, how much more !
But thought like this she quickly lays apart ;
And in her jarring bosom rage boils o'er.
Thus now she fears, now hopes, the shaft that flies
May strike him, and pursues it with her eyes.

LXV.

Not vainly through the air the weapon stream'd ;
It struck indeed the knight's hard hauberk fair,
Too hard by woman's arrow to be seam'd,
And 'stead of piercing it was blunted there.
He turn'd his side to her. And she, who deem'd
The movement meant neglect, with furious air
Sent several shafts at him, yet wounds him not ;
And love still wounded her the while she shot.

LXVI.

"Is he," she thought, "invulnerable quite,
And treats he hostile force with no regard ?
Is't possible his members can be dight
In the same stone which makes his heart so hard ?
On him no stroke from eye or hand has might ;
For that which wards him cannot e'en be scarr'd :
And helpless I succumb though arm'd I go,
Despis'd alike as lover and as foe.

LXVII.

"To what new art can I have now recourse ?
To what new shape can I transmuted be ?
Wretch ! and I must not hope for a resource
In my own champions ; for I seem to see,
Yea, plainly do I see, against his force
How frail their vigour and their chivalry."
And of her knights she saw that some were slain,
And some were lying vanquish'd on the plain.

LXVIII.

Her own defence suffices not, ah ! no ;
E'en now she seems a prisoner and a slave,
Nor feels secure, though she hold lance and bow,
And arms both Dian and Minerva gave.
And as the timid swan, who from below
Eyes the fierce eagle with its talons grave,
Cow'rs to the ground, and drops its wing ; so she
Timid in every movement seem'd to be.

LXIX.

But Altamore, who had till then restor'd
The Persian ranks when they before were thrown
Into retreat, and were a flying horde,
But he had rallied them, and he alone,
Seeing the plight of her whom he ador'd,
Has hither turn'd his course, or rather flown ;
And quits at once his honor and his post ;
If she be sav'd, let all the world be lost.

LXX.

He then escorts the ill-defended wain,
And with his sword sweeps from the path each bar.
But Godfrey and Rinaldo join'd have slain
And routed in that time his ranks of war.
The wretch perceives it, and can bear the pain ;
Better as lover than as captain far.
He guides to a safe place the cherish'd maid,
Then hies, too late, to give the vanquish'd aid.

LXXI.

For on that side the Pagan doom was seal'd ;
Their ranks had utterly dissolv'd and fled.
But on the other, yielding up the field
To those, our own had been discomfited.
One of the Roberts scarce escap'd with shield,
Struck by the foe upon the breast and head :
The other as Adrastus' prisoner stays.
Thus equal loss on either party weighs.

LXXII.

Then Godfrey seiz'd occasion deftly won :
Reform'd his squadrons, and without delay
Return'd to battle : hence was there begun
Betwixt th' unbroken wings the hurtling fray,
Each red with blood which from their foes had run,
Each with triumphal spoils there to display.
From each side Victory came, and Honor new :
Fortune and War stood doubtful 'twixt the two.

LXXIII.

Now while the Faithful and the Pagans rage
Against each other thus in battailous hate,
The Soldan clomb the tow'r and from that cage
Outside, although far off, beheld elate
As if on an arena, or a stage,
The fearful drama of the human state ;
The oft assault, and death's uncheck'd advance,
And the tremendous games of fate and chance.

LXXIV.

Astonish'd for a while did he remain
At that first look ; and then he fir'd all o'er,
And long'd to be upon the perilous plain
Himself, and doing gallant deeds once more.
Nor check'd he the desire, but swift has ta'en
And donn'd his helm ; he had been mail'd before.
"Up, up !" he cried, "no more, no more delay :
Or victory or death must come to-day."

LXXV.

Whether perchance 'twere Providence divine
Which had breath'd into him the furious mood,
That on that day the pow'rs of Palestine,
No remnant left, might wholly be subdued,
Or whether, being now on death's confine,
He felt himself spurr'd on to mortal feud ;
Impetuous and swift does he unbar
The gate, and carry forth unlook'd-for war.

LXXVI.

He waits not e'en till his associate throng
Answer his savage call : alone he lies,
Alone provokes the hosts, however strong,
Alone speeds where a thousand weapons rise.
But by his impulse borne as 'twere along
The rest, and Aladine himself, arise.
He, coward once and cautious, now fears nought,
Effect which fury more than hope has wrought.

LXXVII.

Those whom the fiery Soldan first finds nigh
Fall under blows as unforeseen as dread,
And he so swiftly slays them that the eye
Sees them not dying, only sees them dead.
From van to rear, from voice to voice the cry
Of terror runs, and the sad news has sped,
So that already Syria's Faithful host,
Become tumultuous, took to flight almost.

LXXVIII.

But with less terror, and less disarray,
Their ranks and post the Gascon troops retain ;
Though nearest to the peril's front were they,
First caught and smitten by that sudden bane.
No tooth nor talon of all those that prey
In forest, or on wing, e'er wrought a stain
So red in fold, or 'mong the birds, as shows
The Turk's tremendous sword among his foes.

LXXIX.

It seems to have a ravenous appetite,
Feeds on the limbs, as 'twere, and sucks the gore.
Aladine and his train, too, pierce and smite
Those who had been besiegers just before.
But Raymond hies to where, disheartening sight !
The Turk undoes his troop ; nor flies the more
Though recognizing well the savage arm
Whose former stroke had wrought him mortal harm.

LXXX.

Again he fronts him, and again is thrown,
Re-struck on the same spot where struck so late,
And 'tis the fault of his great age alone
To which the weight of the grand blows is great.
A hundred shields, a hundred swords have flown,
Those to defend him, these to seal his fate.
But on the Turk speeds, whether he surmise
His foe quite dead, or deem him easy prize.

LXXXI.

Above the rest he sweeps his trenchant sword,
And on small stage does many a wond'rous deed.
Then where fresh food for slaughter may be stor'd
He furious hies to lop, to wound, to bleed.
As one by hunger spurr'd from scanty board
Betakes him to rich supper with all speed,
So seeks he greater war, where he may slake
His madd'ning thirst for blood as from a lake.

LXXXII.

Down through the batter'd walls his footsteps press
Tow'rd the grand fight now raging on the plain.
But fury in his comrades, and distress
Among his enemies, as yet remain.
One party strives to' accomplish the success
Which he had left in an imperfect train :
The other still resists, yet in such plight
That the resistance shows some signs of flight.

LXXXIII.

The Gascon yields with slow-retreating stride,
But scatter'd are the Syrians o'er the ground.
Near Tancred's dwelling rolls the battle tide,
Where as he lies he hears the shouting sound.
Up from the bed he lifts his feeble side,
Mounts on the height, and turns his eyes around :
He sees the Count fall'n, some in rank of war
Retreating, some in flight dispers'd afar.

LXXXIV.

Valour, which never fails in gallant breast,
Droops not because the body becomes frail,
But has, instead of breath and blood, redress'd
His wounded limbs, and almost made them hale.
With ponderous shield his left hand has he press'd,
Nor does his bloodless arm thus burden'd fail :
With the' other hand he grasps his sabre bare.
A brave man will not ask for more, nor care.

LXXXV.

He hurries down and cries : " O ! whither run
Leaving your lord to others as a prey ?
And shall barbarians hang his arms thus won
In hall or mosque as trophies of the day ?
Hie back to Gascony, and tell the son
His sire is dead from whom ye ran away."
Thus speaks he, and his bare weak breast is strong
Defence against an arm'd and vigorous throng.

LXXXVI.

And with his shield, whose orb is cover'd o'er
With seven hard bull's hides, ponderous to wield,
And has o'er these, to strengthen it the more,
A plate of steel most skilfully anneal'd,
He keeps from swords that smite, from darts that pour,
From every weapon, the good Count conceal'd ;
And with his blade drives off the crowding foes,
So that he lies secure, as in repose.

LXXXVII.

Breathing again, the old man from below
That faithful shelter rises in short space ;
And feels a double fire throughout him glow,
Rage in his heart, and shame upon his face :
To trace the savage one who struck the blow
He bends his flaming eyes to every place :
But, not perceiving him, with fierce disdain
Prepares to take deep vengeance on his train.

LXXXVIII.

The Gascons rally and support once more
Their Chief thus bent on taking vengeance dear.
Now cow'rs the troop which dar'd so much before,
And courage passes to where first was fear.
He shrinks, who push'd ; who shrank, now tramples
Such changes in a moment's time appear. [o'er.
Now Raymond wrecks him, hasting to requite
With scores of deaths inflicted one despite.

LXXXIX.

While Raymond visits thus his late disgrace
Upon the loftiest heads in fearful guise,
He sees there in the front of battle's face
Th' usurper of the realm ; on whom he flies
And hits his brow, and on the self-same place
Smites and re-smites, and still his weapon plies :
Whence the king falls ; and with a dreadful groan
Bites as he dies the land which held his throne.

XC.

One leader being afar, the other dead,
Various effect was wrought upon the rest.
Some like the savage beasts, by fury led,
Rush'd hopeless on the iron with their breast :
Others in terror sought escape and fled
Back to the refuge which they first possess'd.
But with the fugitives the victors blend,
And entering bring the grand quest to its end.

XCI.

The Rock is ta'en ; and on the lofty stair
And the first threshold, he who flies is slain ;
And Raymond climbs up to the summit there,
And in his hand the mighty flag has ta'en ;
And to the two grand hosts unfurls to the' air
Triumphal sign that tells of victory plain.
But the fierce Soldan sees it not, for far
From thence away, he reaches now the war.

XCII.

He reaches the dank field where the red tide
Of heaving blood grows momentarily more strong,
So that death seems to reign in all his pride,
Unfold his triumphs here, and stalk along ;
He sees a steed on whom is none astride
Straying with loosen'd bridle from the throng,
Seizes the rein and on his vacant back
Mounts and then spurs him onward to th' attack.

XCIII.

A grand but transient aid the warrior brought
To the scar'd Pagans wearied with the fray.
A grand but transient flash ye might have thought
Had come unlook'd for, and had pass'd away ;
But in its momentary course had wrought
In shatter'd rocks marks that will ever stay.
He slew a hundred ; and at least of two
Let time not steal the praise which is their due.

XCIV.

O Edward and Gildippe, I will sing
Your hapless fates, your actions worthy and grand,
And, if such pow'r attend my Tuscan string,
Will hallow them in every foreign land,
So that your fame throughout all time may ring,
Your valour and love be pointed at and scann'd ;
And some love-votary may grace with tears
Your death and this my rhyme throughout all years.

XCV.

Thither the lofty lady turn'd her steed
Where numbers by that fierce one had been slain,
And two grand cutting blows, struck home with speed,
Wounded his side, and cleft his shield in twain.
He, knowing by her dress who made him bleed,
Exclaims : " Behold the harlot and her swain.
Better the distaff and the needle here
Had wrought thee safety than thy sword and fere."

XCVI.

He ceas'd : and, with still greater rage possess'd,
Directed a rash blow with fatal course
Which breaking through all fence dar'd pierce the breast
Where Love alone should e'er have struck with force.
A dying look is on her face express'd,
As falls th' abandon'd rein upon her horse :
And wretched Edward well perceives the blow,
Unfortunate defender, but not slow.

XCVII.

What should he do in such case ? Pity and ire
Bid him at once to different parts repair ;
This on the smiter to take vengeance dire ;
That to support the lov'd and falling fair.
Indiff'rent, Love persuades him to aspire
To make both pity and wrath at once his care.
He runs to bear her up with his left hand,
And with the other wheels the venging brand.

XCVIII.

But will and pow'r which thus themselves divide
Can not suffice against the Pagan strong :
So that he neither brings the homicide
Of his dear love to death, nor holds her long.
Yea, the' arm which had sustain'd his faithful bride
Was sever'd by the Turk as 'twere a thong ;
And hence he let her fall ; and down he came,
And with his own he press'd her dying frame.

XCIX.

As th' elm round which the tendril'd plant, and frail,
 In sweet and married union loves to twine,
 If fell'd by steel, or torn up by the gale,
 Drags down to earth with it th' associate vine;
 And itself strips the leaves which were its veil,
 And crushes from the fruit the grateful wine :
 It seems to mourn for this, and vents its sighs
 Less for itself than what beside it dies :

C.

So falls he : and he grieves for her alone
 Whom Heav'n made his through never-ending day.
 They wish'd to shape, but could not shape the tone ;
 Instead of word the soft sigh finds its way.
 Each gazes at the other, each has thrown
 Both arms round other's neck, while yet they may :
 And from the two at once the day is riven,
 And the pure souls united hie to Heaven.

CI.

That instant Fame let loose her vans to fly,
 Her tongues to shout, and tells the woeful case :
 Nor hears Rinaldo mere report pass by,
 But surer news from one sent to the place.
 Rage, duty, grief, and every kindly tie,
 All turn him to revenge, and speed his pace :
 But great Adrastus thwarts him and defies,
 Crossing his path under the Soldan's eyes.

CII.

"By signs well known," the savage monarch said,
 "Thou'rt he at last, my constant search and aim.
 No shield has been by me unmark'd, unread ;
 And all the day in vain I shout thy name.
 Now will I pay my Deity with thy head
 My vows of vengeance. Prove we now our claim
 To valour's palm, and in our fury vie.
 Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I."

CIII.

Thus he defied him, and with horrid blow
 First struck his temple ; then the neck he beat ;
 Nor through the fatal helm did the strokes go ;
 They could not, but they shook him in his seat.
 Rinaldo on the side so smites his foe
 That here Apollo's art were all unmeet.
 The giant warrior falls, th' unconquer'd king,
 And from one stroke does all that honor spring.

CIV.

Stupor with horror mingled and with fear,
Chills the spectators' blood and hearts all through.
And Solyman who beheld that stroke from near
Feels his heart faint, and changes his cheek's hue :
And knowing well his death will soon be here,
Does not resolve, and knows not what to do ;
Unwonted thing in him : but who e'er saw
Affair below not rul'd by Heav'nly law ?

CV.

As oft in fitful slumber there will pace
Dread visions through the sick or mad man's brain ;
He seems to struggle eagerly in the race,
To stretch his limbs, and yet to toil in vain ;
For spite of all his force in urgent case
Unmov'd his weary foot and hand remain :
Then wishes he to loose his tongue and call,
But cannot utter voice or words at all :

CVI.

Thus does the Soldan eagerly desire
To make th' assault, and spurs him to that course,
But knows not in himself his wonted ire,
Nor knows himself with that diminish'd force.
A secret terror quenches all the fire
Of rising courage, even at its source.
Diff'rent emotions in his bosom meet :
Not that he thinks of flight, or of retreat.

CVII.

Tow'rd him irresolute thus the victor hies,
And in arriving is, or seems to be,
Grander in speed, in fury, and in size,
Than mortal men in a supreme degree.
The Soldan scarce resists ; yet while he dies,
His generous usages remembers he :
Shuns not the blows, nor e'er bemoans his fate ;
Nor does one act which is not proud and great.

CVIII.

When he who oft in war's protracted toil
Antæus-like had fall'n, and from the ground
Sprung always fiercer, press'd at last the soil
To lie for ever, the news runs around ;
And fortune, who had roam'd with fickle smile,
No longer doubts where vict'ry shall be found ;
But stops her frequent turnings where she sees
The Franks beneath their chiefs, and wars with these.

CIX.

The Pagans fly, even the Royal band

Comprising all of nerve which the' East may claim.
'Twas call'd Immortal once ; now from the land

It perishes in spite of that proud name.
Emirene stops the flight of him whose hand

Holds the grand banner, and cries out with shame :
" Art thou not he whom from a countless horde
I chose to bear the standard of my lord ?

CX.

" This ensign, Rimedon, I gave to thee
Not to be carried by thee to the rear.

And wilt thou, coward, then thy Captain see
Beset with foes and leave him helpless here ?
What dost thou crave ? escape ? then back with me ;
The road thou tak'st but leads thee to thy bier.

Who hopes for safety here must join the strife ;
The path of honor is the path of life."

CXI.

Once more he speeds to where the falchions ring.

Then sterner words to others does he deal :
Threats them, and smites ; and hence contrives to bring
Against the steel e'en those who dread the steel.
Thus he restores of the defeated wing
The better part, and e'en a hope can feel.
And Tisaphernes cheers him more than all,
For backward has he let no footstep fall.

CXII.

Marvels that day from Tisaphernes came :

Undone by him were they of Norman birth ;
He dealt upon the Flemings loss and shame ;
Beat Gernier, Roger, Gerard down to earth.

When to the goal of everlasting fame
He had stretch'd a transient life by deeds of worth,
As if he car'd but little now for life,
He seeks the grander peril of the strife.

CXIII.

He sees Rinaldo, and though now bedy'd

His azure colours to a hue of red,
And bloody be his eagle's beak of pride,
And talons, yet his eye is not misled.

" Behold the greatest of all perils," he cried,
" I pray to Heav'n to make my strength more dread,
And may Armida the wish'd slaughter see.
Mahmoud, I vow the arms if won to thee."

CXIV.

Thus pray'd he, but with pray'rs of no avail ;
For his deaf God heard none of his desire.
As oft the lion lashes with his tail
His shaggy sides to rouse his native ire ;
So wakes he his disdain, and lest it fail,
Whets it on love, and from the spark takes fire.
Compact in arms he gathers all his force
Preparing for th' assault, and spurs his horse.

CXV.

Against him rush'd the Latin cavalier,
Perceiving him approach in the' act to smite,
All nigh them made an ample space and clear,
And turn'd themselves to see that wondrous sight.
So many and various blows assail'd the ear
From the Italian and the Saracen knight,
That all the rest amaz'd almost forgot
Their own emotions and peculiar lot.

CXVI.

But the' one strikes merely ; the' other with more power
And firmer arms both strikes and makes a wound.
The Pagan floods the field with a red shower,
His helm is gash'd, his shield falls on the ground.
The lovely Sorc'ress sees her champion cower,
His armour crash'd, and several limbs unsound ;
And all the other warriors are so scar'd
That frail and feeble now has wax'd her guard.

CXVII.

Girt and defended by so many of late,
Now stays she in her car alone and bare.
She dreads enslavement, holds her life in hate,
Of victory and revenge does she despair.
Half-madden'd, half-dismay'd, she quits her state,
And mounts in haste one of her palfreys there.
She goes, she flies ; and with her too have hied
Both rage and love like greyhounds at her side.

CXVIII.

Thus Cleopatra from the fierce alarms
Of battle fled alone in olden tale,
Leaving oppos'd to prosperous Caesar's arms
Her faithful one mid naval risk and bale,
Who made unjust to self by woman's charms,
Soon follow'd thence her solitary sail.
And Tisaphernes also had departed
After that maid ; but this the other thwarted.

CXIX.

To th' Pagan when his comfort quits his sight,
The sun appears to set, the day to die ;
And on the foe who keeps him back in spite
He desp'rate turns, and smites him o'er the eye.
Much gentler Vulcan's hammer must alight
To forge the twisted bolt which rends the sky :
And then he loads him with a stroke so dread
That on the breast drops down the smitt'n one's head.

CXX.

Rinaldo rises soon, nor feels the smart,
But brandishes his sword, and opes the sides
Through the thick mail, and in the middle heart
Immerses the sharp point, where life abides.
The blow speeds on to wound a double part,
Here through the bosom, through the back there
And for the fleeting soul more than one way [glides ;
Is made by which to quit the realms of day.

CXXI.

Then stops Rinaldo, and looks around to know
Where he may charge, or where may render aid ;
And sees no solid order in the foe ;
But all their standards in the dust are laid.
He puts an end to deaths here, and the glow
Of martial rage in him appears to fade.
He becomes tranquil, and his thoughts have flown
To her who fled afflicted and alone.

CXXII.

He mark'd her flight well. Pity seems to crave
Some care for her, and courtesy is ow'd :
And he remembers too the pledge he gave
To be her knight when from her side he strode.
He bends to where her hurried flight she drave,
And tracks her palfrey's hoof upon the road.
Meanwhile she reaches a deep gloomy glen,
Fit spot for death, far from the eyes of men.

CXXIII.

It pleas'd her well that she by chance had hied
With wand'ring footsteps to this shady vale.
Here she dismounted, and here laid aside
Her bow, and quiver, and her polish'd mail.
"O hapless arms, and shameful too," she cried,
"Who come from battle unbedew'd and pale,
Here I depose you ; here lie buried long,
Since ye so ill avenge my grievous wrong.

CXXIV.

“But ah ! mid all these weapons which I own,
Shall one not drip with blood to-day at least ?
If every other bosom seem of stone,
Yet ye will dare to wound a woman's breast.
Let this of mine, which naked here is shown,
Your value and your victories attest.
Mine is a tender one, and this Love knows
Who never aim'd at it in vain his blows.

CXXV.

“Show yourselves brave and sharp then upon me
Who pardon you the cowardice which is past.
Wretched Armida, what must my lot be,
When upon you my hopes of weal are cast ?
Since other remedies all fail, I see,
Save that of wounds for wounds already vast,
Let stroke from arrow heal the stroke from Love,
And death a medicine to my bosom prove.

CXXVI.

“O happy when I die, if this my bane
I bring not with me to empoison Hell.
Stay Love behind ; come with me fell Disdain
There with my shade for evermore to dwell ;
Or else return with it from that dark reign
To him from whom these cruel insults fell,
And appear such that in the dreadful nights
His slumber may be chas'd with grim affrights.”

CXXVII.

She ceas'd ; and, being now resolv'd in mind,
Chose out the sharpest arrow from her case ;
When the knight came, and mark'd her from behind
So nearly finishing her earthly race,
Already strung for the' act which she design'd,
Already with death's pallor on her face.
He sprang on her, and grasp'd the arm which lifted
The sharp point o'er the breast it soon had rifted.

CXXVIII.

Armida turn'd, and saw who had appear'd,
Suddenly saw him after some delay.
She shriek'd aloud, and from that face endear'd
Disdainful turn'd her eyes, and swoon'd away.
Down fell she like a tender flow'r half shear'd,
With drooping neck : and he became her stay :
One arm supplying her fair side a rest.
He loos'd meanwhile the robe about her breast ;

CXXIX.

And her pale cheek and bosom for a space

Bath'd with some pitying tears, nor check'd his moan.
As the discolour'd rose resumes its grace

When with the silver rain of morn bestrown,
So she reviving rais'd her drooping face

Bedew'd with tear-drops which were not her own,
Thrice rais'd her eyes, thrice turn'd them with a sigh,
And would not look at the dear object nigh.

CXXX.

And coyly she thrust back with languid hand

The pow'rful arm by which she was sustain'd.
Oft did she try, but 'scap'd not from that band ;

For tighter still he grasp'd and kept her chain'd.
Ceasing at last the dear tie to withstand,

For dear perchance it was, and she had feign'd,
Ere speaking she pour'd out a flood of brine
Without once turning to his face her eyne :

CXXXI.

" O cruel still, both when thou go'st away,

And when return'st, who hither was thy guide ?
How marvellous that death should lose its prey,

And life be rescued, through the homicide !
Thou seek to save me ! Ah ! what scorns to-day,

What wrongs hereafter, must Armida bide ?
The felon's unknown arts I well descry :
But small their pow'r who have not pow'r to die.

CXXXII.

" Thine honor sure were scant unless array'd

In chains to grace thy triumph thou canst show
A woman ta'en by force, and first betray'd :

What greater vaunt than this can fame bestow ?
Time was, for peace and life from thee I pray'd :

Now 'twould be sweet with death to quit my woe ;
But this I ask thee not, for all that thou
Canst call thy gift is hateful to me now.

CXXXIII.

" Cruel, by mine own aid I hope to fly

Thy presence, and escape thy savage hest :
Though poison, arms, and precipices high,

And cord, refuse a prisoner's last request,
Yet is my way secure ; for I can die

In spite of thee, and Heav'n for this be blest.
Cease then thine arts. Ah ! how he seems to feign !
How does he flatter hopes which now are vain."

CXXXIV.

Thus did she mourn ; and with the waves that flow'd
Down her fair cheeks in love and in disdain,
His tears, too, were affectionately strow'd,
And modest pity sparkled in that rain.
And he replied to her in sweetest mode :
“ Armida, let thy bosom calm its pain :
I keep thee not for scorn, but for a throne ;
Thy champion, not thy foe, am I ; thine own.

CXXXV.

“ Look in mine eyes ; to these, if what I say
Can win no credence, let thy faith be given.
I swear to place thee in the realm whose sway
Thy fathers held of yore. Ah ! would that Heaven
Would cause that from thy mind by its own ray
The veil of Paganism should be riven,
As I would cause that none should be so great
As thou throughout the East in regal state !”

CXXXVI.

He spake and pray'd ; and bathes and warms his pray'r
With a few tears and many a sigh combin'd :
Hence as the snowy flake is wont whene'er
Or tepid gales have breath'd, or sun has shin'd,
So melts her wrath which seems infix'd for e'er,
Other desires alone being left behind.
“ Behold thine handmaid,” said she ; “ thy decree
Howe'er thou shalt dispose, be law to me.”

CXXXVII.

Meanwhile th' Egyptian Chief sees on the ground
His royal standard lately so defying ;
And the brave faithful Rimedon has he found,
Struck down by Godfrey's hand beside it lying,
And the' other people slain or scatter'd round :
Nor in the hard end would he shrink from dying ;
But goes to seek, and misses not his aim,
Illustrious death from hand adorn'd with fame.

CXXXVIII.

Against the Frankish Chief he spurs with force,
Assur'd that he can find no worthier foe :
And wheresoe'er he passes in his course,
Last proof of desp'rate valour does he show :
But, ere arriv'd, he cries far off and hoarse :
“ Lo, at thy hands I seek the fatal blow ;
But in my latest fall my hope shall be
To sweep thee in one ruin down with me.”

CXXXIX.

So spake he ; and at the same point the two,
Eager to smite, against each other ride.
The shield of the Frank Captain is cleft through,
His left arm wounded, and disarm'd beside.
From him came stroke so mighty, and so true,
O'er the left cheek that the' other, stupified,
Sank on his seat, and ere he rose again,
Pierc'd through the stomach, fell upon the plain.

CXL.

There now remains, since Emirene is dead,
Small remnant of the mighty camp subdued.
Godfrey pursues them but arrests his tread,
Seeing Altamore on foot, with blood bedew'd,
With half a sword, and half helm on his head,
And by a hundred swordsmen girt and hew'd.
"Cease, cease," he cries to these ; "and thou, brave foe,
Yield thee my prisoner ; I am Godfrey, know."

CXLI.

And he whose soul till then had been too grand
To stoop to aught amid the worst alarms,
Hearing that name which rings through every land
Betwixt the Bears and where the Negro swarms,
Replies to him : "I yield to thy demand,
For thou art worthy," and gives up his arms ;
"Nor shall thy victory over Altamore
In glory or in gold be counted poor.

CXLII.

"Me shall my kingdom's gold, and gems refin'd
Of my affectionate wife redeem from chains."
Godfrey replies : "Heav'n gave me not a mind
Which grasps at treasure and at earthly gains.
All which is breath'd on by the Persian wind,
Keep thou, and all which blooms on Indian plains
No price for other's life do I demand ;
I war, not barter, in this Asian land."

CXLIII.

He ceas'd, and to his guardsmen gave him o'er.
Then to pursue the fugitives he went.
These fled to their defences, but no more
Found shelter there from death too surely sent.
The trench was ta'en, and fill'd with dead whose gore
Ran on in ample streams from tent to tent,
And soil'd the booty there, and redly dy'd
The pomps and trappings of barbaric pride.

CXLIV.

Thus Godfrey conquer'd ; and along the west

Enough of the diurnal light yet glow'd
To lead the victors to the walls which rest

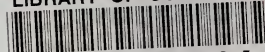
In freedom now, to Christ's rever'd abode :
And, laying not aside his bloody vest,

The Chief with the' others to the Temple rode,
Hung up his arms there, and, with lowly bow
Adoring the grand Tomb, fulfill'd his vow.

THE END.

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